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HOMER

translated by Geo: Chapman

Volume the Third

HOMER'S ODYSSEES

TRANSLATED ACCORDING
TO THE GREEKE BY
GEO: CHAPMAN

BOOKS I-XII

*At mihi quod vivo detraxerit Invida Turba
Post obitum duplici fœnore reddet Honos.*

OXFORD : PRINTED AT
THE SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS AND
PUBLISHED FOR THE PRESS BY
BASIL BLACKWELL
MCM XXXI

FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY COPIES OF THIS EDITION, FOUR HUNDRED AND TWENTY OF WHICH ARE FOR SALE, HAVE BEEN PRINTED IN ENGLAND AT THE SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS SAINT ALDATES IN THE CITY OF OXFORD: AND TEN COPIES HAVE BEEN PRINTED ON VELLUM

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*The text here printed is that of The Whole Works of Homer;
Prince of Poetts, published in folio without a date in 1616.*

TO THE MOST WORTHILY HONORED,
 MY SINGULAR GOOD LORD,
 ROBERT, EARLE OF SOMERSET,
 LORD CHAMBERLAINE, &c.

I HAVE *adventured (Right Noble Earle) out of my utmost, and ever-vowed service to your Vertues, to entitle their Merits to the Patronage of Homers English life: whose wisht naturall life, the great Macedon would have protected, as the spirit of his Empire,*

That he to his unmeasur'd mightie Acts,
 Might adde a Fame as vast; and their extracts,
 In fires as bright, and endlesse as the starres,
 His breast might breathe; and thunder out his warres.
 But that great Monarks love of fame and praise,
 Receives an envious Cloud in our foule daies:
 For since our Great ones, ceasse themselves to do
 Deeds worth their praise; they hold it folly too,
 To feed their praise in others. But what can
 (Of all the gifts that are) be given to man,
 More precious then *Eternitie* and *Glorie*,
 Singing their praises, in unsilenc't storie?
 Which No blacke Day, No Nation, nor no Age;
 No change of Time or Fortune, Force, nor Rage,
 Shall ever race? All which, the Monarch knew,
 Where *Homer* liv'd entitl'd, would ensew:

————— *Cujus de gurgite vivo*
Combibit arcanos vatum omnis turba furores, &c.
 From whose deepe Fount of life, the thirstie rout
 Of Thespian Prophets, have lien sucking out

Ex Angeli Politiani Ambra

Their sacred rages. And as th' influent stone
 Of Father *Joves* great and laborious Sonne,
 Lifts high the heavie Iron; and farre implies
 The wide Orbs; that the Needle rectifies,
 In vertuous guide of every sea-driven course,
 To all aspiring, his one boundlesse force:
 So from one *Homer*, all the holy fire,
 That ever did the hidden heate inspire
 In each true Muse, came cleerly sparkling downe,
 And must for him, compose one flaming Crowne.

He, at *Joves* Table set, fils out to us,
 Cups that repaire Age, sad and ruinous;
 And gives it Built, of an eternall stand,
 With his all-sinewie *Odyssæan* hand.
 Shifts Time, and Fate; puts Death in Lifes free state;
 And Life doth into Ages propagate.
 He doth in Men, the Gods affects inflame;
 His fuell Vertue, blowne by *Praise* and *Fame*:
 And with the high soules, first impulsions driven,
 Breakes through rude Chaos, Earth, the Seas, and Heaven.
 The Nerves of all things hid in Nature, lie
 Naked before him; all their Harmonie
 Tun'd to his Accents; that in Beasts breathe Minds.
 What Fowles, what Floods, what Earth, what Aire, what Winds,
 What fires *Æthereall*; what the Gods conclude
 In all their Counsels, his Muse makes indude
 With varied voices, that even rockes have mov'd.
 And yet for all this, (naked Vertue lov'd)
 Honors without her, he, as abject, prises;
 And foolish Fame, deriv'd from thence, despises.

When from the vulgar, taking glorious bound,
Up to the Mountaine, where the Muse is crown'd;
He sits and laughs, to see the jaded Rabble,
Toile to his hard heights, t'all accesse unable. &c.

*Thus far Angel.
Politianus, for
the most part
translated.*

And that your Lordship may in his Face, take view of his Mind: the first word of his Iliads, is ὀργή, wrath: the first word of his Odysses, ἄνδρα, Man: contracting in either word, his each workes Proposition. In one, Predominant Perturbation; in the other, over-ruling Wisedome: in one, the Bodies fervour and fashion of outward Fortitude, to all possible height of Heroicall Action; in the other, the Minds inward, constant, and unconquerd Empire; unbroken, unalterd, with any most insolent, and tyrannous infliction. To many most soveraigne praises is this Poeme entituled; but to that Grace in chiefe, which sets on the Crowne, both of Poets and Orators; τὸ τὰ μικρὰ, μεγάλως; καὶ τὰ κοῖνα καὶνῶς: that is, Parva magne dicere; pervulgata nove; jejuna plene: To speake things litle, greatly; things commune, rarely; things barren and emptie, fruitfully and fully. The returne of a man into his Countrey, is his whole scope and object; which, in it selfe, your Lordship may well say, is jejune and fruitlesse enough; affoording nothing feastfull, nothing magnificent. And yet even this, doth the divine inspiration, render vast, illustrious, and of miraculous composure. And for this (my Lord) is this Poeme preferred to his Iliads: for therein much magnificence, both of person and action, gives great aide to his industrie; but in this, are these helpes, exceeding sparing, or nothing; and yet is the Structure so elaborate, and pompous, that the poore plaine Groundworke (considered together) may seeme the naturally rich wombe to it, and produce it needfully. Much wonderd at therefore, is the Censure of Dionysius Longinus (a man otherwise affirmed, grave, and of elegant judgement) comparing Homer in his Iliads, to the Sunne rising; in his Odysses, to his descent or setting. Or to the Ocean robd of his æsture; many tributorie flouds and rivers of excellent ornament,

withheld from their observance. When this his worke so farre exceeds the Ocean, with all his Court and concourse; that all his Sea, is onely a serviceable streame to it. Nor can it be compared to any One power to be named in nature; being an entirely wel-sorted and digested Confluence of all. Where the most solide and grave, is made as nimble and fluent, as the most airie and frie; the nimble and fluent, as firme and well bounded as the most grave and solid. And (taking all together) of so tender impression, and of such Command to the voice of the Muse; that they knocke heaven with her breath, and discover their foundations as low as hell. Nor is this all-comprising Poesie, phantastique, or meere fictive; but the most material, and doctrinall illations of Truth; both for all manly information of Manners in the yong; all prescription of Justice, and even Christian pietie, in the most grave and high-governd. To illustrate both which, in both kinds, with all height of expression, the Poet creates both a Bodie and a Soule in them. Wherein, if the Bodie (being the letter, or historie) seemes fictive, and beyond Possibilitie to bring into Act: the sence then and Allegorie (which is the Soule) is to be sought: which intends a more eminent expresseure of Vertue, for her lovelinesse; and of Vice for her ugliness, in their severall effects; going beyond the life, then any Art within life, can possibly delineate. Why then is Fiction, to this end, so hatefull to our true Ignorants? Or why should a poore Chronicler of a Lord Mayors naked Truth, (that peradventure will last his yeare) include more worth with our moderne wizerds, then Homer for his naked Ulysses, clad in eternall Fiction? But this Prozer Dionysius, and the rest of these grave, and reputatively learned, (that dare undertake for their gravities, the headstrong censure of all things; and challenge the understanding of these Toyes in their childhoods: when even these childish vanities, retaine deepe and most necessarie learning enough in them, to make them children in their ages, and teach them while they live) are not in these absolutely divine Infusions, allowd either voice or relish: for, Qui Poeticas ad fores accedit, &c. (sayes the Divine Philosopher) he that knocks at the Gates of the Muses; sine Musarum furore;

is neither to be admitted entrie, nor a touch at their Thresholds: his opinion of entrie, ridiculous, and his presumption impious. Nor must Poets themselves (might I a litle insist on these contempts; not tempting too farre your Lordships Ulyssean patience) presume to these doores, without the truly genuine, and peculiar induction. There being in Poesie a twofold rapture, (or alienation of soule, as the abovesaid Teacher termes it) one Insania, a disease of the mind, and a meere madnesse, by which the infected is thrust beneath all the degrees of humanitie: & ex homine, Brutum quodammodo redditur: (for which, poore Poesie, in this diseased and impostorous age, is so barbarously vilified) the other is, Divinus furor; by which the sound and divinely healthfull, supra hominis naturam erigitur, & in Deum transit. One a perfection directly infused from God: the other an infection, obliquely and degenerately proceeding from man. Of the divine Furie (my Lord) your Homer hath ever bene, both first and last Instance; being pronounced absolutely, τὸν σοφώτατον καὶ τὸν θειοτάτον ποιητήν; the most wise and most divine Poet. Against whom, whosoever shall open his prophane mouth, may worthily receive answer, with this of his divine defender; (Empedocles, Heraclitus, Protagoras, Epichar: &c. being of Homers part) τις οὖν, &c. who against such an Armie, and the Generall Homer dares attempt the assault, but he must be reputed ridiculous? And yet against this boast, and this invincible Commander, shall we have every Besogne and foole a Leader. The common herd (I assure my self) readie to receive it on their hornes. Their infected Leaders,

Such men, as sideling ride the ambling Muse;
 Whose saddle is as frequent as the stuse.
 Whose Raptures are in every Pageant seene;
 In every Wassall rime, and Dancing greene:
 When he that writes by any beame of Truth,
 Must dive as deepe as he; past shallow youth.

Truth dwels in Gulphs, whose Deepes hide shades so rich,
 That *Night* sits muffl'd there, in clouds of pitch:
 More Darke then Nature made her; and requires
 (To cleare her tough mists) Heavens great fire of fires;
 To whom, the Sunne it selfe is but a Beame.
 For sicke soules then (but rapt in foolish Dreame)
 To wrestle with these Heav'n-strong mysteries;
 What madnesse is it? when their light, serves eies
 That are not worldly, in their least aspect;
 But truly pure; and aime at Heaven, direct.
 Yet these, none like; but what the brazen head
 Blatters abroad; no sooner borne, but dead.

*Holding then in eternal contempt (my Lord) those short-lived Bubbles;
 eternize your vertue and judgement with the Grecian Monark; esteeming,
 not as the least of your New-yeares Presents,*

Homer (three thousand yeares dead) now reviv'd,
 Even from that dull Death, that in life he liv'd;
 When none conceited him; none understood,
 That so much life, in so much death as blood
 Conveys about it, could mixe. But when Death
 Drunke up the bloudie Mist, that humane breath
 Pour'd round about him (Povertie and Spight,
 Thickning the haplesse vapor) then *Truths* light
 Glimmerd about his Poeme: the pinch't soule,
 (Amidst the Mysteries it did enroule)
 Brake powrefully abroad. And as we see
 The Sunne all hid in clouds, at length, got free,
 Through some forc't covert, over all the wayes,
 Neare and beneath him, shootes his vented rayes

Farre off, and stickes them in some litle Glade;
All woods, fields, rivers, left besides in shade:
So your *Apollo*, from that world of light,
Closde in his Poems bodie; shot to sight
Some few forc't Beames; which neare him, were not seene,
(As in his life or countrie) Fate and Spleene,
Clouding their radiance; which when Death had clear'd;
To farre off Regions, his free beames appear'd:
In which, all stood and wonderd; striving which,
His Birth and Rapture, should in right enrich.

Twelve *Labours* of your *Thespian Hercules*,
I now present your Lordship: Do but please
To lend Life meanes, till th'other Twelve receive
Equall atchievement; and let Death then reave
My life now lost in our Patrician Loves,
That knocke heads with the herd: in whom there moves
One blood, one soule: both drown'd in one set height
Of stupid Envie, and meere popular Spight.
Whose loves, with no good, did my least veine fill;
And from their hates, I feare as little ill.
Their Bounties nourish not, when most they feed,
But where there is no Merit, or no Need:
Raine into rivers still; and are such showres,
As bubbles spring, and overflow the flowres.
Their worse parts, and worst men, their Best subornes,
Like winter Cowes, whose milke runnes to their hornes.
And as litigious Clients bookes of Law,
Cost infinitely; taste of all the Awe,
Bench't in our Kingdomes Policie, Pietie, State;
Earne all their deepe explorings; satiate

All sorts there thrust together by the heart,
With thirst of wisdom, spent on either part:
Horrid examples made of Life and Death,
From their fine stuffe woven: yet when once the breath
Of sentence leaves them, all their worth is drawne
As drie as dust; and weares like Cobweb Lawne:
So these men set a price upon their worth,
That no man gives, but those that trot it forth,
Through *Needs* foule wayes; feed *Humors*, with all cost,
Though *Judgement* sterves in them: *Rout: State* engrost
(At all *Tabacco* benches, solemne *Tables*,
Where all that crosse their *Envies*, are their fables)
In their ranke faction: Shame, and Death approv'd
Fit Penance for their *Opposites*: none lov'd
But those that rub them: not a Reason heard,
That doth not sooth and glorifie their preferd
Bitter *Opinions*. When, would *Truth* resume
The cause to his hands; all would flie in fume
Before his sentence; since the innocent mind,
Just God makes good; to whom their worst is wind.
For, that I freely all my Thoughts expresse,
My Conscience is my Thousand witnesses:
And to this stay, my constant Comforts vow;
You for the world I have, or God for you.

CERTAIN ANCIENT GREEKE EPIGRAMMES TRANSLATED

ALL starres are drunke up by the firie Sunne;
And in so much a flame, lies shrunk the Moone:
Homers all-liv'd Name, all Names leaves in Death;
Whose splendor onely, Muses Bosomes breath.

Another.

*Heav'ns fires shall first fall darken'd from his Sphere;
Grave Night, the light weed of the Day shall weare:
Fresh streames shall chace the Sea; tough Plowes shall teare
Her fishie bottomes: Men, in long date dead,
Shall rise, and live; before Oblivion shed
Those still-greene leaves, that crowne great Homers head.*

Another.

*The great Mæonides doth onely write;
And to him dictates, the great God of Light.*

Another.

*Seven kingdomes strove, in which should swell the wombe
That bore great Homer; whom Fame freed from Tombe:
Argos, Chius, Pylos, Smyrna, Colophone;
The learn'd Athenian, and Ulyssean Throne.*

Another.

*Art thou of Chius? No. Of Salamine?
As little. Was the Smyranean Countrie thine?
Nor so. Which then? Was Cumas? Colophone?
Nor one, nor other. Art thou then of none,
That Fame proclames thee? None. Thy Reason call:
If I confesse of one, I anger all.*

THE FIRST BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES

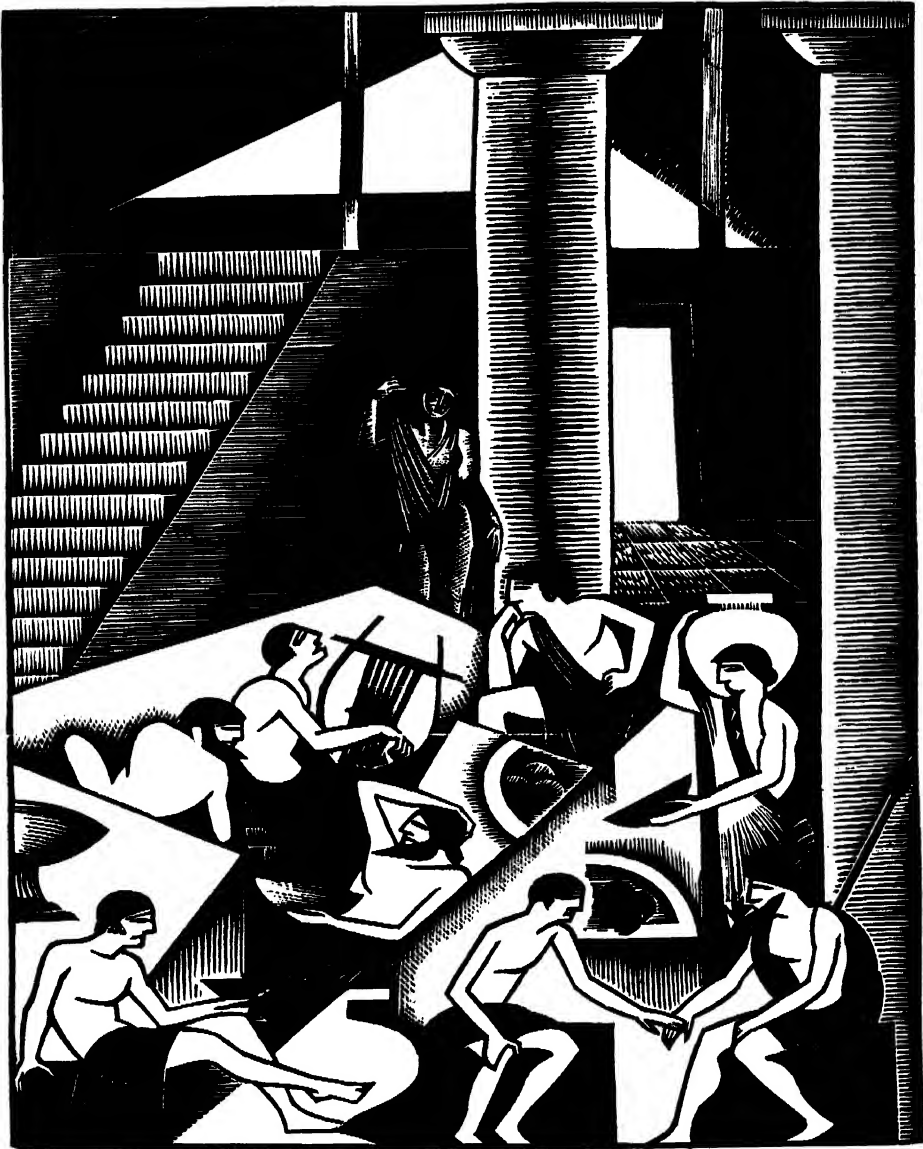
THE ARGUMENT.

THE Gods in counsaile sit, to call
Ulysses from Calypso's thrall;
And order their high pleasures, thus;
Gray Pallas, to Telemachus
(In Ithaca) her way addrest;
And did her heavenly lims invest
In Menta's likeness; that did raigne
King of the Taphians (in the Maine,
Whose rough waves neare Leucadia runne)
Advising wise Ulysses sonne
To seeke his father; and addresse
His course to yong Tantalides
That govern'd Sparta. Thus much said,
She shewd she was Heav'ns martiall Maid,
And vanisht from him. Next to this,
The Banquet of the wooers is.

ANOTHER.

*Αλφα. *The Deities sit;
The Man retir'd:
Th' Ulyssean wit,
By Pallas fir'd.*

THE FIRST BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES



THE MAN (O MUSE) INFORME,
THAT MANY A WAY,
WOUND WITH HIS WISEDOME
TO HIS WISHED STAY.

That wanderd wondrous farre, when, He, the towne,
Of sacred *Troy*, had sackt, and shiverd downe.

The cities of a world of nations,
With all their manners, mindes, and fashions
He saw and knew. At Sea felt many woes;
Much care sustaind, to save from overthrowes
Himselfe, and friends, in their retreat for home.
But so, their fates, he could not overcome,
Though much he thirsted it. O men unwise,
They perisht by their owne impieties,
That in their hungers rapine would not shunne
The Oxen of the loftie-going Sunne:
Who therefore from their eyes, the day bereft
Of safe returne. These acts in some part left,
Tell us, as others, deified seed of *Jove*.

Now all the rest that austere Death out-strove
At *Troys* long siege, at home safe anchor'd are,
Free from the malice both of sea and warre;
Onely *Ulysses* is denide accesse
To wife and home. The Grace of Goddesses
The reverend Nymph *Calypso* did detain
Him in her Caves: past all the race of men,
Enflam'd to make him her lov'd Lord and Spouse.
And when the Gods had destin'd that his house,
Which *Ithaca* on her rough bosome beares,
(The point of time wrought out by ambient yeares)
Should be his haven; Contention still extends
Her envie to him, even amongst his friends.

*The information
or fashion of an
absolute man;
and necessarie
(or fatal)
passage through
many afflictions (accord-
ing with the
most sacred
Letter) to his
naturall haven
and countrey;
is the whole
argument, and
scope of this
inimitable,
and miraculous
Poeme. And
therefore is the
epithete
πολύτροπον
given him in the
first verse:
πολύτροπος
signifying,
Homo cujus
ingenium velut
per multas,
& varias vias,
vertitur in
veram.*

All Gods tooke pitie on him: onely he
That girds Earth in the cincture of the sea,
Divine *Ulysses* ever did envie,
And made the fixt port of his birth to flie.

*Neptunes pro-
gresse to the
Æthiops.*

But he himselfe solemniz'd a retreat
To th' *Æthiops*, farre dissunderd in their seate;
(In two parts parted; at the Sunnes descent,
And underneath his golden Orient,
The first and last of men) t' enjoy their feast
Of buls and lambes, in Hecatombs addrest:
At which he sat, given over to Delight.

The other Gods, in heavens supreamest height
Were all in Councell met: To whom began
The mightie Father, both of God and man,
Discourse, inducing matter, that inclin'd
To wise *Ulysses*; calling to his mind
* Faultfull *Ægisthus*, who to death was done,
By yong *Orestes*, *Agamemnons* sonne.
His memorie to the Immortals then,
Mov'd *Jove* thus deeply: O how falsly, men
Accuse us Gods, as authors of their ill,
When, by the bane their owne bad lives instill,
They suffer all the miseries of their states,
Past our inflictions, and beyond their fates.
As now *Ægisthus*, past his fate, did wed

These notes following, I am inforced to insert, (since the words they containe, differ from all other translations) lest I be thought to erre out of that ignorance, that may perhaps possesse my depraver. a ἀνύμωτος translated in this place, inculpabilis; and made the epithete of Ægisthus; is from the true sence of the word, as it is here to be understood: which is quite contrary. As ἀντίθεος is to be expounded in some place Divinus, or Deo similis; but in another (soone after) contrarius Deo. The person to whom the Epithete is given, giving reason to distinguish it. And so ἀλαόφρων an Epithete given to Atlas, instantly following, in one place signifies Mente perniciosus: in the next, qui universa mente gerit.

The wife of *Agamemnon*; and (in dread
To suffer death himselfe) to shunne his ill,
Incurr'd it by the loose bent of his will,
In slaughtering *Atrides* in retreat.
Which, we foretold him, would so hardly set
To his murtherous purpose; sending *Mercurie*
(That slaughterd *Argus*) our considerate spie,
To give him this charge: Do not wed his wife,
Nor murther him; for thou shalt buy his life,
With ransome of thine owne; imposde on thee
By his *Orestes*; when, in him shall be
Atrides selfe renewd; and but the prime
Of youths spring put abroad; in thirst to clime
His haughtie Fathers throne, by his high acts.
These words of *Hermes*, wrought not into facts
Ægisthus powres; good counsell he despisde,
And to that Good, his ill is sacrificde.

Pallas (whose eyes did sparkle like the skies)
Answerd: O Sire! supream of Deities;
Ægisthus past his Fate, and had desert
To warrant our infliction; and convert
May all the paines, such impious men inflict
On innocent sufferers; to revenge as strict,
Their owne hearts eating. But, that *Ithacus*
(Thus never meriting) should suffer thus;
I deeply suffer. His more pious mind
Divides him from these fortunes. Though unkind
Is Pietie to him, giving him a fate,
More suffering then the most infortunate;
So long kept friendlesse, in a sea-girt soile,

*Pallas to
Jupiter.*

Where the seas navile is a sylvane Ile,
 In which the Goddess dwels, that doth derive
 Her birth from *Atlas*; who, of all alive,
 The motion and the fashion doth command,
 With his ^b wise mind, whose forces understand
 The inmost deepes and gulfes of all the seas:
 Who (for his skill of things superiour) stayes
 The two steepe Columnes that prop earth and heaven.
 His daughter tis, who holds this ^c homelesse-driven,
 Still mourning with her. Evermore profuse
 Of soft and winning speeches; that abuse
 And make so ^d languishingly, and possesse
 With so remisse a mind; her loved guest
 Manage the action of his way for home.
 Where he (though in affection overcome)
 In judgement yet; more longs to shew his hopes,
 His countries smoke leape from her chimney tops,
 And death askes in her armes. Yet never shall
 Thy lov'd heart be converted on his thrall,
 (*Austere Olympius*;) did not ever he,
 In ample *Troy*, thy altars gratifie?
 And Grecians Fleete make in thy offerings swim?
 O *Jove*, why still then burnes thy wrath to him?

^b In this place is *Atlas* given the *Epithete*, *δολοφρων*, which signifies *qui universa mente agit*, here given him, for the power the starres have in all things. Yet this receives other interpretation in other places, as abovesaid.

^c *Δυστήνος* is here turned by others, *infelix*: in the generall collection: when it bath here a particular exposition, applied to expresse *Ulysses* desert errors, *παρὰ τὸ στήναι*, *ut sit, qui vix locum invenire potest ubi consistat*.

^d This is thus translated, the rather to expresse and approve the *Allegorie* driven through the whole *Odysses*. Deciphering the intangling of the wisest in his affections: and the torments that breede in every pious minde: to be thereby hindred to arrive so directly as he desires, at the proper and onely true naturall countrie of every worthy man, whose haven is heaven and the next life, to which, this life is but a sea, in

The Cloud-assembler answerd: What words flie
 (Bold daughter) from thy Pale of^e Ivorie? *Jupiter to Pallas*
 As if I ever could cast from my care
 Divine *Ulysses*, who exceeds so farre
 All men in wisdom^e and so oft hath given
 To all th'Immortals thron'd in ample heaven,
 So great and sacred gifts? But his decrees,
 That holds the earth in with his nimble knees,
 Stand to *Ulysses* longings so extreme,
 For taking from the God-foe *Polypheme*
 His onely eye; a *Cyclop*, that excell'd
 All other *Cyclops*: with whose burthen swell'd
 The Nymph *Thoosa*; the divine increase
 Of *Phorcis* seed, a great God of the seas.
 She mixt with *Neptune* in his hollow caves,
 And bore this *Cyclop* to that God of waves.
 For whose lost eye, th'Earth-shaker did not kill
 Erring *Ulysses*; but reserves him still
 In life for more death. But use we our powres,
 And round about us cast these cares of ours,
 All to discover how we may preferre
 His wisht retreat; and *Neptune* make forbear
 His sterne eye to him: since no one God can
 In spite of all, prevaile, but gainst a man.

continuell asture and vexation. The words occasioning all this, are μαλακοῖς, λόγοις: μαλακός signifying, qui languide, & animo remisso rem aliquam gerit: which being the effect of Calypso's sweet words in Ulysses, is here applied passively to his owne sufferance of their operation.

εἶρκος ὀδόντων vid. vallum or claustrum dentium: which, for the better sound in our language, is here turned, Pale of Ivorie. The teeth being that rampier or pale, given us by nature in that part, for restraint and compression of our speech, till the imagination, appetite and soule (that ought to rule in their examination, before their deliverie) have given worthy passe to them. The most grave and divine Poet, teaching therein, that not so much for the necessarie chewing of our sustenance, our teeth are given us, as for their stay of our words, lest we utter them rashly.

Calypso.

To this, this answer made the gray-eyd Maide:
 Supream of rulers, since so well apaide
 The blessed Gods are all then, now, in thee
 To limit wise *Ulysses* miserie;
 And that you speake, as you referd to me
 Prescription for the meanes; in this sort be
 Their sacred order: let us now addresse
 With utmost speed, our swift *Argicides*,
 To tell the Nymph that beares the golden Tresse
 In th'Ile *Ogygia*, that tis our will
 She should not stay our lov'd *Ulysses* still;
 But suffer his returne: and then will I
 To *Ithaca*, to make his sonne apply
 His Sires inquest the more; infusing force
 Into his soule, to summon the concourse
 Of curld-head Greekes to counsaile: and deterre
 Each wooer that hath bene the slaughterer
 Of his fat sheepe and crooked-headed beeves,
 From more wrong to his mother; and their leaves
 Take in such termes, as fit deserts so great.
 To *Sparta* then, and *Pylos*, where doth beate
 Bright *Amathus*, the flood and epithete
 To all that kingdome; my advice shall send
 The spirit-advanc'd Prince, to the pious end
 Of seeking his lost father; if he may
 Receive report from Fame, where rests his stay;
 And make, besides, his owne successive worth,
 Knowne to the world; and set in action forth.

*The preparation
 of Pallas for
 Ithaca.*

This said, her wingd shooes to her feete she tied,
 Formd all of gold, and all eternified;

That on the round earth, or the sea, sustaind
Her ravisht substance, swift as gusts of wind.
Then tooke she her strong Lance, with steele made keene,
Great, massie, active, that whole hoasts of men
(Though all Heroes) conquers; if her ire
Their wrongs inflame, backt by so great a Sire.
Downe from *Olympus* tops, she headlong div'd;
And swift as thought, in *Ithaca* arriv'd,
Close at *Ulysses* gates; in whose first court,
She made her stand; and for her breasts support,
Leand on her iron Lance: her forme imprest
With *Mentas* likenesse, come, as being a guest.
There found she those proud wooers, that were then
Set on those Oxe-hides that themselves had slaine,
Before the gates; and all at dice were playing.
To them the heralds, and the rest obaying,
Fill'd wine and water; some, still as they plaid;
And some, for solemne suppers state, purvaid;
With porous sponges, clensing tables, serv'd
With much rich feast; of which to all they kerv'd.

*Pallas, like
Mentas.*

God-like *Telemachus*, amongst them sat,
Griev'd much in mind; and in his heart begat
All representment of his absent Sire;
How (come from far-off parts) his spirits would fire
With those proud wooers sight, with slaughter parting
Their bold concourse; and to himselfe converting
The honors they usurpt, his owne commanding.

In this discourse, he, first, saw *Pallas* standing
Unbidden entrie: up rose, and addrest
His pace right to her; angrie that a guest

Should stand so long at gate: and coming neare,
Her right hand tooke; tooke in his owne, her speare;
And thus saluted: Grace to your repaire,
(Fairst guest) your welcome shall be likewise faire.
Enter, and (cheer'd with feast) disclose th' intent
That causde your coming. This said; first he went,
And *Pallas* followd. To a roome they came,
Steepe, and of state; the Javelin of the Dame,
He set against a pillar, vast and hie,
Amidst a large and bright-kept Armorie,
Which was, besides, with woods of Lances grac'd,
Of his grave fathers. In a throne, he plac'd
The man-turnd Goddess; under which was spread
A Carpet, rich, and of devicefull thred;
A footstoole staying her feete; and by her chaire,
Another seate (all garnisht wondrous faire,
To rest, or sleepe on in the day) he set
Farre from the prease of wooers; lest at meate
The noise they still made, might offend his guest,
Disturbing him at banquet or at rest,
Even to his combat, with that pride of theirs,
That kept no noble forme in their affaires.
And these he set farre from them, much the rather
To question freely of his absent father.

A Table fairely polisht then, was spread,
On which a reverend officer set bread;
And other servitors, all sorts of meate,
(Salads, and flesh, such as their haste could get)
Serv'd with observance in. And then the Sewre,
Powr'd water from a great and golden Ewre,

That from their hands, t'a silver Caldron ran;
Both washt, and seated close; the voicefull man
Fetcht cups of gold, and set by them; and round
Those cups with wine, with all endeavour crownd.

Then rusht in the rude wooers; themselves plac't;
The heralds water gave; the maids in haste
Serv'd bread from baskets. When, of all prepar'd,
And set before them; the bold wooers shar'd;
Their Pages plying their cups, past the rest.
But lustie wooers must do more then feast;
For now (their hungers and their thirsts allaid)
They call'd for songs, and Dances. Those, they said,
Were th'ornaments of feast. The herald strait
A Harpe, carv'd full of artificiall sleight,
Thrust into *PheMIus* (a learnd singers) hand,
Who, till he much was urg'd, on termes did stand;
But after, plaid and sung with all his art.

Telemachus, to *Pallas* then (apart,
His eare inclining close, that none might heare)
In this sort said: My Guest, exceeding deare,
Will you not sit incenst, with what I say?
These are the cares these men take; feast and play:
Which easly they may use, because they eate,
Free, and unpunisht, of anothers meate.
And of a mans, whose white bones wasting lie
In some farre region, with th'incessancie
Of showres powr'd downe upon them; lying ashore;
Or in the seas washt nak'd. Who, if he wore
Those bones with flesh, and life, and industrie;
And these, might here in *Ithaca*, set eye

Telemachus
to *Pallas*.

On him returnd; they all would wish to be,
Either past other, in celeritie
Of feete and knees; and not contend t' exceed
In golden garments. But his vertues feed
The fate of ill death: nor is left to me
The least hope of his lifes recoverie;
No not, if any of the mortall race
Should tell me his returne; the chearfull face
Of his returnd day, never will appeare.
But tell me; and let Truth, your witnesse beare;
Who? and from whence you are? what cities birth?
What parents? In what vessell set you forth?
And with what mariners arriv'd you here?
I cannot thinke you a foote passenger.
Recount then to me all; to teach me well,
Fit usage for your worth. And if it fell
In chance now first that you thus see us here,
Or that in former passages you were
My fathers guest? For many men have bene
Guests to my father. Studios of men,
His sociable nature ever was.
On him againe, the grey-eyd Maide did passe
This kind reply; Ile answer passing true,
All thou hast askt: My birth, his honour drew
From wise *Anchialus*. The name I beare,
Is *Mentas*, the commanding Ilander
Of all the *Taphians*, studious in the art
Of Navigation. Having toucht this part
With ship and men; of purpose to maintaine
Course through the darke seas, t' other languag' d men.

*Pallas to
Telemachus.*

And *Temesis* sustaines the cities name,
For which my ship is bound; made knowne by fame,
For rich in brasse; which my occasions need;
And therefore bring I shining steele in steed,
Which their use wants; yet makes my vessels freight;
That neare a plowd field, rides at anchors weight,
Apart this citie, in the harbor calld
Rethrus, whose waves, with *Neius* woods are walld.
Thy Sire and I, were ever mutuall guests,
At eithers house, still interchanging feasts.
I glorie in it. Aske, when thou shalt see
Laertes, th' old *Herwe*, these of mee,
From the beginning. He, men say, no more
Visits the Citie; but will needs deplore
His sonnes beleev'd losse, in a private field;
One old maide onely, at his hands to yeeld
Foode to his life, as oft as labour makes
His old limbs faint; which though he creepes, he takes
Along a fruitfull plaine, set all with vines,
Which, husbandman-like (though a King) he proines.
But now I come to be thy fathers guest;
I heare he wanders, while these wooers feast.
And (as th' Immortals prompt me at this houre)
Ile tell thee, out of a prophetique powre,
(Not as profest a Prophet, nor cleare seene
At all times, what shall after chance to men)
What I conceive, for this time, will be true:
The Gods inflictions keepe your Sire from you.
Divine *Ulysses*, yet, abides not dead
Above earth, nor beneath; nor buried

In any seas, (as you did late conceive)
 But, with the broad sea sieg'd, is kept alive
 Within an Ile, by rude and up-land men,
 That in his spite, his passage home detain.
 Yet long it shall not be, before he tread
 His countries deare earth; though solicited,
 And held from his returne, with iron chaines.
 For he hath wit to forge a world of traines,
 And will, of all, be sure to make good one,
 For his returne, so much relide upon.
 But tell me, and be true: Art thou indeed
 So much ^f a sonne, as to be said the seed
 Of *Ithacus* himselfe? Exceeding much
 Thy forehead and faire eyes, at his forme touch:
 For oftentimes we met, as you and I
 Meete at this houre; before he did apply
 His powres for *Troy*. When other Grecian States,
 In hollow ships were his associates.
 But since that time, mine eyes could never see
 Renownd *Ulysses*; nor met his with me.

ἔ τάνος παῖς,
 Tantus filius.
Pallas thus
enforcing her
question, to
stirre up the
son the more
to the fathers
worthinesse.

Telemachus
to Pallas.

The wise *Telemachus* againe replide:
 You shall with all I know, be satisfide.
 My mother, certaine, sayes I am his sonne:
 I know not; nor was ever simply knowne
 By any child, the sure truth of his Sire.
 But would my veines had tooke in living fire
 From some man happie, rather then one wise,
 Whom age might see seizd, of what youth made prise.
 But he, whoever of the mortall race
 Is most unblest, he holds my fathers place.

This, since you aske, I answer. She, againe:

The Gods sure did not make the future straine
Both of thy race and dayes, obscure to thee,
Since thou wert borne so of *Penelope*.

*Pallas to
Telemachus.*

The stile may by thy after acts be wonne,
Of so great Sire, the high undoubted sonne.
Say truth in this then: what's this feasting here?

What all this rout? Is all this nuptiall cheare?

Or else some friendly banquet made by thee?

For here no shots are, where all sharers be.

Past measure contumeliously, this crew

Fare through thy house; which should th' ingenuous view

Of any good or wise man come and find,

(Impietie seeing playd in every kind)

He could not but through every veine be mov'd.

Againe *Telemachus*: My guest much lov'd,

Since you demand and sift these sights so farre;

I grant twere fit, a house so regular,

Rich, and so faultlesse, once in government,

Should still, at all parts, the same forme present,

That gave it glorie, while her Lord was here.

But now the Gods, that us displeasure beare,

Have otherwise appointed; and disgrace

My father most, of all the mortall race.

For whom I could not mourne so, were he dead,

Amongst his fellow Captaines slaughtered

By common enemies; or in the hands

Of his kind friends, had ended his commands;

After he had egregiously bestow'd

His powre and order in a warre so vow'd;

And to his tombe, all Greekes their grace had done;
 That to all ages he might leave his sonne
 Immortall honor: but now *Harpies* have
 Digg'd in their gorges his abhorred grave.
 Obscure, inglorious, Death hath made his end;
 And me (for glories) to all griefes contend.
 Nor shall I any more mourne him alone;
 The Gods have given me other cause of mone.
 For looke how many *Optimates* remaine
 In *Samos*, or the shoares *Dulichian*,
 Shadie *Zacynthus*; or how many beare
 Rule in the rough browes of this Iland here;
 So many now, my mother and this house,
 At all parts make defam'd and ruinous.
 And she, her hatefull nuptials, nor denies,
 Nor will dispatch their importunities:
 Though she beholds them spoile still, as they feast,
 All my free house yeelds: and the little rest
 Of my dead Sire in me, perhaps intend
 To bring, ere long, to some untimely end.

This *Pallas* sigh'd, and answerd: O (said she)
 Absent *Ulysses* is much mist by thee:
 That on these shamelesse suiters he might lay
 His wreakfull hands. Should he now come, and stay
 In thy Courts first gates, armd with helme and shield,
 And two such darts as I have seene him wield,
 When first I saw him in our *Taphian* Court,
 Feasting, and doing his deserts disport;
 When from *Ephyrus* he returnd by us
 From *Ilus*, sonne to *Centaure Mermerus*;

To whom he travel'd through the watrie dreads,
For bane to poison his sharpe arrowes heads,
That death, but toucht, causde; which he would not give,
Because he fear'd, the Gods that ever live,
Would plague such death with death; and yet their feare
Was to my fathers bosome not so deare
As was thy fathers love; (for what he sought,
My loving father found him, to a thought.)
If such as then, *Ulysses* might but meete
With these proud wooers; all were at his feete
But instant dead men; and their nuptials
Would prove as bitter as their dying galls.
But these things in the Gods knees are reposde,
If his returne shall see with wreake inclosde,
These in his house, or he returne no more.
And therefore I advise thee to explore
All waies thy selfe, to set these wooers gone;
To which end give me fit attention;
To morrow into solemne councell call
The Greeke *Heroes*; and declare to all
(The Gods being witnesse) what thy pleasure is:
Command to townes of their nativities,
These frontlesse wooers. If thy mothers mind,
Stands to her second nuptials, so enclinde;
Returne she to her royall fathers towers,
Where th'one of these may wed her, and her dowers
Make rich, and such as may consort with grace,
So deare a daughter, of so great a race.
And thee I warne as well, (if thou as well
Wilt heare and follow) take thy best built saile,

With twentie owers mann'd, and haste t'enquire
Where the abode is of thy absent Sire;
If any can informe thee, or thine eare
From *Jove* the fame of his retreat may heare;
(For chiefly *Jove* gives all that honours men).

To *Pylos* first be thy addression then
To god-like *Nestor*. Thence, to *Sparta*, haste
To gold-lockt *Menelaus*, who was last
Of all the brasse-armd Greekes that saild from *Troy*.
And trie from both these, if thou canst enjoy
Newes of thy Sires returnd life, any where,
Though sad thou sufferst in his search, a yeare.
If of his death thou hear'st, returne thou home;
And to his memorie erect a tombe:
Performing parent-rites, of feast and game,
Pompous, and such as best may fit his fame:
And then thy mother a fit husband give.
These past, consider how thou maist deprive
Of worthlesse life, these wooers in thy house;
By open force, or projects ingenious.
Things childish fit not thee; th'art so no more:
Hast thou not heard, how all men did adore
Divine *Orestes*, after he had slaine
Ægisthus, murthering by a trecherous traine
His famous father? Be then (my most lov'd)
Valiant and manly; every way approv'd
As great as he. I see thy person fit,
Noble thy mind, and excellent thy wit;
All given thee, so to use and manage here,
That even past death they may their memories beare.

In meane time Ile descend to ship and men,
That much expect me. Be observant then
Of my advice, and carefull to maintaine
In equall acts thy royall fathers raigne.

Telemachus replide: You ope (faire Guest)
A friends heart, in your speech; as well exprest,
As might a father serve t'informe his sonne:
All which, sure place have in my memorie wonne.
Abide yet, though your voyage calls away;
That having bath'd; and dignifide your stay
With some more honour; you may yet beside,
Delight your mind, by being gratifide
With some rich Present, taken in your way;
That, as a Jewell, your respect may lay
Up in your treasure; bestowd by me,
As free friends use to guests of such degree.

Detaine me not (said she) so much inclinde
To haste my voyage. What thy loved minde
Commands to give; at my returne this way,
Bestow on me; that I directly may
Convey it home; which (more of price to mee)
The more it askes my recompence to thee.

This said, away gray-eyd *Minerva* flew,
Like to a mounting Larke; and did endue
His mind with strength and boldnesse; and much more
Made him, his father long for, then before.
And weighing better who his guest might be,
He stood amaz'd, and thought a Deitie
Was there descended: to whose will he fram'd
His powres at all parts; and went, so inflam'd

Amongst the wooers; who were silent set,
 To heare a Poet sing the sad retreat
 The Greekes performd from *Troy*: which was from thence
 Proclaime'd by *Pallas*, paine of her offence.

When which divine song, was perceiv'd to beare
 That mournfull subject, by the listning eare
 Of wise *Penelope* (*Icarius* seed,
 Who from an upper roome had giv'n it heed)
 Downe she descended by a winding staire;
 Not solely; but the State, in her repaire,
 Two Maides of Honour made. And when this Queene
 Of women, stoopt so low, she might be seene
 By all her wooers. In the doore, aloofe
 (Entring the Hall, grac'd with a goodly roofe)
 She stood, in shade of gracefull vail's implide
 About her beauties: on her either side,
 Her honor'd women. When, (to teares mov'd) thus
 She chid the sacred Singer: *Phebus*,
 You know a number more of these great deeds,
 Of Gods and men (that are the sacred seeds
 And proper subjects of a Poets song,
 And those due pleasures that to men belong)
 Besides these facts that furnish *Trois* retreat,
 Sing one of those to these, that round your seate
 They may with silence sit, and taste their wine:
 But cease this song, that through these eares of mine,
 Convey deserv'd occasion to my heart
 Of endlesse sorrowes; of which, the desert
 In me, unmeasur'd is, past all these men;
 So endlesse is the memorie I retaine;

And so desertfull is that memorie
 Of such a man, as hath a dignitie
 So broad, it spreads it selfe through all the pride
 Of *Greece*, and *Argos*. To the Queene, replide
 Inspir'd *Telemachus*: Why thus envies
 My mother, him that fits^s societies
 With so much harmonie, to let him please
 His owne mind, in his will to honor these?
 For these^h ingenuous, and first sort of men,
 That do immediatly from *Jove* retaine
 Their singing raptures; are by *Jove* as well
 Inspir'd with choice, of what their songs impell.
Joves will is free in it; and therefore theirs;
 Nor is this man to blame, that the repaires
 The *Greekes* make homeward, sings: for his fresh *Muse*,
 Men still most celebrate, that sings most newes.
 And therefore in his note, your eares employ:
 For, not *Ulysses* onely lost in *Troy*
 The day of his returne; but numbers more,
 The deadly ruines of his fortunes bore.
 Go you then, In; and take your worke in hand;
 Your web, and distaffe, and your maids command
 To plie their fit worke. Words, to men are due,
 And those reproving counsels you pursue;
 And most, to me, of all men; since I beare
 The rule of all things, that are manag'd here.
 She went amazd away; and in her heart,
 Laid up the wisdom *Pallas* did impart
 To her lov'd sonne so lately; turnd againe
 Up to her chamber; and no more would raigne

ἡ ἑπίθετος
 ἀοιδός
 Cantor, cujus
 tam apta est
 societas homi-
 nibus.
 ἡ ἀνδράσιν,
 ἀλφειστήσιν.
 Ἄλφειστήσιν
 is an Epithete
 proper to Poets
 for their first
 finding out of
 Arts and
 documents tend-
 ing to elocution
 and government:
 inspired onely
 by *Jove*: and
 are here called
 the first of men:
 since first they
 gave rules to
 manly life:
 and have their
 information
 immediately from
Jove; (as *Plato* in
 "Iovis witness-
 eth). The word de-
 duced from ἄλφα,
 which is taken for
 him, qui primas
 teneat aliqua in
 re: And will
 ἀλφειστήσιν
 then be suffici-
 ently exprest with
 ingeniosis? then
 which, no exposi-
 tion goes further.

In manly counsels. To her women, she
 Applied her sway; and to the wooers, he
 Began new orders; other spirits bewraid
 Then those, in spite of which, the wooers swaid.
 And (whiles his mothers teares, still washt her eies,
 Till gray *Minerva* did those teares surprise
 With timely sleepe; and that her woo'rs did rouse
 Rude *Tumult* up, through all the shadie house,
 Disposde to sleepe because their widow was)
Telemachus, this new-given spirit did passe
 On their old insolence: Ho! you that are
 My mothers wooers! much too high ye beare
 Your petulant spirits: sit; and while ye may
 Enjoy me in your banquets: see ye lay
 These loud notes downe; nor do this man the wrong,
 (Because my mother hath dislikt his song)
 To grace her interruption: tis a thing
 Honest, and honourd too, to heare one sing
 Numbers so like the Gods in elegance,
 As this man flowes in. By the mornesⁱ first light,
 Ile call ye all before me, in a Court,
 That I may cleerly banish your resort
 With all your rudenesse, from these roofes of mine.
 Away; and elsewhere in your feasts combine:
 Consume your owne goods, and make mutuall feast
 At eithers house. Or if ye still hold best,
 And for your humors more suffised fill,
 To feed, to spoile (because unpunisht still)
 On other findings: spoile; but here I call
 Th' eternall Gods to witnesse, if it fall

*Telemachus in
 new termes
 with the wooers.*

*i ἡ ὥθεν,
 prima luce.*

In my wisht reach once, to be dealing wreaks,
 (By *Joves* high bountie) these your present checks,
 To what I give in charge, shall adde more reines
 To my revenge hereafter; and the paines
 Ye then must suffer, shall passe all your pride,
 Ever to see redrest, or qualifide.

At this, all bit their lips; and did admire
 His words sent from him, with such phrase, and fire:
 Which so much mov'd them; that *Antinous*
 (*Eupytheus* sonne) cried out: *Telemachus!*
 The Gods, I thinke, have rapt thee to this height
 Of elocution; and this great conceit
 Of selfe-abilitie. We all may pray,
 That *Jove* invest not in this kingdomes sway,
 Thy forward forces; which I see put forth
 A hote ambition in thee, for thy birth.

Be not offended, (he replide) if I
 Shall say, I would assume this emperie,
 If *Jove* gave leave. You are not he that sings,
The rule of kingdomes is the worst of things.
 Nor is it ill, at all, to sway a throne:
 A man may quickly gaine possession
 Of mightie riches; make a wondrous prise
 Set of his vertues; but the dignities

Upon this answer of Telemachus; because it bath so sodain a change; and ts so farre let down, from his late height of heate; altering and tempering so commandingly, his affections; I thought not: umisse to insert here Spondanus further Annotation, which is this: Prudenter Telemachus joco, furorem Antinoi ac asperitatem emolliit. Nam ita dictum illius interpretatur, ut existimetur censere jocose illa etiam ab Antinoo adversum se pronunciata. Et primum Ironice se Regem esse exoptat propter commoda quæ Reges solent comitari. Ne tamen invidiam in se ambitionis concitet, testatur se regnum Ithacæ non ambire, mortuo Ulysse, cum id alii possidere queant se longe præstantiores ac digniores: hoc unum ait, se moliri, ut propriarum ædium & bonorum solus sit dominus, iis exclusis ac ejectis, qui vi illa occupare ac disperdere conantur.

That decke a King, there are enough beside
In this circumfluous Ile, that want no pride
To thinke them worthy of; as yong as I,
And old as you are. An ascent so hie,
My thoughts affect not: dead is he that held
Desert of vertue to have so exceld.
But of these turrets, I will take on me
To be the absolute King; and reigne as free
As did my father, over all, his hand
Left here, in this house, slaves to my command.

Eurymachus, the sonne of *Polybus*,
To this, made this reply: *Telemachus*!
The Girland of this kingdome, let the knees
Of deitie runne for: but the faculties,
This house is seasd of, and the turrets here,
Thou shalt be Lord of; nor shall any beare
The least part of, of all thou doest possesse,
(As long as this land is no wildernessse,
Nor rul'd by out-lawes). But give these their passe,
And tell me (best of Princes) who he was
That guested here so late? from whence? and what
In any region bosted he his state?
His race? his countrie? Brought he any newes
Of thy returning Father? Or for dues
Of moneys to him, made he fit repaire?
How sodainly he rusht into the aire?
Nor would sustaine to stay, and make him knowne?
His Port shewd no debauchd companion.

He answerd: The returne of my lov'd Sire,
Is past all hope; and should rude Fame inspire

From any place, a flattering messenger,
With newes of his survivall; he should beare
No least beliefe off, from my desperate love.
Which if a sacred Prophet should approve,
(Calld by my mother for her cares unrest)
It should not move me. For my late faire guest,
He was of old my Fathers: touching here
From Sea-girt *Taphos*; and for name doth beare
Mentas; the sonne of wise *Anchialus*;
And governes all the *Taphians*, studious
Of Navigation. This he said: but knew
It was a Goddess. These againe withdrew
To dances, and attraction of the song.
And while their pleasures did the time prolong,
The sable Even descended; and did steepe
The lids of all men in desire of sleepe.

Telemachus, into a roome built hie,
Of his illustrious Court; and to the eie
Of circular prospect; to his bed ascended;
And in his mind, much weightie thought contended.
Before him, *Euryclæa* (that well knew
All the observance of a handmaids due,
Daughter to *Opis Pysenorides*)
Bore two bright torches. Who did so much please
Laërtes in her prime; that for the price
Of twentie Oxen, he made merchandize
Of her rare beauties; and Loves equall flame
To her he felt, as to his nuptiall Dame.
Yet never durst he mixe with her in bed;
So much the anger of his wife he fled.

III e

She, now growne old, to yong *Telemachus*
Two torches bore; and was obsequious,
Past all his other maids; and did apply
Her service to him, from his infancie.
His wel-built chamber, reacht; she op't the dore;
He, on his bed sat. The soft weeds he wore,
Put off; and to the diligent old maid
Gave all; who fitly all in thicke folds laid,
And hung them on a beame-pin neare the bed;
That round about was rich embrodered.
Then made she haste forth from him; and did bring
The doore together with a silver ring;
And by a string, a barre to it did pull.
He, laid, and coverd well with curled wooll,
Woven in silke quilts: all night emploid his minde
About the taske that *Pallas* had design'd.

Finis libri primi Hom. Odyss.

THE SECOND BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES

THE ARGUMENT.

THEMACHUS to Court doth call
The wooers; and commands them all
To leave his house: and, taking then
From wise Minerva, ship and men;
And all things fit for him beside,
That Euryclæa could provide
For sea-rites, till he found his Sire;
He hoists saile, when heaven stoopes his fire.

ANOTHER.

Βῆτα. The old Maids store
The voyage cheres;
The ship leaves shore,
Minerva steres.

THE SECOND BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES



NOW WHEN WITH ROSIE FINGERS,
TH'EARLY BORNE,
AND, THROWNE THROUGH ALL THE AIRE,
APPEAR'D THE MORNE;

Ulysses lov'd sonne from his bed appeard;
His weeds put on; and did about him gird
His sword, that thwart his shoulders hung; and tied
To his faire feete, faire shooes; and all parts plied
For speedie readinesse; who when he trod
The open earth, to men, shewd like a God.

The Heralds then, he strait charg'd to consort
The curld-head Greekes, with lowd calls to a Court.

They summon'd; th'other came, in utmost haste;

*The Greekes cal-
led to counsell by
Telemachus.*

Who, all assembl'd, and in one heape plac't;

He likewise came to counsell; and did beare

In his faire hand, his iron-headed speare:

Nor came alone; nor with men troopes prepar'd;

But two fleeted dogs, made, both his traine, and Guard.

Pallas supplied with her high wisdomes grace,

(That all mens wants supplies) *States* painted face.

His entring presence, all men did admire;

Who tooke seate in the high throne of his Sire;

To which the grave Peeres gave him reverend way.

Amongst whom, an *Ægyptian Heroe*,

(Crooked with age, and full of skill) begun

The speech to all. Who had a loved sonne,

That with divine *Ulysses* did ascend

His hollow fleete to *Troy*: to serve which end,

He kept faire horse, and was a man at Armes;

And in the cruell *Cyclops* sterne alarmes,

His life lost by him, in his hollow cave;

Whose entrailles open'd his abhorred grave;

And made of him (of all *Ulysses* traine)
His latest supper, being latest slaine.
His name was *Antiphus*. And this old man,
This crooked growne; this wise *Ægyptian*,
Had three sonnes more; of which, one riotous,
A wooer was, and calld *Eurynomus*;
The other two, tooke both, his owne wisht course.
Yet, both the best fates, weighd not downe the worse;
But left the old man mindfull still of mone;
Who, weeping, thus bespake the Session:

Heare, *Ithacensians*, all I fitly say;
Since our divine *Ulysses* parting day
Never was councill calld, nor session;
And now, by whom is this thus undergone?
Whom did Necessitie so much compell,
Of yong or old? Hath any one heard tell
Of any coming armie; that he thus now
May openly take boldnesse to avow?
First having heard it. Or will any here
Some motion for the publicke good preferre?
Some worth of note there is in this command;
And, me thinkes, it must be some good mans hand
That's put to it: that either hath direct
Meanes to assist; or, for his good affect,
Hopes to be happie in the prooffe he makes;
And that, *Jove* grant, what ere he undertakes.

Telemachus (rejoycing much to heare
The good hope, and opinion men did beare
Of his yong actions) no longer sat;
But longd t' approve, what this man pointed at;

OF HOMERS ODYSSES

And make his first prooffe, in a cause so good:
 And in the Councels chiefe place, up he stood;
 When strait, *Pysenor* (Herald to his Sire,
 And learnd in counsels) felt his heart on fire,
 To heare him speake; and put into his hand
 The Scepter that his Father did command;
 Then (to the old *Ægyptian* turnd) he spoke:

*Telemachus pro-
 poseth his estate
 to the Greeces.*

Father, not farre he is, that undertooke
 To call this councell; whom you soone shall know.
 My selfe, whose wrongs, my griefes will make meshow,
 Am he that author'd this assembly here;
 Nor have I heard of any armie neare;
 Of which, being first told, I might iterate;
 Nor for the publicke good, can aught, relate;
 Onely mine owne affaires all this procure,
 That in my house a double ill endure;
 One, having lost a Father so renownd,
 Whose kind rule once, with your command was crownd:
 The other is, what much more doth augment
 His weightie losse, the ruine imminent
 Of all my house by it, my goods all spent. }
 And of all this, the wooers, that are sonnes
 To our chiefe Peeres, are the Confusions:
 Importuning my Mothers mariage
 Against her will; nor dares their blouds bold rage
 Go to *Icarius*, her fathers Court,
 That, his will askt, in kind and comely sort,
 He may endow his daughter with a dowre;
 And, she consenting, at his pleasures powre,
 Dispose her to a man, that (thus behav'd)

This funerall weed; lest what is done, be lost.
 Besides, I purpose, that when th'austere fate
 Of bitter death, shall take into his state,
Laertes the *Heroe*; it shall decke
 His royall corse; since I should suffer checke
 In ill report, of every common dame,
 If one so rich, should shew in death his shame.
 This speech she usde; and this did soone perswade
 Our gentle mindes. But this, a worke she made
 So hugely long; undoing still in night
 (By torches) all, she did by dayes broade light;
 That three yeares her deceit, div'd past our view;
 And made us thinke, that all she faind, was true.
 But when the fourth yeare came; and those slie houres,
 That still surprise at length, Dames craftiest powres;
 One of her women, that knew all, disclosde
 The secret to us; that she still unlosde
 Her whole daies faire affaire, in depth of night.
 And then, no further she could force her sleight,
 But, of necessitie, her worke gave end.
 And thus, by me, doth every other friend,
 Professing love to her, reply to thee;
 That even thy selfe, and all Greeks else may see, }
 That we offend not in our stay, but shee.
 To free thy house then, send her to her Sire;
 Commanding that her choice be left entire
 To his election, and one settl'd will.
 Nor let her vexe with her illusions still,
 Her friends that woo her; standing on her wit;
 Because wise *Pallas* hath given wiles to it,

Tclam Penelo-
 pes retexere,
 Proverbium.

So full of Art; and made her understand
 All workes, in faire skill of a Ladies hand.
 But (for her working mind) we reade of none
 Of all the old world; in which *Greece* hath showne
 Her rarest peeces, that could equall her:
Tyro, Alcmena, and Mycena were
 To hold comparison in no degree
 (For solide braine) with wise *Penelope*.
 And yet in her delayes of us, she shoves
 No profits skill, with all the wit she owes;
 For all this time, thy goods and victuals go
 To utter ruine; and shall ever so
 While thus the Gods, her glorious mind dispose.
 Glorie, her selfe may gaine; but thou shalt lose
 Thy longings even for necessary food;
 For we will never go, where lies our good;
 Nor any other where; till this delay
 She puts on all, she quits with th' endlesse stay
 Of some one of us; that to all the rest
 May give free farewell with his nuptiall feast.

The wise yong Prince replide: *Antinous*!
 I may by no meanes turne out of my house,
 Her that hath brought me forth, and nourisht me.
 Besides: if quicke or dead my Father be
 In any region, yet abides in doubt.
 And twill go hard, (my meanes being so runne out)
 To tender to *Icarius* againe
 (If he againe, my mother must maintaine
 In her retreate) the dowre she brought with her.
 And then, a double ill it will conferre,

*Telemachus to
 Antinous.*

Both from my Father, and from God, on me;
 When (thrust out of her house) on her bent knee,
 My Mother shall the horrid Furies raise
 With imprecations: and all men dispraise
 My part in her exposure. Never then
 Will I performe this counsell. If your splene
 Swell at my courses; once more I command
 Your absence from my house. Some others hand
 Charge with your banquets. On your owne goods eate;
 And either other mutually intreate,
 At either of your houses, with your feast.
 But if ye still esteeme more sweete and best,
 Anothers spoile; so you still wreaklesse live:
 Gnaw (vermine-like) things sacred: no lawes give
 To your devouring; it remains that I
 Invoke each ever-living Deitie;
 And vow if *Jove* shall daigne in any date,
 Powre of like paines, for pleasures so past rate;
 From thenceforth looke, where ye have reveld so,
 Unwreakt, your ruines, all shall undergo.

The word is
κείπετ' κείρω
signifying, insa-
tiabili quadam
edacitate voro.

Augurium.

Thus spake *Telemachus*, t' assure whose threat,
 Farre-seeing *Jove*, upon their pinions set
 Two Eagles from the high browes of a hill;
 That, mounted on the winds, together still
 Their strokes extended. But arriving now
 Amidst the Councell; over every brow,
 Shooke their thickewings; and (threatning deaths cold feares)
 Their neckes and cheekes tore with their eager Seres.
 Then, on the Courts right-hand away they flew,
 Above both Court and Citie: with whose view

And studie what events they might foretell,
The Councell into admiration fell.
The old *Heroe*, *Halitherses* then,
The sonne of *Nestor*; that of all old men
(His Peeres in that Court) onely could foresee
By flight of fowles, mans fixed destinie;
Twixt them and their amaze, this interposde:
 Heare (*Ithacensians*) all your doubts disclosde;
The wooers most are toucht in this ostent,
To whom are dangers great and imminent.
For now, not long more shall *Ulysses* beare
Lacke of his most lov'd; but fils some place neare,
Addressing to these wooers, Fate and Death.
And many more, this mischief menaceth
Of us inhabiting this famous Ile.
Let us consult yet, in this long forewhile,
How to our selves we may prevent this ill.
Let these men rest secure, and revell still:
Though they might find it safer, if with us
They would in time prevent what threats them thus:
Since not without sure triall, I foretell
These coming stormes; but know their issue well.
For to *Ulysses*, all things have event,
As I foretold him; when for *Ilion* went
The whole Greeke fleete together; and with them,
Th'abundant in all counsels, tooke the streame.
I told him, that when much ill he had past,
And all his men were lost; he should at last,
The twentieth yeare turne home; to all unknowne;
All which effects are to perfection growne.

*Halitherses an
Augur.*

*Eurymachus
excepts against
the prophetic.*

Eurymachus, the sonne of *Polybus*,
Opposde this mans presage, and answerd thus:
Hence, Great in yeares; go, prophetic at home;
Thy children teach to shun their ils to come.
In these, superiour farre to thee, am I.
A world of fowles beneath the Sunne-beames flie, }
That are not fit t' enforme a prophetic. }
Besides, *Ulysses* perisht long ago,
And would thy fates to thee had destin'd so;
Since so, thy so much prophetic had spar'd
Thy wronging of our rights; which for reward
Expected, home with thee, hath summon'd us
Within the anger of *Telemachus*.
But this will I presage, which shall be true,
If any sparke of anger, chance t' ensue
Thy much old art, in these deepe Auguries,
In this yong man incensed by thy lies;
Even to himselfe, his anger shall conferre
The greater anguish; and thine owne ends erre
From all their objects: and besides, thine age
Shall feele a paine, to make thee curse presage,
With worthy cause, for it shall touch thee neare.
But I will soone give end to all our feare,
Preventing whatsoever chance can fall,
In my suite to the yong Prince, for us all
To send his mother to her fathers house,
That he may sort her out a worthy spouse;
And such a dowre bestow, as may befit
One lov'd, to leave her friends, and follow it.
Before which course be, I beleeeve that none

Of all the Greekes will cease th'ambition
 Of such a match. For, chance what can to us,
 We, no man feare; no not *Telemachus*,
 Though ne're so greatly spoken. Nor care we
 For any threats of austere prophecie
 Which thou (old dotard) vantst of so in vaine.
 And thus shalt thou in much more hate remaine;
 For still the Gods shall beare their ill expence;
 Nor ever be disposde by competence,
 Till with her nuptials, she dismisse our suites.
 Our whole lives dayes shall sow hopes for such fruites.
 Her vertues we contend to; nor will go
 To any other, be she never so
 Worthy of us, and all the worth we owe. }

*Telemachus to
 the wooers.*

He answerd him: *Eurymachus*! and all
 Ye generous wooers, now, in generall;
 I see your brave resolves; and will no more
 Make speech of these points; and much lesse, implore.
 It is enough, that all the Grecians here,
 And all the Gods besides, just witnesse beare,
 What friendly premonitions have bene spent
 On your forbearance; and their vaine event.
 Yet with my other friends, let love prevaile
 To fit me with a vessell, free of saile;
 And twentie men; that may divide to me
 My readie passage through the yeelding sea.
 For *Sparta*, and *Amathoon* *Pylos* shore
 I now am bound; in purpose to explore
 My long lackt Father; and to trie if Fame
 (Or *Jove*, most author of mans honourd name)

With his returne and life, may glad mine eare;
Though toild in that prooffe, I sustaine a yeare.
If dead, I heare him, nor of more state; here
(Retir'd to my lov'd countrie) I will rere
A Sepulcher to him, and celebrate
Such royall parent-rites, as fits his state.
And then, my mother to a Spouse dispose.

*Mentor for
Telemachus.*

This said, he sat; and to the rest, arose
Mentor, that was *Ulysses* chosen friend;
To whom, when he set forth, he did commend
His compleate family; and whom he willd
To see the mind of his old Sire fulfild;
All things conserving safe, till his retreate;
Who (tender of his charge; and seeing so set
In sleight care of their King, his subjects there;
Suffering his sonne, so much contempt to beare)
Thus gravely, and with zeale to him began:

No more, let any Scepter-bearing man,
Benevolent, or milde, or humane be;
Nor in his minde, forme acts of pietie,
But ever feed on blood; and facts unjust
Commit, even to the full swinge of his lust;
Since of divine *Ulysses*, no man now
Of all his subjects, any thought doth show.
All whom, he governd; and became to them
(Rather then one that wore a diadem)
A most indulgent father. But (for all
That can touch me) within no envie fall
These insolent wooers; that in violent kind,
Commit things foule, by th' ill wit of the mind;

And with the hazard of their heads, devour
Ulysses house; since his returning houre,
 They hold past hope. But it affects me much,
 (Ye dull plebeians) that all this doth touch
 Your free States nothing; who (strooke dumbe) afford
 These wooers, not so much wreake as a word;
 Though few, and you, with onely number might
 Extinguish to them, the prophaned light.

Evenors sonne (Liocritus) replide;
Mentor! the railer, made a foole with pride;
 What language giv'st thou? that would quiet us,
 With putting us in storme? exciting thus
 The rout against us? who, though more then we,
 Should find it is no easie victorie
 To drive men, habited in feast, from feasts;
 No not if *Ithacus* himselfe, such guests
 Should come and find so furnishing his Court,
 And hope to force them from so sweete a fort.
 His wife should little joy in his arrive,
 Though much she wants him: for, where she, alive
 Would hers enjoy; there Death should claime his rights:
 He must be conquerd, that with many fights.
 Thou speakst unfit things. To their labours then
 Disperse these people; and let these two men
 (*Mentor* and *Halitherses*) that so boast,
 From the beginning to have governd most
 In friendship of the Father; to the sonne
 Confirme the course, he now affects to runne.
 But my mind sayes, that if he would but use
 A little patience; he should here heare newes

*Liocritus to
 Mentor.*

Of all things that his wish would understand;
But no good hope for, of the course in hand.

This said; the Councill rose; when every Peere
And all the people, in dispersion were
To houses of their owne; the wooers yet
Made to *Ulysses* house their old retreat.

*Telemachus
prays to Pallas.*

Telemachus, apart from all the prease,
Prepar'd to shore; and (in the aged seas,
His faire hands washt) did thus to *Pallas* pray: }
Heare me (O Goddesse) that but yesterday }
Didst daigne accesse to me at home; and lay }
Grave charge on me, to take ship, and enquire
Along the darke seas for mine absent Sire;
Which all the Greekes oppose; amongst whom, most
Those that are proud still at anothers cost,
Past measure, and the civill rights of men,
(My mothers wooers) my repulse maintaine.

Thus spake he praying; when close to him came
Pallas, resembling *Mentor*, both in frame
Of voice and person; and advise him thus:

*Minerva in the
person of Men-
tor, exhorts to
the voyage.*

Those wooers well might know; *Telemachus*!
Thou wilt not ever weake and childish be;
If to thee be instilld the facultie
Of mind and bodie, that thy Father grac't.
And if (like him) there be in thee enchac't
Vertue to give words works, and works their end;
This voyage, that to them thou didst commend
Shall not so quickly, as they idly weene,
Be vaine, or given up, for their opposite spleene.
But if *Ulysses*, nor *Penelope*

Were thy true parents; I then hope in thee
Of no more urging thy attempt in hand;
For few, that rightly bred on both sides stand,
Are like their parents; many that are worse;
And most-few, better. Those then that the nurse,
Or mother call true borne; yet are not so;
Like worthy Sires, much lesse are like to grow.
But thou shewst now, that in thee fades not quite
Thy Fathers wisdom; and that future light
Shall therefore shew thee farre from being unwise,
Or toucht with staine of bastard cowardize.
Hope therefore sayes, that thou wilt to the end
Pursue the brave act, thou didst erst intend.
But for the foolish wooers, they bewray
They neither counsell have, nor soule; since they
Are neither wise nor just; and so must needs
Rest ignorant, how blacke above their heads
Fate hovers, holding Death; that one sole day
Will make enough to make them all away.
For thee; the way thou wishest, shall no more
Flie thee a step; I that have bene before
Thy Fathers friend; thine likewise now will be;
Provide thy ship my selfe, and follow thee.
Go thou then home, and sooth each wooers vaine;
But under hand, fit all things for the Maine;
Wine, in as strong and sweete casks as you can;
And meale, the very marrow of a man;
Which put in good sure lether sacks; and see
That with sweete foode, sweete vessels still agree.
I, from the people, strait will presse for you

Free voluntaries; and (for ships) enow
 Sea-circl'd *Ithaca* contains, both new
 And old built; all which, Ile exactly view,
 And chuse what one soever most doth please;
 Which riggd, wee'l strait lanch, and assay the seas.

This spake *Joves* daughter, *Pallas*; whose voice heard;
 No more *Telemachus* her charge deferd;
 But hasted home; and, sad at heart, did see
 Amidst his Hall, th'insulting wooers flea
 Goates, and rost swine. Mongst whom, *Antinous*
 Carelesse, (discovering in *Telemachus*
 His grudge to see them) laught; met; tooke his hand,
 And said; High spoken! with the mind so mannd;
 Come, do as we do; put not up your spirits
 With these low trifles; nor our loving merits,
 In gall of any hatefull purpose, sleepe;
 But eate egregiously, and drinke as deepe.
 The things thou thinkst on, all, at full shall be
 By th' *Achives* thought on, and performd to thee:
 Ship, and choise Oares, that in a trice will land
 Thy hastie Fleete, on heav'nly *Pylos* sand;
 And at the fame of thy illustrious Sire.

*Antinous to
 Telemachus.*

He answerd: Men whom Pride doth so inspire,
 Are no fit consorts for an humble guest;
 Nor are constraind men, merrie at their feast.
 Is't not enough, that all this time ye have
 Op't in your entrails, my chiefe goods a grave?
 And while I was a child, made me partake?
 Mynow more growth, more grown my mind doth make:
 And (hearing speake, more judging men then you)

*Telemachus
 answers.*

Perceive how much I was misgovernd now.
 I now will trie, if I can bring ye home
 An ill Fate to consort you; if it come
 From *Pylos*, or amongst the people, here.
 But thither I resolve; and know that there
 I shall not touch in vaine. Nor will I stay,
 Though in a merchants ship I sterc my way:
 Which shewes in your sights best; since me ye know
 Incapable of ship, or men to row.

This said; his hand he coily snatcht away
 From forth *Antinous* hand. The rest, the day
 Spent through the house with banquets; some with jests,
 And some with railings, dignifying their feasts.
 To whom, a jest-proud youth, the wit began:

Telemachus will kill us every man.
 From *Sparta*, or the very *Pylian* sand,
 He will raise aides to his impetuous hand.
 O he affects it strangely! Or he meanes
 To search *Ephyras* fat shores; and from thence
 Bring deathfull poisons; which amongst our bow'ls
 Will make a generall shipwracke of our soules.

*The wit of the
 wooers upon the
 purpose of Teli-
 machus to seeke
 his Father.*

Another said: Alas who knowes, but he
 Once gone; and erring like his Sire at sea,
 May perish like him, farre from aide of friends?
 And so he makes us worke; for all the ends
 Left of his goods here, we shall share; the house
 Left to his mother, and her chosen Spouse.

Thus they. While he a roome ascended, hie
 And large, built by his Father; where did lie
 Gold and brasse heapt up; and in coffers were

Rich robes; great store of odorous oiles; and there
 Stood Tuns of sweete old wines, along the wall;
 Neate and divine drinke, kept to cheare withall
Ulysses old heart, if he turnd againe
 From labors fatall to him to sustaine.
 The doores of Planke were; their close exquisite,
 Kept with a double key; and day and night
 A woman lockt within; and that was she,
 Who all trust had for her sufficiencie.
 Old *Euryclea*, (one of *Opis* race,
 Sonne to *Pisenor*, and in passing grace
 With gray *Minerva*;) her, the Prince did call;
 And said, Nurse! draw me the most sweete of all
 The wine thou keepst; next that, which for my Sire,
 Thy care reserves, in hope he shall retire.
 Twelve vessels fill me forth, and stop them well.
 Then into well-sewd sacks, of fine ground meale,
 Powre twentie measures. Nor to any one
 But thou thy selfe, let this designe be knowne.
 All this see got together; I, it all
 In night will fetch off, when my mother shall
 Ascend her high roome, and for sleepe prepare.
Sparta and *Pylos*, I must see, in care
 To find my Father. Out *Euryclea* cried,
 And askt with teares: Why is your mind applied
 (Deare sonne) to this course? whither will you go?
 So farre off leave us? and beloved so?
 So onely? and the sole hope of your race?
 Royall *Ulysses*, farre from the embrace
 Of his kind countrie; in a land unknowne

*Telemachus to
 Euryclea.*

*Eurycleas
 answer.*

Is dead; and you (from your lov'd countrie gone)
 The wooers will with some deceit assay
 To your destruction; making then their prey
 Of all your goods. Where, in your owne y^e are strong,
 Make sure abode. It fits not you so yong,
 To suffer so much by the aged seas,
 And erre in such a waylesse wilderness.

Be chear'd (lov'd nurse, said he) for not without
 The will of God, go my attempts about.
 Swear therefore, not to wound my mothers eares
 With word of this; before from heaven appeares
 Th' eleventh or twelfth light; or her selfe shall please
 To aske of me; or heares me put to seas;
 Lest her faire bodie, with her woe be wore.

*Telemachus com-
 forts Euryclea.*

To this, the great oath of the Gods, she swore;
 Which, having sworne; and of it, every due
 Performd to full: to vessels, wine she drew;
 And into well-sewd sacks powr'd foodie meale;
 In meane time he (with cunning to conceale
 All thought of this from others) himselfe bore
 In broade house, with the wooers, as before.

Then grey-eyd *Pallas*, other thoughts did owne;
 And (like *Telemachus*) trod through the Towne;
 Commanding all his men, in th' even to be
 Aboord his ship. Againe then question'd she
Normon (fam'd for aged *Phronius* sonne)
 About his ship; who, all things to be done,
 Assur'd her freely should. The Sunne then set,
 And sable shadowes slid through every streete,
 When forth they lancht; and soone aboard did bring

*The care of Mi-
 nerva for Tele-
 machus.*

All Armes, and choice of every needfull thing,
 That fits a well-riggd ship. The Goddess then
 Stood in the Ports extreame part; where, her men
 (Nobly appointed) thicke about her came,
 Whose every breast, she did with spirit enflame. }
 Yet still fresh projects, laid the grey-eyd Dame. }

Strait, to the house she hasted; and sweete sleepe
 Powr'd on each wooer; which so laid in steepe
 Their drowsie temples, that each brow did nod,
 As all were drinking; and each hand his lode
 (The cup) let fall. All start up, and to bed;
 Nor more would watch, when sleepe so surfeted
 Their leaden ey-lids. Then did *Pallas* call
Telemachus, (in bodie, voice, and all
 Resembling *Mentor*) from his native nest:
 And said, that all his arm'd men were addrest
 To use their Oares; and all expected now
 He should the spirit of a souldier show.
 Come then (said she) no more let us deferre
 Our honor'd action. Then she tooke on her
 A ravisht spirit, and led as she did leape;
 And he her most haste, tooke out, step by step.

*Telemachus to
 his souldiers.*

Arriv'd at sea, and ship; they found ashore
 The souldiers, that their fashiond long haire wore;
 To whom, the Prince said: Come, my friends; let's bring
 Our voyages provision: every thing
 Is heapt together in our Court; and none
 (No not my mother, nor her maids) but one
 Knowes our intention. This exprest; he led;
 The souldiers close together followed;

And all together brought aboard their store.
 Aboard the Prince went; *Pallas* still before
 Sat at the Sterne: he close to her; the men
 Up, hasted after. He, and *Pallas* then,
 Put from the shore. His souldiers then he bad
 See all their Armes fit; which they heard; and had.

A beechen Mast then, in the hollow base
 They put, and hoisted; fixt it in his place
 With cables; and with well-wreath'd halsers hoise
 Their white sailes; which gray *Pallas* now employes
 With full and fore-gales, through the darke deep maine.
 The purple waves (so swift cut) roar'd againe
 Against the ship sides, that now ranne, and plowd
 The rugged seas up. Then the men bestowd
 Their Armes about the ship; and sacrifice
 With crownd wine cups, to th'endlesse Deities,
 They offerd up. Of all yet thron'd above,
 They most observ'd the grey-eyd seed of *Jove*:
 Who from the evening, till the morning rose,
 And all day long, their voyage did dispose.

Navigatur.

κύμα
πορφύρεον.

Finis libri secundi Hom. Odys.

THE THIRD BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES

THE ARGUMENT.

THEMACHUS, and heav'ns * wise Dame, *Pallas.*
That never husband had, now came
To Nestor; who, his either guest
Receiv'd at the religious feast
He made to Neptune, on his shore.
And there told, what was done before
The Trojan turrets; and the state
Of all the Greekes, since Ilions fate.
*This booke, these * three of greatest place,*
Doth serve with many a varied grace.
(Which past); Minerva takes her leave.
Whose state, when Nestor doth perceive;
With sacrifice he makes it knowne,
Where many a pleasing rite is showne.
Which done, Telemachus had gaind
A chariot of him; who ordaind
Pisistratus, his sonne, his guide
To Sparta; and when starrie eyd
The ample heav'n began to be;
All house-rites to affoord them free
(In Pheris) Diocles did please;
His sirname Ortilochides.

*Vid. Minerva,
Nestor & Tele-
machus.*

ANOTHER.

Γάμμα Ulysses sonne To Sparta gone,
 With Nestor lies; Thence Pallas flies.

THE THIRD BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES



THE SUNNE NOW LEFT THE GREAT
AND GOODLY LAKE,
AND TO THE FIRME HEAV'N,
BRIGHT ASCENT DID MAKE,

To shine as well upon the mortall birth,
Inhabiting the plowd life-giving earth,
As on the ever tredders upon Death.
And now to *Pylos*, that so garnisheth
Her selfe with buildings; old *Neleus* towne,
The Prince and Goddesse come; had strange sights showne;
For on the Marine shore, the people there
To *Neptune*, that the Azure lockes doth weare;
Beeves that were wholly blacke, gave holy flame.
Nine seates of State they made to his high name;
And every Seate set with five hundred men;
And each five hundred, was to furnish then
With nine blacke Oxen, every sacred Seate.
These, of the entrailes onely, pleasd to eate;
And to the God enflam'd the fleshie thies.

By this time *Pallas*, with the sparkling eies,
And he she led, within the haven bore:
Strooke saile, cast anchor, and trod both the shore.
She first; he after. Then said *Pallas*: Now
No more befits thee the least bashfull brow;
T'embolden which, this act is put on thee
To seeke thy Father, both at shore, and sea:
And learne in what Clime, he abides so close;
Or in the powre of what Fate doth repose.

Come then; go right to *Nestor*; let us see,
If in his bosome any counsell be,
That may informe us. Pray him not to trace
The common courtship; and to speake in grace

*Minerva to
Telemachus.*

Of the Demander; but to tell the truth:
Which will delight him; and commend thy youth
For such prevention; for he loves no lies;
Nor will report them, being truly wise.

*Telemachus
to Minerva.*

He answerd: *Mentor*! how alas shall I
Present my selfe? how greeete his gravitie?
My youth by no meanes that ripe forme affords,
That can digest my minds instinct, in words
Wise, and beseeing th' eares of one so sage.
Youth of most hope, blush to use words with Age.

She said: Thy mind will some conceit impresse,
And something God will prompt thy towardnesse.
For I suppose, thy birth and breeding too,
Were not in spite of what the Gods could do.

This said, she swiftly went before, and he
Her steps made guides, and followd instantly.
When soone they reacht the *Pylian* throngs and seates,
Where *Nestor* with his sonnes sate; and the meates
That for the feast serv'd; round about them were
Adherents dressing all their sacred cheare,
Being rost and boyld meates. When the *Pylians* saw
These strangers come: in thrust did all men draw
About their entrie. Tooke their hands, and praid
They both would sit. Their entrie first assaid
By *Nestors* sonne, *Pisistratus*. In grace
Of whose repaire, he gave them honor'd place
Betwixt his Sire, and brother *Thrasimed*,
Who sate at feast, on soft Fels that were spred
Along the sea sands. Kerv'd, and reacht to them
Parts of the inwards; and did make a streame

*They are re-
ceived as guests.*

Of spritely wine, into a golden boule;
 Which to *Minerva*, with a gentle soule
 He gave, and thus spake: Ere you eate, faire guest,
 Invoke the Seas King; of whose sacred feast,
 Your travell hither, makes ye partners now:
 When (sacrificing, as becomes) bestow
 This boule of sweete wine on your friend, that he
 May likewise use these rites of pietie:
 For I suppose, his youth doth prayers use,
 Since all men need the Gods. But you I chuse
 First in this cups disposure; since his yeares
 Seeme short of yours; who more like me appeares.
 Thus gave he her the cup of pleasant wine;
 And since a wise and just man did designe
 The golden boule first to her free receit;
 Even to the Goddesses it did adde delight.
 Who thus invokt: *Heare thou whose vast embrace*
Enspheres the whole earth; nor disdain thy grace
To us that aske it, in performing this:
To Nestor first, and these faire sonnes of his,
Vouchsafe all honor: and next them, bestow
On all these Pylions, that have offerd now
This most renownmed Hecatomb to thee, }
Remuneration fit for them, and free; }
And lastly daigne Telemachus, and me, }
(The worke performd, for whose effect we came)
Our safe returne, both with our ship and fame.
 Thus praid she; and her selfe, her selfe obaid;
 In th' end performing all for which she praid.
 And now to pray, and do as she had done;

*The humanitie
 of Pisistratus
 to strangers.*

Minervas grace.

She gave the faire round boule t' *Ulysses* sonne.

The meate then drest, and drawne, and serv'd t' each guest;

They celebrated a most sumptuous feast.

When (appetite to wine and food allaid)

Horse-taming *Nestor* then began, and said:

*Nestor to the
strangers.*

Now lifes desire is serv'd, as farre as fare;

Time fits me to enquire, what guests these are.

Faire guests, what are ye? and for what Coast tries

Your ship the moist deepes? For fit merchandize, }

Or rudely coast ye, like our men of prize? }

The rough seas tempting; desperatly erring

The ill of others, in their good conferring?

The wise Prince, now his boldnesse did begin;

For *Pallas* selfe had hardned him within;

By this device of travell to explore

His absent Father; which two Girlonds wore;

His good, by manage of his spirits; and then

To gaine him high grace, in th' accounts of men.

*Telemachus
answers.*

O *Nestor*! still in whom *Neleus* lives!

And all the glorie of the Greeks survives;

You aske, from whence we are; and I relate:

From *Ithaca* (whose seate is situate

Where *Neius* the renowned Mountaine reares

His haughtie forehead; and the honor beares

To be our Sea-marke) we assaid the waves;

The businesse I must tell; our owne good craves,

And not the publicke. I am come t' enquire,

If in the fame that best men doth inspire,

Of my most-suffering Father, I may heare

Some truth of his estate now; who did beare

The name (being joynd in fight with you alone)
 To even with earth the height of *Ilion*.
 Of all men else, that any name did beare,
 And fought for *Troy*, the severall ends we heare;
 But his death, *Jove* keeps from the world unknowne;
 The certaine fame thereof, being told by none.
 If on the Continent, by enemies slaine;
 Or with the waves eat, of the ravenous *Maine*.
 For his love tis, that to your knees I sue;
 That you would please, out of your owne cleare view,
 T' assure his sad end; or say, if your care
 Hath heard of the unhappie wanderer,
 To too much sorrow, whom his mother bore.
 You then, by all your bounties I implore,
 (If ever to you, deed or word hath stood,
 By my good Father promist, renderd good
 Amongst the *Trojans*; where ye both have tried
 The *Grecian* sufferance) that, in nought applied
 To my respect or pitie, you will glose,
 But unclothd Truth, to my desires disclose.

O my much lov'd, (said he) since you renew
 Remembrance of the miseries that grew
 Upon our still-in-strength-opposing *Greece*,
 Amongst *Troys* people; I must touch a peece
 Of all our woes there; either in the men
Achilles brought by sea, and led to gaine
 About the Country; or in us that fought
 About the Citie, where to death were brought
 All our chiefe men, as many as were there.
 There *Mars*-like *Ajax* lies; *Achilles* there;

*Nestor to Tele-
machus.*

Patroclus.

There the-in-counsell-like-the-Gods; his *friend;
There my deare sonne *Antilochus* tooke end;
Past measure swift of foote, and staid in fight.
A number more, that ils felt infinite:
Of which to reckon all, what mortall man
(If five or sixe yeares you should stay here) can
Serve such enquirie? You would backe againe,
Affected with unsufferable paine,
Before you heard it. Nine yeares siegd we them,
With all the depth and sleight of stratagem
That could be thought. Ill knit to ill, past end:
Yet still they toild us: nor would yet *Jove* send
Rest to our labors: nor will scarcely yet.
But no man liv'd, that would in publicke set
His wisdom, by *Ulysses* policie,
(As thought his equall) so excessively
He stood superiour all wayes. If you be
His sonne indeed; mine eyes even ravish me
To admiration. And in all consent,
Your speech puts on his speeches ornament.
Nor would one say, that one so yong could use
(Unlesse his sonne) a Rhetorique so profuse.
And while we liv'd together; he and I
Never in speech maintaind diversitie:
Nor set in counsell: but (by one soule led)
With spirit and prudent counsell furnished
The Greeks at all houres: that with fairest course,
What best became them, they might put in force.
But when *Troys* high Towres, we had levelld thus;
We put to sea; and God divided us.

And then did *Jove*, our sad retreat devise;
 For all the Greeks were neither just nor wise;
 And therefore many felt so sharpe a fate;
 Sent from *Minervas* most pernicious hate;
 Whose mightie Father can do fearfull things.
 By whose helpe she, betwixt the brother Kings
 Let fall Contention: who in councell met
 In vaine, and timelesse; when the Sunne was set;
 And all the Greeks calld; that came chargd with wine.
 Yet then the Kings would utter their designe;
 And why they summond. *Menelaus*, he
 Put all in mind of home; and cried, To sea.
 But *Agamemnon* stood on contraries;
 Whose will was, they should stay and sacrifice
 Whole Hecatombs to *Pallas*; to forgo
 Her high wrath to them. Foole, that did not know
 She would not so be wonne: for not with ease
 Th' eternall Gods are turnd from what they please.
 So they (divided) on foule language stood.
 The Greekes, in huge rout rose: their wine-heate bloud,
 Two wayes affecting. And that nights sleepe too,
 We turnd to studying either others wo.
 When *Jove* besides, made readie woes enow.
 Morne came, we lancht; and in our ships did stow
 Our goods, and faire-girt women. Halfe our men
 The peoples guide (*Atrides*) did containe;
 And halfe (being now aboard) put forth to sea.
 A most free gale gave all ships prosperous way.
 God settld then the huge whale-bearing lake;
 And *Tenedos* we reacht; where, for times sake,

De Græcorum
dissidio.

Discors navi-
gatio Græ-
corum.

We did divine rites to the Gods: but *Jove*
(Inexorable still) bore yet no love
To our returne; but did againe excite
A second sad Contention, that turnd quite
A great part of us backe to sea againe;
Which were th'abundant in all counsels men,
(Your matchlesse Father) who, (to gratifie
The great *Atrides*) backe to him did flie.
But I fled all, with all that followd me;
Because I knew, God studied miserie,
To hurle amongst us. With me likewise fled
Martiall *Tidides*. I, the men he led,
Gat to go with him. Winds our fleete did bring
To *Lesbos*, where the yellow-headed King
(Though late, yet) found us: as we put to choise
A tedious voyage; if we saile should hoise
Above rough *Chius* (left on our left hand)
To th'Ile of *Psiria*; or that rugged land
Saile under; and for windie *Mimas* stere.
We askt of God, that some ostent might cleare
Our cloudie businesse: who gave us signe,
And charge, that all should (in a middle line)
The sea cut, for *Eubæa*; that with speed,
Our long-sustained infortune might be freed.
Then did a whistling wind begin to rise,
And swiftly flew we through the fishie skies,
Till to *Geræstus* we in night were brought;
Where (through the broad sea, since we safe had wrought)
At *Neptunes* altars, many solid thies
Of slaughterd buls, we burnd for sacrifice.

The fourth day came, when *Tydeus* sonne did greete
 The haven of *Argos*, with his complete Fleete.
 But I, for *Pylos* strait ster'd on my course,
 Nor ever left the wind his fore-right force,
 Since God fore-sent it first. And thus I came
 (Deare sonne) to *Pylos*, uninformd by fame;
 Nor know one sav'd by Fate, or overcome.
 Whom I have heard of since (set here at home)
 As fits, thou shalt be taught, nought left unshowne.

The expert speare-men; every *Myrmidon*,
 (Led by the brave heire of the mightie sould
 Unpeerd *Achilles*) safe of home got hold.
 Safe *Philoctetes*, *Pæans* famous seed:
 And safe *Idomenæus*; his men led
 To his home, (*Crete*;) who fled the armed field;
 Of whom, yet none, the sea from him withheld.

Atrides (you have both heard, though ye be
 His farre off dwellers) what an end had he,
 Done by *Ægisthus*, to a bitter death;
 Who miserably paid for forced breath;
Atrides leaving a good sonne, that dide
 In bloud of that deceitfull parricide
 His wreakfull sword. And thou my friend (as he
 For this hath his fame) the like spirit in thee
 Assume at all parts. Faire, and great I see
 Thou art, in all hope; make it good to th'end;
 That after-times, as much may thee commend.

He answerd: O thou greatest grace of *Greece*;
Orestes made that wreake, his master peece;
 And him the Greeks will give, a master praise;

Telemachus
Nestor.

Verse finding him, to last all after daies.
 And would to God, the Gods would favour me
 With his performance; that my injurie,
 Done by my mothers wooers, (being so foule)
 I might revenge upon their every soule.
 Who (pressing me with contumelies) dare
 Such things as past the powre of utterance are.
 But heavens great Powres, have grac't my destinie }
 With no such honor. Both my Sire and I, }
 Are borne to suffer everlastingly.

Nestor Tele-
 macho.

Because you name those wooers (Friend, said he)
 Report sayes, many such, in spite of thee,
 (Wooing thy mother) in thy house commit
 The ils thou nam'st. But say; proceedeth it
 From will in thee, to beare so foule a foile;
 Or from thy subjects hate, that wish thy spoile?
 And will not aide thee, since their spirits relie
 (Against thy rule) on some grave Augurie?
 What know they, but at length thy Father may
 Come; and with violence, their violence pay?
 Or he alone; or all the Greeks with him?
 But if *Minerva* now did so esteeme
 Thee, as thy Father, in times past; whom, past
 All measure, she, with glorious favours grac't
 Amongst the *Trojans*, where we suffered so;
 (O! I did never see, in such cleare show,
 The Gods so grace a man, as she to him,
 To all our eyes, appeard in all her trim)
 If so, I say, she would be pleas'd to love,
 And that her minds care, thou so much couldst move,

As did thy Father; every man of these,
Would lose in death their seeking mariages.

O Father, (answerd he) you make amaze
Seise me throughout. Beyond the height of phrase
You raise expression; but twill never be,
That I shall move, in any Deitie,
So blest an honour. Not by any meanes,
If Hope should prompt me, or blind Confidence,
(The God of Fooles), or every Deitie
Should will it; for, tis past my destinie.

Telemachus.

The burning-eyd Dame answerd: What a speech
Hath past the teeth-guard, Nature gave to teach
Fit question of thy words before they flie?
God easily can (when to a mortall eie
Hee's furthest off) a mortall satisfie:
And does, the more still. For thy car'd for Sire;
I rather wish, that I might home retire,
After my sufferance of a world of woes;
Farre off; and then my glad eyes might disclose
The day of my returne; then strait retire,
And perish standing by my household fire.
As *Agamemnon* did; that lost his life,
By false *Ægisthus*, and his falser wife.

Minerva.

*Volente Deo,
nihil est diffi-
cile.*

For Death to come at length, tis due to all;
Nor can the Gods themselves, when Fate shall call
Their most lov'd man, extend his vitall breath
Beyond the fixt bounds of abhorred Death.

Mentor! (said he) let's dwell no more on this,
Although in us, the sorrow pious is.
No such returne, as we wish, Fates bequeath

Telemachus.

My erring Father; whom a present death,
 The deathlesse have decreed. Ile now use speech
 That tends to other purpose; and beseech
 Instruction of grave *Nestor*; since he flowes
 Past shore, in all experience; and knowes
 The sleights and wisdomes; to whose heights aspire
 Others, as well as my commended Sire;
 Whom Fame reports to have commanded three
 Ages of men: and doth in sight to me
 Shew like th'Immortals. *Nestor*! the renowne
 Of old *Neleius*; make the cleare truth knowne,
 How the most great in Empire, *Atreus* sonne,
 Sustained the act of his destruction.
 Where then was *Menelaus*? how was it,
 That false *Ægisthus*, being so farre unfit
 A match for him, could his death so enforce?
 Was he not then in *Argos*? or his course
 With men so left, to let a coward breathe
 Spirit enough, to dare his brothers death?

Ile tell thee truth in all (faire sonne) said he:

Nestor *Telemachus* de *Ægisthi*
 adulterio.

Right well was this event conceiv'd by thee.
 If *Menelaus* in his brothers house,
 Had found the idle liver with his spouse,
 (Arriv'd from *Troy*) he had not liv'd; nor dead
 Had the diggd heape powrd on his lustfull head:
 But fowles and dogs had torne him in the fields,
 Farre off of *Argos*. Not a Dame it yeelds,
 Had given him any teare; so foule his fact
 Shewd even to women. Us *Troys* warres had rackt
 To every sinewes sufferance; while * he

Ægisthus.

In *Argos* uplands liv'd; from those workes free.
 And *Agamemnons* wife, with force of word
 Flatterd and softn'd; who, at first abhord
 A fact so infamous. The heav'nly Dame,
 A good mind had; but was in blood too blame.
 There was a *Poet, to whose care, the King
 His Queene committed; and in every thing
 (When he for *Troy* went) charg'd him to apply
 Himselfe in all guard to her dignitie.
 But when strong Fate, so wrapt-in her affects,
 That she resolv'd to leave her fit respects;
 Into a desert Ile, her Guardian led,
 (There left) the rapine of the Vultures fed.
 Then brought he willing home his wills wonne prize;
 On sacred Altars offerd many Thies:
 Hung in the Gods Phanes many ornaments;
 Garments and gold; that he the vast events
 Of such a labor, to his wish had brought,
 As neither fell into his hope, nor thought.

δοιδαὸς ἀνὴρ.

At last, from *Troy* saild *Spartas* king and I,
 Both, holding her untoucht. And (that his eie
 Might see no worse of her) when both were blowne
 To sacred *Sunius* (of *Minervas* towne
 The goodly Promontorie) with his shafts severe
Augur Apollo slue him that did stere
Atrides ship, as he the sterne did guide,
 And she the full speed of her saile applide.
 He was a man, that nations of men
 Exceld in safe guide of a vessell; when
 A tempest rusht in on the ruffld seas:

III k

οἶνονα πόν-
τον: οἶνον
cujus facies
vinum repre-
sentat.

His name was *Phrontis Onetorides*.

And thus was *Menelaus* held from home,

Whose way he thirsted so to overcome;

To give his friend the earth, being his pursuite,

And all his exequies to execute.

But sailing still the *wine-hewd seas, to reach

Some shore for fit performance; he did fetch

The steepe Mount of the *Malians*; and there

With open voice, offended *Jupiter*,

Proclaimd the voyage, his repugnant mind;

And powr'd the puffes out of a shreeking wind,

That nourisht billowes, heightned like to hils.

And with the Fleets division, fulfils

His hate proclaimd; upon a part of *Creete*

Casting the Navie; where the sea-waves meete

Rough *Iardanus*; and where the *Cydon*s live.

There is a Rocke, on which the Sea doth drive;

Bare, and all broken; on the confines set

Of *Gortys*; that the darke seas likewise fret;

And hither sent the South, a horrid drift

Of waves against the top, that was the left

Of that torne cliffe; as farre as *Phæstus* Strand.

A litle stone, the great seas rage did stand.

The men here driven, scapt hard the ships sore shocks;

The ships themselves being wrackt against the rocks;

Save onely five, that blue fore-castles bore,

Which wind and water cast on *Ægypt*s shore.

When he (there victling well, and store of gold

Aboord his ships brought) his wilde way did hold,

And t'other languag'd men, was forc't to rome.

Meane space *Ægisthus* made sad worke at home;
 And slue his brother; forcing to his sway,
Atrides subjects; and did seven yeares lay
 His yoke upon the rich *Mycenean* State.
 But in the eight, (to his affrighting fate)
 Divine *Orestes* home from *Athens* came;
 And what his royall Father felt, the same
 He made the false *Ægisthus* grone beneath:
Death evermore is the reward of Death.

*Agamemnonis
interitus.*

*Orestes patrem
ulciscitur.*

Thus having slaine him; a sepulchrall feast
 He made the *Argives*, for his lustfull guest,
 And for his mother, whom he did detest. }
 The selfe-same day, upon him stole the King,
 (Good at a martiall shout) and goods did bring,
 As many as his freighted Fleete could beare.
 But thou (my sonne) too long, by no meanes erre,
 Thy goods left free for many a spoilfull guest;
 Lest they consume some, and divide the rest;
 And thou (perhaps besides) thy voyage lose.
 To *Menelaus* yet thy course dispose,
 I wish and charge thee; who but late arriv'd,
 From such a shore, and men; as to have liv'd
 In a returne from them; he never thought;
 And whom, blacke whirlwinds violently brought
 Within a sea so vast, that in a yeare
 Not any fowle could passe it any where,
 So huge and horrid was it. But go thou
 With ship and men (or if thou pleasest now
 To passe by land, there shall be brought for thee
 Both horse and chariot; and thy guides shall be

My sonnes themselves) to *Sparta*, the divine,
 And to the King, whose locks like Amber shine.
 Intreate the truth of him; nor loves he lies;
 Wisedome in truth is; and hee's passing wise.

This said, the Sunne went downe, and up rose Night,
 Pallas Nestori. When *Pallas* spake; O Father, all good right
 Beare thy directions. But divide we now
 The sacrifices tongues; mixe wine; and vow
 To *Neptune*, and the other ever blest;
 That having sacrificd, we may to rest.
 The fit houre runnes now; light dives out of date;
 At sacred feasts, we must not sit too late.

She said: They heard; the Herald water gave;
 The youths crownd cups with wine; and let all have
 Their equall shares; beginning from the cup,
 Their parting banquet. All the Tongues cut up;
 The fire they gave them; sacrificde, and rose;
 Wine, and divine rites, usde to each dispose;
Minerva and *Telemachus* desirde
 They might to ship be, with his leave, retirde.

He(mov'd with that) provokt thus their abodes:
 Now *Jove* forbid, and all the long-liv'd Gods,
 Your leaving me, to sleepe aboard a ship:
 As I had drunke of poore *Penias* whip,
 Even to my nakednesse; and had nor sheete,
 Nor covering in my house; that warme nor sweete
 A guest, nor I my selfe, had meanes to sleepe;
 Where I, both weeds and wealthy coverings keepe
 For all my guests: nor shall Fame ever say,
 The deare sonne of the man *Ulysses*, lay

All night a ship boord here; while my dayes shine;
 Or in my Court, whiles any sonne of mine
 Enjoies survivall: who shall guests receive,
 Whom ever, my house hath a nooke to leave.

My much lov'd Father, (said *Minerva*) well
 All this becomes thee. But perswade to dwell
 This night with thee thy sonne *Telemachus*;
 For more convenient is the course for us,
 That he may follow to thy house, and rest.
 And I may boord our blacke saile; that addrest
 At all parts I may make our men; and cheare
 All with my presence; since of all men there
 I boast my selfe the senior; th' others are
 Youths, that attend in free and friendly care,
 Great-sould *Telemachus*; and are his peeres,
 In fresh similitude of forme and yeeres.
 For their confirmance, I will therefore now
 Sleepe in our blacke Barke. But when Light shall shew
 Her silver forehead; I intend my way
 Amongst the *Caucons*; men that are to pay
 A debt to me, nor small, nor new. For this,
 Take you him home; whom in the morne dismisse,
 With chariot and your sonnes; and give him horse
 Ablest in strength, and of the speediest course.

This said; away she flew; formd like the fowle
 Men call the *Ossifrage*; when every soule
 Amaze invaded: even th' old man admir'd;
 The youths hand tooke, and said: O most desir'd;
 My hope sayes, thy prooffe will no coward show,
 Nor one unskild in warre; when Deities now

Disparet
Minerva.

Nestor
Telemacho.

So yong attend thee, and become thy guides:
 Nor any of the heaven-housde States besides;
 But *Tritogenias* selfe; the seed of *Jove*;
 The great in prey; that did in honor move
 So much about thy Father; amongst all
 The Grecian armie. Fairest Queene, let fall
 On me like favours: give me good renowne;
 Which, as on me; on my lov'd wife, let downe,
 And all my children. I will burne to thee
 An Oxe right bred, brode headed, and yoke-free,
 To no mans hand yet humbled. Him will I
 (His hornes in gold hid) give thy Deitie.

Thus praid he; and she heard; and home he led
 His sonnes, and all his heapes of kindered;
 Who entring his Court royall; every one
 He marshald in his severall seate and throne.
 And every one, so kindly come, he gave
 His sweet-wine cup; which none was let to have
 Before this leventh yeare, landed him from *Troy*;
 Which now the Butleresse had leave t'employ.
 Who therefore pierst it, and did give it vent.
 Of this, the old Duke did a cup present
 To every guest: made his maid many a praire
 That weares the Shield fring'd with his nurses haire;
 And gave her sacrificise. With this rich wine
 And food suffisde, Sleepe, all eyes did decline.
 And all for home went: but his Court alone,
Telemachus, divine *Ulysses* sonne,
 Must make his lodging, or not please his heart.

A bed, all chequerd with elaborate Art,
 Within a Portico, that rung like brasse,
 He brought his guest to; and his bedfere was
Pisistratus, the martiall guide of men,
 That liv'd, of all his sonnes, unwed till then.
 Himselfe lay in a by-roome, farre above,
 His bed made by his barren wife, his love.

The rosie-fingerd morne, no sooner shone, }
 But up he rose, tooke aire, and sat upon }
 A seate of white, and goodly polisht stone, }
 That such a glosse as richest ointments wore
 Before his high gates; where the Counsellor
 That matcht the Gods (his Father) usde to sit:
 Who now (by Fate forc't) stoopt as low as it.
 And here sate *Nestor*, holding in his hand
 A Scepter; and about him round did stand
 (As early up) his sonnes troope; *Perseus*,
 The God-like *Thrasimed*, and *Aretus*,
Echephron, *Stratius*; the sixt and last
Pisistratus; and by him (halfe embrac't
 Still as they came) divine *Telemachus*;
 To these spake *Nestor*, old *Gerenius*:

Haste (loved sonnes) and do me a desire,
 That (first of all the Gods) I may aspire
 To *Pallas* favour; who vouchsaft to me,
 At *Neptunes* feast, her sight so openly.
 Let one to field go; and an Oxe with speed
 Cause hither brought; which, let the Heardsman leade;
 Another to my deare guests vessell go,

*Nestoris filii
 patris jussu
 Minervæ sac-
 rum apparant.*

And all his souldiers bring, save onely two.
 A third, the Smith that works in gold, command
 (*Laertius*) to attend; and lend his hand,
 To plate the both hornes round about with gold;
 The rest remaine here close. But first, see told
 The maids within, that they prepare a feast;
 Set seates through all the Court: see strait address
 The purest water; and get fuell feld.

*The forme of the
 Sacrifice.*

This said; not one, but in the service held }
 Officious hand. The Oxe came led from field; }
 The Souldiers troopt from ship; the Smith he came,
 And those tooles brought, that serv'd the actuall frame,
 His Art conceiv'd; brought Anvile, hammers brought,
 Faire tongs, and all, with which the gold was wrought.
Minerva likewise came, to set the Crowne
 On that kind sacrifice, and mak't her owne.

Then th'old Knight *Nestor* gave the Smith the gold,
 With which he strait did both the hornes infold;
 And trimm'd the Offering so, the Goddesses joyd.
 About which, thus were *Nestors* sonnes employd:
 Divine *Echephron*, and faire *Stratius*,
 Held both the hornes: the water odorous,
 In which they washt, what to the rites was vowd,
Aretus (in a caldron, all bestrowd
 With herbes and flowres) serv'd in from th'holy roome
 Where all were drest; and whence the rites must come.
 And after him, a hallowd virgin came,
 That brought the barley cake, and blew the flame.
 The axe, with which the Oxe should both be feld

And cut forth, *Thrasimed* stood by, and held.

Perseus the vessell held, that should retaine

The purple licour of the offering slaine.

Then washt, the pious Father: then the Cake
(Of barley, salt, and oile made) tooke, and brake.

Askt many a boone of *Pallas*; and the state

Of all the offering, did initiate.

In three parts cutting off the haire, and cast

Amidst the flame. All th' invocation past,

And all the Cake broke; manly *Thrasimed*

Stood neare, and sure; and such a blow he laid

Aloft the offring; that to earth he sunke,

His neck-nerves sunderd, and his spirits shrunke.

Out shriekt the daughters, daughter in lawes, and wife

Of three-ag'd *Nestor*, (who had eldest life

Of *Clymens* daughters) chast *Eurydice*.

The Oxe on broad earth, then layd laterally,

They held, while Duke *Pisistratus*, the throte

Dissolv'd and set, the sable blood afflote;

And then the life the bones left. Instantly

They cut him up; apart flew either Thie;

That with the fat they dubd, with art alone;

The throte-briske, and the sweet-bread pricking on.

Then *Nestor* broild them on the cole-turnd wood,

Powr'd blacke wine on; and by him yong men stood,

That spits fine-pointed held, on which (when burnd

The solid Thies were) they transfixt, and turnd

The inwards, cut in cantles: which (the meate

Vowd to the Gods, consum'd) they rost and eate.

In meane space, *Polycaste* (calld the faire,
Nestors yongst daughter) bath'd *Ulysses* heire;
 Whom, having cleansd, and with rich balmes bespred;
 She cast a white shirt quickly o're his head,
 And then his weeds put on; when, forth he went,
 And did the person of a God present.
 Came, and by *Nestor* tooke his honourd seate,
 This pastor of the people. Then, the meate
 Of all the spare parts rosted; off they drew;
 Sate, and fell to. But soone the temperate few,
 Rose, and in golden bolles, filld others wine.
 Till, when the rest felt thirst of feast decline;
Nestor his sonnes bad, fetch his high-man'd horse,
 And them in chariot joyne, to runne the course
 The Prince resolv'd. Obaid, as soone as heard
 Was *Nestor* by his sonnes; who strait prepar'd
 Both horse and chariot. She that kept the store,
 Both bread and wine, and all such viands more,
 As should the feast of *Jove*-fed Kings compose;
 Pourvaid the voyage. To the rich Coach, rose
Ulysses sonne; and close to him ascended
 The Duke *Pisistratus*; the reines intended,
 And scourg'd, to force to field, who freely flew;
 And left the Towne, that farre her splendor threw.
 Both holding yoke, and shooke it all the day;
 But now the Sunne set, darkning every way,
 When they to *Pheris* came; and in the house
 Of *Diocles* (the sonne t' *Ortilochus*,
 Whom flood *Alpheus* got) slept all that night:

Telemachus
 proficiscitur ad
 Menelaum.

Who gave them each due hospitable rite.
But when the rosie-fingerd morne arose,
They went to Coach, and did their horse inclose;
Drave forth the fore-court, and the porch that yeelds
Each breath a sound; and to the fruitfull fields
Rode scourging still their willing flying Steeds;
Who strenuously performd their wonted speeds.
Their journey ending just when Sunne went downe;
And shadowes all wayes through the earth were thrown.

Finis libri tertii Hom. Odys.

THE FOURTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES

THE ARGUMENT.

RECEIV'D now, in the Spartan Court
Telemachus, preferres report
To Menelaus, of the throng
Of wooers with him, and their wrong.
Attrides tels the Greekes retreat,
And doth a Prophecie repeate,
That Proteus made; by which he knew
His brothers death; and then doth shew
How with Calypso liv'd the sire
Of his yong guest. The woo'rs conspire
Their Princes death: whose trechery knowne,
Penelope in teares doth drowne.
Whom Pallas by a dreame doth cheare,
And in similitude appeare
Of faire Iphthima, knowne to be
The sister of Penelope.

Menelaus.

ANOTHER.

ΔΕΛΤΑ. Here, of the Sire
 The Sonne doth heare:
 The woo'rs conspire;
 The mothers feare.

THE FOURTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES



IN LACEDÆMON NOW,
THE NURSE OF WHALES,
THESE TWO ARRIV'D,
AND FOUND AT FESTIVALS

(With mightie concourse) the renowmed King,
His sonne and daughter, joyntly marrying.

Alectors daughter, he did give his sonne
Strong *Megapenthe*; who his life begunne
By *Menelaus* bondmaid; whom he knew
In yeares. When *Hellen* could no more renew
In issue like divine *Hermione*;

Who held in all faire forme, as high degree
As golden *Venus*. Her he married now
To great *Achilles* sonne; who was by vow
Betrothd to her at *Troy*. And thus the Gods
To constant loves, give nuptiall periods.
Whose state here past, the *Myrmidons* rich towne
(Of which she shar'd in the Imperiall Crowne)
With horse and chariots he resign'd her to.

Meane space, the high huge house, with feast did flow
Of friends and neighbours, joying with the King.

Amongst whom, did a heavenly Poet sing,
And touch his Harpe. Amongst whom likewise danc't
Two; who in that dumbe motion advanc't,

Would prompt *the Singer, what to sing and play.

All this time, in the utter Court did stay,

With horse and chariot, *Telemachus*,

And *Nestors* noble sonne, *Pisistratus*.

Whom *Eteoneus* coming forth, descried,

And, being a servant to the King, most tried

In care, and his respect; he ranne and cried:

Guests! *Jove*-kept *Menelaus*! two such men,

Λακεδαίμονα
κητώεσσαν
which is expound-
ed Spartam
amplam, or
μεγάλην ma-
gnam: where
κητώεσσαν
signifies properly
plurima cete
nutrientem.

NAWUT BAHADUR JUNG BAHADUR,

μολπῆς
ἐξάρχοντες
Cantum auspi-
cantes: of which
place, the Critiks
affirme, that sal-
tatores motu
suo indicant
cantori, quo
genere cantus
saltaturi forent.
The rapture of
Eteoneus at sight
of *Telemachus*
and *Pisistratus*.

As are for forme, of high *Saturnius* straine.
 Informe your pleasure, if we shall uncloze
 Their horse from coach; or say, they must dispose
 Their way to some such house, as may embrace
 Their knowne arrivall, with more welcome grace?

*Menelaus re-
bukes his servant
for his doubt to
entertaine guests
worthy.*

He (angry) answerd, Thou didst never show
 Thy selfe a foole (*Beotides*) till now;
 But now (as if turnd child) a childish speech
 Vents thy vaine spirits. We our selves now reach
 Our home, by much spent hospitalitie
 Of other men; nor know, if *Jove* will trie,
 With other after wants, our state againe:
 And therefore, from our feast, no more detaine
 Those welcome guests; but take their Steeds from Coach,
 And with attendance guide in their approach.

This said, he rusht abroad, and calld some more
 Tried in such service; that together bore
 Up to the guests: and tooke their Steeds that swet
 Beneath their yokes, from Coach. At mangers set,
 Wheate and white barley gave them mixt; and plac't
 Their Chariot by a wall so cleare, it cast
 A light quite thorough it. And then they led
 Their guests to the divine house; which so fed
 Their eyes at all parts with illustrious sights,
 That Admiration seisd them. Like the lights
 The Sunne and Moone gave; all the Pallace threw
 A luster through it. Sate with whose view,
 Downe to the Kings most bright-kept Baths, they went;
 Where handmaids did their services present:
 Bath'd, balmd them; shirts, and well-napt weeds put on,

And by *Atrides* side, set each his throne.
 Then did the handmaid royall, water bring,
 And to a Laver, rich and glittering,
 Of massie gold, powr'd: which she plac't upon
 A silver Caldron; into which, might runne
 The water as they washt. Then set she neare
 A polisht table; on which, all the cheare
 The present could affoord; a reverend Dame
 That kept the Larder, set. A Cooke then came,
 And divers dishes, borne thence, serv'd againe;
 Furnisht the boord with bolles of gold; and then
 (His right hand given the guests) *Atrides* said,
 Eate, and be chearfull; appetite allaid,
 I long to aske, of what stocke ye descend;
 For not from parents, whose race namelesse end,
 We must derive your offspring. Men obscure,
 Could get none such as you. The pourtraiture
 Of *Jove*-sustained, and Scepter-bearing Kings,
 Your either person, in his presence brings.
 An Oxes fat chine, then they up did lift,
 And set before the guests; which was a gift,
 Sent as an honor, to the Kings owne tast. }
 They saw yet, twas but to be eaten plac't, }
 And fell to it. But food and wines care past, }
Telemachus thus prompted *Nestors* sonne;
 (His eare close laying, to be heard of none)

Consider (thou whom most my mind esteemes)
 The brasse-worke here, how rich it is in beames;
 And how besides, it makes the whole house sound?
 What gold, and amber, silver, ivorie, round

III m

Telemachus to
Pisistratus, in
 observation of
 the house, not so
 much that he
 hartily admired
 it, as to please
Menelaus, who
 he knew heard,
 though he seemd
 desirous he shold
 not heare.

Is wrought about it. Out of doubt, the Hall
 Of *Jupiter Olympius*, hath of all
 This state, the like. How many infinites,
 Take up to admiration, all mens sights?

Atrides over-heard; and said; Lov'd sonne,

*Menelaus relates
 his travels to his
 guests.*

No mortall must affect contention
 With *Jove*, whose dwellings are of endlesse date.

Perhaps (of men) some one may emulate,
 (Or none) my house, or me. For I am one,
 That many a grave extreme have undergone.
 Much error felt by sea; and till th' eight yeare,
 Had never stay; but wanderd farre and neare,

Cyprus, *Phœnicia*, and *Sydonia*;
 And fetcht the farre off *Æthiopia*:
 Reacht the *Erembi* of *Arabia*;

And *Lybia*, where, with hornes, Ewes yeane their Lambs:
 Where every full yeare, Ewes are three times dams.

Where neither King, nor shepheard; want comes neare
 Of cheese, or flesh, or sweete milke. All the yeare

They ever milke their Ewes. And here while I
 Errd, gathering meanes to live: one, murtherously,

Unwares, unseene, bereft my brothers life;

Chiefly betraid by his abhorred wife.

So, hold I, (not enjoying) what you see.

And of your Fathers (if they living be)

You must have heard this: since my suffrings were

So great and famous. From this Pallace here,

(So rarely-well-built; furnished so well;

And substacked with such a precious deale

Of well-got treasure) banisht by the doome

Of Fate; and erring as I had no home.
 And now I have, and use it; not to take
 Th'entire delight it offers; but to make
 Continuall wishes, that a triple part
 Of all it holds, were wanting; so my heart
 Were easde of sorrowes (taken for their deaths
 That fell at *Troy*) by their revived breaths.
 And thus sit I here, weeping, mourning still
 Each least man lost; and sometimes make mine ill
 (In paying just teares for their losse) my joy.
 Sometimes I breathe my woes; for in annoy,
 The pleasure soone admits satietie.
 But all these mens wants, wet not so mine eie,
 (Though much they move me) as one sole mans misse;
 For which, my sleepe and meate even lothsome is,
 In his renewd thought; since no Greeke hath wonne
 Grace, for such labours, as **Laertes* sonne *Intending*
 Hath wrought and sufferd: to himselfe, nought else *Ulysses.*
 But future sorrowes forging: to me, hels
 For his long absence; since I cannot know
 If life or death detaine him: since such woe
 For his love, old *Laertes*, his wise wife,
 And poore yong sonne sustaines; whom new with life,
 He left as sirelesse. This speech; grieffe to teares
 (Powrd from the sonnes lids on the earth) his eares
 (Told of the Father) did excite; who kept
 His cheekes drie with his red weed, as he wept:
 His both hands usde therein. *Atrides* then
 Began to know him; and did strife retaine,
 If he should let, himselfe confesse his Sire,

*Diana.
Hellen's repara-
ance and orna-
ment.*

Or with all fitting circumstance, enquire.

While this, his thoughts disputed; forth did shine,
(Like to the golden *distaffe-deckt divine)
From her beds high and odoriferous roome,
Hellen. To whom (of an elaborate loome)
Adresta set a chaire: *Alcyppe* brought
A peece of Tapestry, of fine wooll wrought.
Philo, a silver Cabinet conferd:
(Given by *Alcandra*, Nuptially endeard
To Lord *Polybius*; whose abode in *Thebes*,
Th' Ægyptian citie was;) where wealth in heapes,
His famous house held: out of which did go
In gift t' *Atrides*, silver bath-tubs two;
Two Tripods; and of fine gold, talents ten.
His wife did likewise send to *Hellen* then,
Faire gifts; a Distaffe that of gold was wrought;
And that rich Cabinet that *Phylo* brought;
Round, and with gold ribd; now of fine thred, full:
On which extended (crownd with finest wooll,
Of violet glosse) the golden Distaffe lay.

*Hellen to Mene-
laus concerning
the guests.*

She tooke her State-chaire; and a foot-stooles stay
Had for her feete: and of her husband, thus
Askt to know all things: Is it knowne to us,
(King *Menelaus*) whom these men commend
Themselves for; that our Court, now takes to friend?
I must affirme, (be I deceiv'd or no)
I never yet saw man nor woman so
Like one another, as this man is like
Ulysses sonne. With admiration strike
His lookes, my thoughts; that they should carrie now

Powre to perswade me thus; who did but know,
When newly he was borne, the forme they bore.
But tis his Fathers grace; whom more and more
His grace resembles; that makes me retaine
Thought, that he now, is like *Telemachus* then:
Left by his Sire, when *Greece* did undertake
Troys bold warre, for my impudencies sake.

He answerd: Now wife, what you thinke, I know,
The true cast of his Fathers eye, doth show
In his eyes order. Both his head and haire,
His hands and feete, his very fathers are.
Of whom (so well rememberd) I should now
Acknowledge for me, his continuall flow
Of cares and perils: yet still patient.
But I should too much move him, that doth vent
Such bitter teares for that which hath bene spoke;
Which (shunning soft shew) see how he would cloke;
And with his purple weed, his weepings hide.

Then *Nestors* sonne, *Pisistratus* replide:
Great Pastor of the people; kept of God!
He is *Ulysses* sonne; but his abode
Not made before here; and he modest too;
He holds it an indignitie to do
A deed so vaine, to use the boast of words,
Where your words are on wing; whose voice affords
Delight to us, as if a God did breake
The aire amongst us, and vouchsafe to speake.
But me, my father (old Duke *Nestor*) sent
To be his consort hither; his content,
Not to be heightned so, as with your sight.

*Pisistratus tells
who they are.*

In hope that therewith words and actions might
 Informe his comforts from you; since he is
 Extremely griev'd and injur'd, by the misse
 Of his great Father; suffering even at home.
 And few friends found, to helpe him overcome
 His too weake sufferance, now his Sire is gone.
 Amongst the people, not afforded one
 To checke the miseries, that mate him thus;
 And this the state is of *Telemachus*.

*Menelaus joy
 for Telemachus,
 and mone for
 Ulysses absence.*

O Gods (said he) how certaine, now, I see
 My house enjoyes that friends sonne, that for me
 Hath undergone so many willing fights?
 Whom I resolv'd, past all the Grecian Knights,
 To hold in love; if our returne by seas,
 The farre-off Thunderer did ever please
 To grant our wishes. And to his respect,
 A Pallace and a Citie to erect,
 My vow had bound me. Whither bringing then
 His riches, and his sonne, and all his men
 From barren *Ithaca*, (some one sole Towne
 Inhabited about him, batterd downe)
 All should in *Argos* live. And there would I
 Ease him of rule; and take the Emperie
 Of all on me. And often here would we
 (Delighting, loving eithers companie)
 Meete and converse; whom nothing should divide,
 Till deaths blacke veile did each all over hide.
 But this perhaps had bene a meane to take
 Even God himselfe with envie; who did make
Ulysses therefore onely the unblest,

That should not reach his loved countries rest.

These woes made every one with woe in love;

Even *Argive Hellen* wept, (the seed of *Jove*)

Ulysses sonne wept; *Atreus* *sonne did weepe;

Menelaus.

And *Nestors* sonne, his eyes in teares did steepe.

But his teares fell not from the present cloud,

That from *Ulysses* was exhal'd; but flowd

From brave *Antilochus* rememberd due,

Pisistratus weeps
with remem-
brance of his
brother *Antilo-*
chus.

Whom the renown'd * Sonne of the Morning slue.

Vid. Memnon.

Which yet he thus excusde: O *Atreus* sonne!

Old *Nestor* sayes, There lives not such a one

Amongst all mortals, as *Atrides* is,

For deathlesse wisdom. Tis a praise of his,

Still given in your remembrance; when at home

Our speech concernes you. Since then overcome

You please to be, with sorrow even to teares,

That are in wisdom so exempt from peres;

Vouchsafe the like effect in me excuse,

(If it be lawfull) I affect no use

Of teares thus, after meales; at least, at night:

But when the morne brings forth, with teares, her light,

It shall not then empaire me to bestow

My teares on any worthies overthrow.

It is the onely right, that wretched men

Can do dead friends; to cut haire, and complaine.

But Death my brother tooke; whom none could call

The Grecian coward; you best knew of all.

I was not there, nor saw; but men report,

Antilochus exceld the common sort,

For footmanship, or for the Chariot race;

Or in the fight, for hardie hold of place.

O friend (said he) since thou hast spoken so,
At all parts, as one wise should say and do;
And like one, farre beyond thy selfe in yeares;
Thy words shall bounds be, to our former teares.
O he is questionlesse a right borne sonne,
That of his Father hath not onely wonne
The person, but the wisdom; and that Sire,
(Complete himselfe) that hath a sonne entire;
Jove did not onely his full Fate adorne,
When he was wedded; but when he was borne.
As now *Saturnius*, through his lifes whole date,
Hath *Nestors* blisse raisd to as steepe a state:
Both in his age to keepe in peace his house;
And to have children wise and valorous.

But let us not forget our rere Feast thus;
Let some give water here. *Telemachus*!
The morning shall yeeld time to you and me,
To do what fits; and reason mutually.
This said; the carefull servant of the King;
(*Asphalion*) powr'd on, th'issue of the Spring;
And all to readie feast, set readie hand.
But *Hellen* now, on new device did stand;
Infusing strait a medcine to their wine,
That (drowning Cares and Angers) did decline
All thought of ill. Who drunke her cup, could shed
All that day, not a teare; no not if dead
That day his father or his mother were;
Not if his brother, child, or chiefest deare,
He should see murderd then before his face.

*Hellens potion
against Cares.*

Such usefull medicines (onely borne in grace,
 Of what was good) would *Hellen* ever have.
 And this Juyce to her, *Polydamma* gave
 The wife of *Thoon*; an *Ægyptian* borne;
 Whose rich earth, herbes of medicine do adorne
 In great abundance. Many healthfull are,
 And many banefull. Every man is there
 A good Physition, out of natures grace;
 For all the nation sprung of *Pæons* race.

When *Hellen* then her medicine had infusde,
 She bad powre wine to it; and this speech usde:

Atrides, and these good mens sonnes; great *Jove*
 Makes good and ill, one after other move
 In all things earthly: for he can do all.
 The woes past therefore, he so late let fall;
 The comforts he affoord us, let us take;
 Feast, and with fit discourses, merrie make.
 Nor will I other use. As then our blood
 Griev'd for *Ulysses*, since he was so good;
 Since he was good, let us delight to heare
 How good he was, and what his sufferings were.
 Though every fight, and every suffering deed,
 Patient *Ulysses* underwent; exceed
 My womans powre to number, or to name.
 But what he did, and sufferd, when he came
 Amongst the Trojans, (where ye Grecians all
 Tooke part with sufferance) I in part can call
 To your kind memories. How with ghastly wounds
 Himselfe he mangl'd; and the Trojan bounds
 (Thrust thicke with enemies) adventured on:

*Hellen of Ulysses
 and the sacke of
 Troy.*

His royall shoulders, having cast upon
Base abject weeds, and enterd like a slave.
Then (begger-like) he did of all men crave;
And such a wretch was, as the whole Greeke fleete
Brought not besides. And thus through every streete
He crept discovering: of no one man knowne.
And yet through all this difference, I alone
Smok't his true person. Talkt with him. But he
Fled me with wiles still. Nor could we agree,
Till I disclaimd him quite. And so (as mov'd
With womanly remorse, of one that prov'd
So wretched an estate, what ere he were)
Wonne him to take my house. And yet even there;
Till freely I (to make him doubtlesse) swore
A powrefull oath, to let him reach the shore
Of ships and tents, before *Troy* understood;
I could not force on him his proper good.
But then I bath'd and sooth'd him, and he then
Confest, and told me all. And (having slaine
A number of the Trojan guards) retirde,
And reacht the Fleete; for slight and force admirde.
Their husbands deaths by him, the Trojan wives
Shriekt for; but I made triumphs for their lives.
For then my heart conceiv'd, that once againe
I should reach home; and yet did still retaine
Woe for the slaughters, *Venus* made for me:
When both my husband, my *Hermione*,
And bridall roome, she robd of so much right;
And drew me from my countrie, with her sleight.
Though nothing under heaven, I here did need,

That could my Fancie, or my Beautie feed.

Her husband said: Wife! what you please to tell,
Is true at all parts, and becomes you well.

*Menelaus to
Hellen and his
guests.*

And I my selfe, that now may say, have seene
The minds and manners of a world of men:
And great Heroes, measuring many a ground,
Have never (by these eyes that light me) found
One, with a bosome, so to be belov'd,
As that in which, th'accomplisht spirit, mov'd
Of patient *Ulysses*. What (brave man)
He both did act, and suffer, when we wan
The towne of *Ilion*, in the brave-built horse,
When all we chiefe States of the Grecian force,
Were housde together; bringing Death and Fate
Amongst the Trojans; you (wife) may relate.
For you, at last, came to us; God that would
The Trojans glorie give; gave charge you should
Approch the engine; and *Deiphobus*
(The god-like) followd. Thrice ye circl'd us,
With full survey of it; and often tried
The hollow crafts, that in it were implied.

' When all the voices of their wives in it
You tooke on you; with voice so like, and fit;
And every man by name, so visited;
That I, *Ulysses*, and King *Diomed*,
(Set in the midst, and hearing how you call'd)
Tydidēs, and my selfe, (as halfe appall'd
With your remorsefull plaints) would, passing faine
Have broke our silence; rather then againe
Endure, respectlesse, their so moving cries.

*Hellen counter-
fett'd the wives
voices of those
Kings of Greece,
that were in the
woodden horse,
and calls their
husbands.*

But, *Ithacus*, our strongest fantasies
 Containd within us, from the slendrest noise,
 And every man there, sat without a voice.
Anticlus onely, would have answerd thee:
 But, his speech, *Ithacus* incessantly
 With strong hand held in; till (*Minervas* call,
 Charging thee off) *Ulysses* sav'd us all.

*Telemachus to
 Menelaus.*

Telemachus replide: Much greater is
 My griefe, for hearing this high praise of his.
 For all this doth not his sad death divert;
 Nor can, though in him swelld an iron heart.
 Prepare, and leade then (if you please) to rest:
 Sleepe (that we heare not) will content us best.

Then *Argive Hellen* made her handmaid go,
 And put faire bedding in the *Portico*;
 Itur ad lectum. Lay purple blankets on, Rugs warme and soft;
 And cast an Arras coverlet aloft.

They torches tooke; made haste, and made the bed,
 When both the guests were to their lodgings led,
 Within a *Portico*, without the house.
Atrides, and his large-traine-wearing Spouse,
 (The excellent of women) for the way,
 In a retir'd receit, together lay.

The morne arose; the King rose, and put on
 His royall weeds; his sharpe sword hung upon
 His ample shoulders; forth his chamber went,
 And did the person of a God present.

*Menelaus en-
 quires the cause
 of his voyage.*

Telemachus accosts him; who begun
 Speech of his journeys proposition.
 And what (my yong *Ulyssean Heroe*)

Provokt thee on the broad backe of the sea,
 To visit *Lacedæmon* the Divine?
 Speake truth; Some publicke [good]? or onely thine?

I come (said he) to heare, if any fame
 Breath'd of my Father; to thy notice came.
 My house is sackt: my fat workes of the field,
 Are all destroid: my house doth nothing yeeld
 But enemies; that kill my harmlesse sheepe,
 And sinewie Oxen: nor will ever keepe
 Their steeles without them. And these men are they, }
 That wooe my Mother; most inhumanely
 Committing injurie on injurie.

To thy knees therefore I am come, t'attend
 Relation of the sad and wretched end,
 My erring Father felt: if witnest by
 Your owne eyes; or the certaine newes that flie
 From others knowledges. For, more then is
 The usuall heape of humane miseries,
 His Mother bore him to. Vouchsafe me then
 (Without all ruth of what I can sustaine)
 The plaine and simple truth of all you know. }
 Let me beseech so much. If ever vow
 Was made, and put in good effect to you }
 At *Troy* (where suffrance bred you so much smart)
 Upon my Father, good *Ulysses* part;
 And quit it now to me (himselfe in youth)
 Unfolding onely the unclosed truth.

He (deeply sighing) answerd him: O shame
 That such poore vassals should affect the fame,
 To share the joyes of such a Worthies Bed!

I make abode here: but, it seemes, some ill
 The Gods, inhabiting broad heaven, sustaine
 Against my getting off. Informe me then,
 (For Godheads all things know) what God is he
 That stayes my passage, from the fishie sea?

*Idothea to
 Menelaus.*

Stranger (said she) Ile tell thee true: there lives
 An old Sea-farer in these seas, that gives
 A true solution of all secrets here.
 Who, deathlesse *Proteus* is, th'Ægyptian Peere:
 Who can the deepes of all the seas exquire;
 Who *Neptunes* Priest is; and (they say) the Sire
 That did beget me. Him, if any way
 Thou couldst inveagle, he would cleare display
 Thy course from hence; and how farre off doth lie
 Thy voyages whole scope through *Neptunes* skie.
 Informing thee (O God preserv'd) beside
 (If thy desires would so be satisfide)
 What ever good or ill hath got event,
 In all the time, thy long and hard course spent,
 Since thy departure from thy house. This said;
 Againe I answerd: Make the sleights displaid,
 Thy Father useth; lest his foresight see,
 Or his foreknowledge taking note of me,
 He flies the fixt place of his usde abode;
 Tis hard for man to countermine with God.

*Idotheas counsell
 to take her father
 Proteus.*

She strait replide: Ile utter truth in all;
 When heavens supremest height, the Sunne doth skall;
 The old Sea-tell-truth leaves the deepes, and hides
 Amidst a blacke storme, when the West wind chides;
 In caves still sleeping. Round about him sleepe

(With short feete swimming forth the fomie deepe)
 The Sea-calves (lovely *Halosydnes* calld)
 From whom a noisome odour is exhalld,
 Got from the whirle-pooles, on whose earth they lie.
 Here, when the morne illustrates all the skie,
 Ile guide, and seate thee, in the fittest place,
 For the performance thou hast now in chace.
 In meane time, reach thy Fleete; and chuse out three
 Of best exploit, to go as aides to thee.

But now Ile shew thee all the old Gods sleights;
 He first will number, and take all the sights
 Of those, his guard, that on the shore arrives.
 When having viewd, and told them forth by fives;
 He takes place in their midst, and there doth sleepe,
 Like to a shepherd midst his flocke of sheepe.
 In his first sleepe, call up your hardiest cheare,
 Vigor and violence, and hold him there,
 In spite of all his strivings to be gone.
 He then will turne himselfe to every one
 Of all things that in earth creepe and respire,
 In water swim, or shine in heavenly fire.
 Yet still hold you him firme; and much the more
 Presse him from passing. But when, as before
 (Whensleepe first bound his powres) his forme ye see,
 Then cease your force, and th'old Heroe free;
 And then demand, which heaven-borne it may bee
 That so afflicts you, hindring your retreate,
 And free sea-passage to your native seate.

*The sleights of
 Proteus.*

This said, she div'd into the wavie seas;
 And I my course did to my ships addresse,

That on the sands stucke; where arriv'd, we made
 Our supper readie. Then th' Ambrosian shade
 Of night fell on us; and to sleepe we fell.
 Rosie *Aurora* rose; we rose as well;
 And three of them, on whom I most relied,
 For firme at every force; I chusde, and hied
 Strait to the many-river-served seas.
 And all assistance, askt the Deities.

Meane time *Edothea*, the seas broad brest
 Embrac't; and brought for me, and all my rest,
 Foure of the sea-calves skins, but newly flead,
 To worke a wile, which she had fashioned
 Upon her Father. Then (within the sand
 A covert digging) when these Calves should land,
 She sate expecting. We came close to her:
 She plac't us orderly; and made us weare
 Each one his Calves skin. But we then must passe
 A huge exploit. The sea-calves savour was
 So passing sowre (they still being bred at seas)
 It much afflicted us: for who can please
 To lie by one of these same sea-bred whales?
 But she preserves us; and to memorie calls
 A rare commoditie: she fetcht to us
Ambrosia, that an aire most odorous
 Beares still about it; which she nointed round
 Our either nostrils; and in it quite drownd
 The nastie whale-smell. Then the great event,
 The whole mornes date, with spirits patient
 We lay expecting. When bright Noone did flame
 Forth from the sea, in Sholes the sea-calves came,

Ironice.

And orderly, at last, lay downe and slept
 Along the sands. And then th' old sea-god crept
 From forth the deepes; and found his fat calves there:
 Survaid, and numberd; and came never neare
 The craft we usde; but told us five for calves.
 His temples then diseasd, with sleepe he salves;
 And in rusht we, with an abhorred crie:
 Cast all our hands about him manfully,
 And then th' old Forger, all his formes began:
 First was a Lion, with a mightie mane;
 Then next a Dragon; a pide Panther then;
 A vast Boare next; and sodainly did straine
 All into water. Last, he was a tree,
 Curld all at top, and shot up to the skie.

We, with resolv'd hearts, held him firmly still,
 When th' old one (held to streight for all his skill,
 To extricate) gave words, and questiond me:

*Proteus taken
 by Menelaus.*

Which of the Gods, O *Atreus* sonne, (said he)
 Advise and taught thy fortitude this sleight,
 To take and hold me thus, in my despight?
 What asks thy wish now? I replide: Thou knowst:
 Why doest thou aske? What wiles are these thou showst?
 I have within this Ile, bene held for winde
 A wondrous time; and can by no meanes find
 An end to my retention. It hath spent
 The very heart in me. Give thou then vent
 To doubts thus bound in me, (ye Gods know all)
 Which of the Godheads, doth so fowly fall
 On my addression home, to stay me here?
 Avert me from my way? The fishie cleare,

Barr'd to my passage? He replide: Of force
(If to thy home, thou wishest free recourse)
To *Jove*, and all the other Deities,
Thou must exhibite solemne sacrifice;
And then the blacke sea for thee shall be cleare,
Till thy lov'd countries settl'd reach. But where
Aske these rites thy performance? Tis a fate
To thee and thy affaires appropriate,
That thou shalt never see thy friends, nor tread
Thy Countries earth; nor see inhabited
Thy so magnificent house; till thou make good
Thy voyage backe to the *Ægyptian* flood,
Whose waters fell from *Jove*: and there hast given
To *Jove*, and all Gods, housd in ample heaven,
Devoted Hecatombs; and then free wayes
Shall open to thee; cleard of all delays.

This told he; and me thought, he brake my heart,
In such a long and hard course to divert
My hope for home; and charge my backe retreat,
As farre as *Ægypt*. I made answer yet:

Father, thy charge Ile perfect; but before,
Resolve me truly, if their naturall shore,
All those Greeks, and their ships, do safe enjoy,
That *Nestor* and my selfe left, when from *Troy*
We first raisde saile? Or whether any died
At sea a death unwisht? Or (satisfied)
When warre was past, by friends embrac't, in peace
Resign'd their spirits? He made answer: Cease
To aske so farre; it fits thee not to be
So cunning in thine owne calamitie.

Nor seeke to learne; what learnd, thou shouldst forget;
Mens knowledges have proper limits set,
And should not prease into the mind of God.
But twill not long be (as my thoughts abode)
Before thou buy this curious skill with teares.
Many of those, whose states so tempt thine eares,
Are stoopt by Death; and many left alive:
One chiefe of which, in strong hold doth survive,
Amidst the broad sea. Two, in their retreat,
Are done to death. I list not to repeate,
Who fell at *Troy*; thy selfe was there in fight.
But in returne, swift *Ajax* lost the light,
In his long-oard ship. *Neptune* yet a while,
Saft him unwrackt: to the *Gyræan* Ile,
A mightie Rocke removing from his way.
And surely he had scapt the fatall day,
In spite of *Pallas*, if to that foule deed,
He in her Phane did, (when he ravished
The Trojan Prophetesse) he had not here
Adjoynd an impious boast: that he would beare
(Despite the Gods) his ship safe through the waves
Then raisde against him. These his impious braves,
When *Neptune* heard; in his strong hand he tooke
His massie Trident; and so soundly strooke
The rocke *Gyræan*, that in two it cleft:
Of which, one fragment on the land he left;
The other fell into the troubl'd seas;
At which, first rusht *Ajax Oileades*,
And split his ship: and then himselfe aflote
Swum on the rough waves of the worlds vast mote;

*The wracke of
Ajax Oileus.*

Cassandra.

Till having drunke a salt cup for his sinne,
 There perisht he. Thy brother yet did winne
 The wreath from *Death*, while in the waves they strove,
 Afflicted by the reverend wife of *Jove*.
 But when the steepe Mount of the *Malean* shore, }
 He seemd to reach; a most tempestuous blore, }
 Farre to the fishie world, that sighes so sore, }
 Strait ravisht him againe; as farre away,
 As to th' extreme bounds where the *Agrians* stay;
 Where first *Thiestes* dwelt: but then his sonne
Ægisthus *Thiestiades* liv'd. This done,
 When his returne untoucht appeard againe;
 Backe turnd the Gods the wind; and set him then
 Hard by his house. Then, full of joy, he left
 His ship; and close t'his countrie earth he cleft;
 Kist it, and wept for joy: powrd teare on teare, }
 To set so wishedly his footing there. }
 But see: a Sentinell that all the yeare,
 Craftie *Ægisthus*, in a watchtowre set
 To spie his landing; for reward as great
 As two gold talents; all his powres did call
 To strict remembrance of his charge; and all
 Discharg'd at first sight; which at first he cast
 On *Agamemnon*; and with all his hast,
 Informd *Ægisthus*. He, an instant traine
 Laid for his slaughter: Twentie chosen men
 Of his *Plebeians*, he in ambush laid.
 His other men, he charg'd to see purvaide
 A Feast: and forth, with horse and chariots grac't,
 He rode t'invite him: but in heart embrac't

Horrible welcomes: and to death did bring,
 With trecherous slaughter, the unwary King.
 Receiv'd him at a Feast; and (like an Oxe
 Slaine at his manger) gave him bits and knocks.
 No one left of *Atrides* traine; nor one
 Sav'd to *Ægisthus*; but himselfe alone:
 All strowd together there, the bloudie Court.
 This said: my soule he sunke with his report:
 Flat on the sands I fell: teares spent their store;
 I, light abhord: my heart would live no more.

*Agamemnons
 slaughter by
 Ægisthus
 trechery.*

When drie of teares; and tir'd with tumbling there;
 Th' old *Tel-truth* thus my danted spirits did cheare:

No more spend teares nor time, ô *Atreus* sonne;
 With ceaslesse weeping, never wish was wonne.
 Use uttermost assay to reach thy home,
 And all unwares upon the murtherer come,
 (For torture) taking him thy selfe, alive;
 Or let *Orestes*, that should farre out-strive
 Thee in fit vengeance, quickly quit the light
 Of such a darke soule: and do thou the right
 Of buriall to him, with a Funerall feast.

With these last words, I fortifide my breast;
 In which againe, a generous spring began,
 Of fitting comfort, as I was a man;
 But, as a brother, I must ever mourne.
 Yet forth I went; and told him the returne
 Of these I knew: but he had nam'd a third,
 Held on the broad sea; still with life inspir'd;
 Whom I besought to know, though likewise dead,
 And I must mourne alike. He answered:

He is *Laertes* sonne; whom I beheld
 In Nymph *Calypsos* Pallace; who compeld
 His stay with her; and since he could not see
 His countrie earth, he mournd incessantly.
 For he had neither ship, instruct with oares,
 Nor men to fetch him from those stranger shores.
 Where, leave we him; and to thy selfe descend;
 Whom, not in *Argos*, Fate nor Death shall end;
 But the immortall ends of all the earth,
 So rul'd by them, that order death by birth,
 (The fields *Elisian*) Fate to thee will give:
 Where *Rhadamanthus* rules; and where men live
 A never-troubl'd life: where snow, nor showres,
 Nor irksome Winter spends his fruitlesse powres;
 But from the Ocean, *Zephyre* still resumes
 A constant breath, that all the fields perfumes.
 Which, since thou marriedst *Hellen*, are thy hire;
 And *Jove* himselfe, is by her side thy Sire.

Elisium described.

*Proteus leaveth
Menelaus.*

This said; he div'd the deepsome watrie heapes; }
 I, and my tried men, tooke us to our ships;
 And worlds of thoughts, I varied with my steps. }

Arriv'd and shipt, the silent solemne Night,
 And Sleepe bereft us of our visuall light.
 At morne, masts, sailes reard, we sate; left the shores,
 And beate the fomie Ocean with our oares.

Againe then we, the *Jove*-falne flood did fetch,
 As farre as *Ægypt*: where we did beseech
 The Gods with Hecatombs; whose angers ceast;
 I toomb'd my brother, that I might be blest.

All rites performd; all haste I made for home;

And all the prosperous winds about were come;
I had the Passport now of every God,
And here close all these labours period.

Here stay then, till th' eleventh or twelfth daies light;
And Ile dismissee thee well; gifts exquisite
Preparing for thee: Chariot, horses three;
A Cup of curious frame to serve for thee,
To serve th' immortal Gods with sacrifice;
Mindfull of me, while all Sunnes light thy skies.

He answerd: Stay me not too long time here;
Though I could sit, attending all the yeare:
Nor should my house, nor parents, with desire,
Take my affections from you; so on fire
With love to heare you, are my thoughts: but so;
My *Pylia*n friends, I shall afflict with wo,
Who mourne even this stay. Whatsoever be
The gifts your Grace is to bestow on me;
Vouchsafe them such, as I may beare and save,
For your sake ever. Horse, I list not have,
To keepe in *Ithaca*: but leave them here,
To your soiles dainties; where the broad fields beare
Sweet *Cypers* grasse; where men-fed Lote doth flow;
Where wheate-like Spelt; and wheate it selfe doth grow;
Where Barley, white, and spreading like a tree:
But *Ithaca*, hath neither ground to be
(For any length it comprehends) a race
To trie a horses speed: nor any place
To make him fat in: fitter farre to feed
A Cliffe-bred Goate, then raise or please a Steed.
Of all Iles, *Ithaca* doth least provide,

*Telemachus to
Menelaus.*

*Ithaca described
by Telemachus.*

Or meades to feed a horse, or wayes to ride.

He, smiling said: Of good bloud art thou (sonne):
 What speech, so yong? what observation
 Hast thou made of the world? I well am please
 To change my gifts to thee; as being confessd
 Unfit indeed: my store is such, I may.
 Of all my house-gifts then, that up I lay
 For treasure there, I will bestow on thee
 The fairest, and of greatest price to me.
 I will bestow on thee a rich carv'd Cup
 Of silver all: but all the brims wrought up
 With finest gold: it was the onely thing
 That the Heroicall *Sydonian* King
 Presented to me, when we were to part
 At his receipt of me; and twas the Art
 Of that great Artist, that of heaven is free;
 And yet even this, will I bestow on thee.

This speech thus ended; guests came, and did bring
 Muttons (for Presents) to the God-like King:
 And spirit-prompting wine, that strenuous makes.
 Their Riband-wreathed wives, brought fruit and cakes.

Thus, in this house, did these their Feast apply:

And in *Ulysses* house, Activitie
 The wooers practisde: Tossing of the Speare;
 The Stone, and hurling: thus delighted, where
 They exercisde such insolence before:
 Even in the Court, that wealthy pavements wore.
Antinous did still their strifes decide;
 And he that was in person deifide
Eurymachus; both ring-leaders of all;

*The wooers con-
 spiracie against
 Telemachus.*

For in their vertues they were principall.

These, by *Noemon* (sonne to *Phronius*)
Were sided now; who made the question thus:

Antinous! does any friend here know,
When this *Telemachus* returnes? or no,
From sandie *Pylos*? He made bold to take
My ship with him: of which, I now should make
Fit use my selfe; and saile in her as farre
As spacious *Elis*; where, of mine, there are
Twelve delicate Mares; and under their sides, go
Laborious Mules, that yet did never know
The yoke, nor labour: some of which should beare
The taming now, if I could fetch them there.

This speech, the rest admir'd; nor dreamd that he
Neleian Pylos, ever thought to see;

But was at field about his flocks survey:
Or thought, his heardsmen held him so away.

Eupitheus sonne, *Antinous*, then replied:
When went he? or with what Traine dignified
Of his selected *Ithacensian* youth?

Prest men, or Bond men were they? Tell the truth.
Could he effect this? let me truly know:

To gaine thy vessell, did he violence show,
And usde her gainst thy will? or had her free,
When fitting question, he had made with thee?

Noemon answerd: I did freely give
My vessell to him; who deserves to live,
That would do other? when such men as he,
Did in distresse aske? he should churlish be,
That would denie him: Of our youth, the best

Amongst the people; to the interest
 His charge did challenge in them; giving way,
 With all the tribute, all their powres could pay.
 Their Captaine (as he tooke the ship) I knew;
 Who *Mentor* was, or God. A deities shew,
 Maskt in his likenesse. But to thinke twas he,
 I much admire; for I did clearly see,
 But yester morning, God-like *Mentor* here;
 Yet, th' other evening, he tooke shipping there,
 And went for *Pylos*. Thus went he for home,
 And left the rest, with envie overcome:
 Who sate; and pastime left. *Eupitheus* sonne
 (Sad, and with rage, his entrailes overrunne)
 His eyes like flames; thus interposde his speech.
 Strange thing; an action of how proud a reach,
 Is here committed by *Telemachus*?
 A boy, a child; and we, a sort of us,
 Vowd gainst his voyage; yet admit it thus, }
 With ship, and choise youth of our people too?
 But let him on; and all his mischief do;
Jove shall convert upon himselfe his powres,
 Before their ill presum'd, he brings on ours.
 Provide me then a ship, and twentie men
 To give her manage; that against again
 He turnes for home; on th' *Ithacensian* seas,
 Or Cliffie *Samian*; I may interprease;
 Way-lay, and take him; and make all his craft,
 Saile with his ruine, for his Father saf't.
 This, all applauded; and gave charge to do;
 Rose, and to greete *Ulysses* house, did go.

*Antinous anger
 for the scape of
 Telemachus.*

But long time past not, ere *Penelope*
 Had notice of their far-fetcht trecherie.
Medon the Herald told her; who had heard
 Without the Hall, how they within conferd:
 And hasted strait, to tell it to the Queene:
 Who from the entrie, having *Medon* seene
 Prevents him thus: Now Herald; what affaire
 Intend the famous woo'rs, in your repaire?
 To tell *Ulysses* maids, that they must cease
 From doing our worke, and their banquets dresse?
 I would to heaven, that (leaving wooing me,
 Nor ever troubling other companie)
 Here might the last Feast be, and most extreme,
 That ever any shall addresse for them.
 They never meete, but to consent in spoile,
 And reape the free fruites of anothers toile.
 O did they never, when they children were,
 What to their Fathers, was *Ulysses*, heare?
 Who never did gainst any one proceed,
 With unjust usage, or in word or deed?
 Tis yet with other Kings, another right,
 One to pursue with love, another spight;
 He still yet just; nor would, though might devoure;
 Nor to the worst, did ever taste of powre.
 But their unruld acts, shew their minds estate:
 Good turnes receiv'd once, thanks grow out of date.

Medon, the learn'd in wisdom, answerd her:
 I wish (O Queene) that their ingrattitudes were
 Their worst ill towards you: but worse by farre,
 And much more deadly their endeavours are;

*Penelope to
Medon.*

*Medon to Pene-
lope relates the
voyage of Tele-
machus.*

Which *Jove* will faile them in. *Telemachus*
Their purpose is (as he returnes to us)
To give their sharpe steeles in a cruell death:
Who now is gone to learne, if *Fame* can breathe
Newes of his Sire; and will the *Pylion* shore,
And sacred *Sparta*, in his search explore.

This newes dissolv'd to her both knees and heart,
Long silence held her, ere one word would part:
Her eyes stood full of teares; her small soft voice,
All late use lost; that yet at last had choice
Of wonted words; which briefly thus she usde:

Why left my sonne his mother? why refusde
His wit the solid shore, to trie the seas,
And put in ships the trust of his distresse?
That are at sea to men unbridld horse,
And runne, past rule, their farre-engaged course,
Amidst a moisture, past all meane unstaid?
No need compeld this: did he it, afraid
To live and leave posteritie his name?

I know not (he replide) if th' humor came
From current of his owne instinct, or flowd
From others instigations; but he vowd
Attempt to *Pylus*; or to see descried
His Sires returne, or know what death he died.

This said; he tooke him to *Ulysses* house
After the wooers; the *Ulyssean* Spouse
(Runne through with woes) let *Torture* seise her mind;
Nor, in her choice of state-chaires, stood enclin'd
To take her seate; but th' abject threshold chose
Of her faire chamber, for her loth'd repose;

And mournd most wretch-like. Round about her fell
 Her handmaids, joynd in a continue yell.
 From every corner of the Pallace, all
 Of all degrees, tun'd to her comforts fall
 Their owne dejections: to whom, her complaint
 She thus enforc't: The Gods beyond constraint
 Of any measure, urge these teares on me;
 Nor was there ever Dame of my degree,
 So past degree griev'd. First, a Lord, so good,
 That had such hardie spirits in his blood.
 That all the vertues was adornd withall;
 That all the Greeks did their Superiour call,
 To part with thus, and lose. And now a sonne
 So worthily belov'd, a course to runne
 Beyond my knowledge; whom rude tempests have
 Made farre from home, his most inglorious grave.
 Unhappie wenches, that no one of all,
 (Though in the reach of every one, must fall
 His taking ship) sustaind the carefull mind,
 To call me from my bed; who, this designd,
 And most vowd course in him, had either staid,
 (How much soever hasted) or dead laid
 He should have left me. Many a man I have,
 That would have calld old *Dolius* my slave,
 (That keepes my Orchard, whom my Father gave
 At my departure) to have runne, and told
Laertes this; to trie if he could hold
 From running through the people; and from teares,
 In telling them of these vowd murtherers;
 That both divine *Ulysses* hope, and his,

*Penelope
 rebuketh her
 Ladies for not
 telling her of
 Telemachus.*

Resolve to end in their conspiracies.

His Nurse then, *Euryclæa* made reply:

*Euryclæa pious
comfort of Penelope.*

Deare Sovereigne, let me with your owne hands die;

Or cast me off here; Ile not keepe from thee,

One word of what I know: He trusted me

With all his purpose; and I gave him all

The bread and wine, for which he pleasd to call.

But then a mightie oath he made me sweare, }

Not to report it to your royall eare, }

Before the twelfth day either should appeare, }

Or you should aske me, when you heard him gone. }

Empaire not then your beauties with your mone, }

But wash, and put unteare-staind garments on: }

Ascend your chamber, with your Ladies here;

And pray the seed of Goat-nurst *Jupiter*,

(Divine *Athenia*) to preserve your sonne;

And she will save him from confusion.

Th' old King, to whom your hopes stand so inclin'd,

For his grave counsels, you perhaps may find

Unfit affected, for his ages sake.

But heaven-kings waxe not old; and therefore make

Fit pray'rs to them; for my thoughts never will

Beleeve the heavenly powres conceit so ill,

*Laertes sonne to
Arcesius the son
of Jupiter.*

The seed of righteous *Arcesiades*,

To end it utterly; but still will please

In some place evermore, some one of them

To save; and decke him with a Diadem:

Give him possession of erected Towres,

And farre-stretcht fields, crownd all of fruits and flowres.

This easd her heart, and dride her humorous eies,

When having washt, and weeds of sacrifice
 (Pure, and unstaind with her distrustfull teares)
 Put on; (with all her women-ministers)
 Up to a chamber of most height, she rose;
 And cakes of salt and barley did impose
 Within a wicker basket; all which broke
 In decent order; thus she did invoke:

Great Virgin of the Goat-preserved God;
 If ever the inhabited abode
 Of wise *Ulysses*, held the fatted Thies
 Of sheepe and Oxen, made thy sacrifice
 By his devotion; heare me; nor forget
 His pious services; but safe see set
 His deare sonne, on these shores; and banish hence
 These wooers, past all meane in insolence.

*Penelope to
Pallas.*

This said, she shriekt; and *Pallas* heard her praire.
 The wooers broke with tumult all the aire
 About the shadie house; and one of them,
 Whose pride, his youth had made the more extreme,
 Said: Now the many-wooer-honourd Queene,
 Will surely satiate her delayfull spleene,
 And one of us, in instant nuptials take.
 Poore Dame, she dreames not, what designe we make,
 Upon the life and slaughter of her sonne.

So said he; but so said, was not so done;
 Whose arrogant spirit, in a vaunt so vaine,
Antinous chid; and said; For shame containe
 These braving speeches; who can tell who heares?
 Are we not now in reach of others eares?
 If our intentions please us, let us call

*Antinous to
the rest.*

Our spirits up to them, and let speeches fall.
 By watchfull Danger, men must silent go:
 What we resolve on, let's not say, but do.
 This said; he chusde out twentie men, that bore
 Best reckning with him; and to ship and shore,
 All hasted; reacht the ship, lancht, raisd the mast;
 Put sailes in; and with leather loopes made fast
 The oares; Sailes hoisted; Armes their men did bring;
 All giving speed, and forme to every thing.
 Then to the high-deepes, their riggd vessell driven,
 They supt; expecting the approaching Even.

Meane space, *Penelope* her chamber kept,
 And bed, and neither eate, nor dranke, nor slept;
 Her strong thoughts wrought so on her blamelesse sonne;
 Still in contention, if he should be done
 To death; or scape the impious wooers designe.
 Looke how a Lion, whom men-troopes combine
 To hunt, and close him in a craftie ring;
 Much varied thought conceives; and feare doth sting
 For urgent danger: So far'd she, till sleepe,
 All juncture of her joynts, and nerves did steepe
 In his dissolving humor. When (at rest)
Pallas her favours varied; and addrest
 An Idoll, that *Iphthima* did present
 In*structure of her every lineament;
 Great-sould *Icarius* daughter: whom, for Spouse
Eumelus tooke, that kept in *Pheris* house.
 This, to divine *Ulysses* house she sent,
 To trie her best meane, how she might content
 Mournfull *Penelope*; and make Relent

The strict addiction in her to deplore.
 This Idoll (like a *worme, that lesse or more,
 Contracts or straines her) did it selfe convey,
 Beyond the wards, or windings of the key,
 Into the chamber; and above her head,
 Her seate assuming, thus she comforted
 Distrest *Penelope*. Doth sleepe thus sease
 Thy powres, affected with so much disease?
 The Gods, that nothing troubles, will not see
 Thy teares nor griefes, in any least degree,
 Sustained with cause; for they will guard thy sonne,
 Safe to his wisht, and native mansion;
 Since he is no offender of their States;
 And they to such, are firmer then their Fates.

The wise *Penelope* receiv'd her thus;
 (Bound with a slumber most delicious,
 And in the Port of dreames) O sister, why
 Repaire you hither? since so farre off lie
 Your house and houshold? You were never here
 Before this houre; and would you now give cheare
 To my so many woes and miseries?
 Affecting fitly all the faculties
 My soule and mind hold: having lost before
 A husband, that of all the vertues bore
 The Palme amongst the Greeks; and whose renowne
 So ample was, that *Fame* the sound hath blowne
 Through *Greece* and *Argos*, to her very heart.
 And now againe; a sonne that did convert
 My whole powres to his love, by ship is gone.
 A tender Plant, that yet was never growne

παρὰ κληῖδος
 ἱμάντα. ἱμάς,
 affectus cur-
 culionis signi-
 ficat quod
 longior & graci-
 lior evaserit.

Minerva sub
 Iphthimæ per-
 sona, solatur
 Penelopen in
 somnis.

*Penelope to
 the Dreame.*

To labours taste, nor the commerce of men;
 For whom, more then my husband I complaine;
 And lest he should at any sufferance touch
 (Or in the sea, or by the men so much
 Estrang'd to him, that must his consorts be)
 Feare and chill tremblings, shake each joynt of me.
 Besides: his danger sets on, foes profest
 To way-lay his returne; that have addrest
 Plots for his death. The scarce-discerned Dreame,
 Said: Be of comfort; nor feares so extreme,
 Let thus dismay thee; thou hast such a mate
 Attending thee, as some at any rate
 Would wish to purchase; for her powre is great;
Minerva pities thy delights defeate:
 Whose Grace hath sent me to foretell thee these.

*Penelope to
 the Idoll.*

If thou (said she) be of the Goddesses,
 And heardst her tell thee these; thou mayst as well
 From her, tell all things else; daigne then to tell,
 If yet the man, to all misfortunes borne,
 (My husband) lives; and sees the Sunne adorne
 The darksome earth; or hides his wretched head
 In *Plutos* house, and lives amongst the dead?

I will not (she replide) my breath exhale,
 In one continude, and perpetuall tale;
 Lives he, or dies he. Tis a filthy use,
 To be in vaine and idle speech profuse.
 This said; she through the key-hole of the dore
 Vanisht againe into the open blore.
Icarius daughter started from her sleepe,
 And *Joyes* fresh humor, her lov'd brest did steepe:

When now so cleare, in that first watch of night,
She saw the seene dreame vanish from her sight.

The wooers (shipt) the seas moist waves did plie;
And thought the Prince, a haughtie death should die.
There lies a certaine Iland in the sea,
Twixt rockie *Samos* and rough *Ithaca*,
That cliffie is it selfe, and nothing great;
Yet holds convenient havens, that two wayes let
Ships in and out; calld *Asteris*: and there
The wooers hop't to make their massakere.

Finis libri quarti Hom. Odyss.

THE FIFTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES

THE ARGUMENT.

A *SECOND* Court, on Jove attends;
Who, Hermes to Calypso sends;
Commanding her to cleare the wayes
Ulysses sought; and she obayes.
When Neptune saw Ulysses free,
And, so in safetie, plow the sea;
Enrag'd, he ruffles up the waves,
And splits his ship. Leucothea saves
His person yet; as being a Dame,
Whose Godhead governd in the frame
Of those seas tempers. But the meane
By which she curbs dread Neptunes splene,
Is made a Jewell; which she takes
From off her head; and that she makes
Ulysses on his bosome weare,
About his necke, she ties it there:
And when he is with waves beset,
Bids weare it as an Amulet;
Commanding him, that not before
He toucht upon Phæacias shore,
He should not part with it; but then
Returne it to the sea agen,
And cast it from him. He performes;
Yet after this, bides bitter stormes;
And in the rockes, sees Death engrav'd;
But on Phæacias shore is sav'd.

ANOTHER.

E. Ulysses builds	The Glassie fields;
A ship; and gaines	Payes Neptune paines.

AURORA ROSE FROM HIGH-
BORNE TITHONS BED,
THAT MEN AND GODS
MIGHT BE ILLUSTRATED:

And then the Deities sate. Imperiall *Jove*,
That makes the horrid murmure beate above,
Tooke place past all; whose height for ever springs;
And from whom flowes th' eternall powre of things.

Then *Pallas* (mindfull of *Ulysses*) told
The many Cares, that in *Calypsos* hold,
He still sustaind; when he had felt before,
So much affliction, and such dangers more.

O Father, (said she) and ye ever blest;
Give never King hereafter, interest
In any aide of yours, by serving you;
By being gentle, humane, just; but grow
Rude, and for ever scornfull of your rights;
All justice ordring by their appetites.
Since he that rul'd, as it in right behov'd,
That all his subjects, as his children lov'd,
Finds you so thoughtlesse of him, and his birth.
Thus men begin to say, ye rule in earth;
And grudge at what ye let him undergo;
Who yet the least part of his sufferance know:
Thralld in an Iland; shipwrackt in his teares;
And in the fancies that *Calypso* beares,
Bound from his birthright; all his shipping gone;
And of his souldiers, not retaining one.
And now his most-lov'd Sonnes life doth inflame
Their slaughterous envies; since his Fathers fame
He puts in pursuite; and is gone as farre
As sacred *Pylus*; and the singular

*Pallas to the
Gods.*

Jove to Pallas.

Dame-breeding *Sparta*. This, with this reply,
The Cloud-assembler answerd: What words flie
Thine owne remembrance (daughter?) hast not thou
The counsell given thy selfe, that told thee how
Ulysses shall with his returne addresse
His wooers wrongs? And, for the safe accesse,
His Sonne shall make to his innative Port,
Do thou direct it, in as curious sort,
As thy wit serves thee: it obeys thy powers;
And in their ship returne the speedlesse wowers.

Jove to Mercury.

Then turnd he to his issue *Mercurie*,
And said: Thou hast made good our Ambassie
To th' other Statists; To the Nymph then now,
On whose faire head a tuft of gold doth grow;
Beare our true-spoken counsell; for retreat
Of patient *Ulysses*; who shall get
No aide from us, nor any mortall man;
But in a *patcht-up skiffe, (built as he can,
And suffering woes enow) the twentieth day
At fruitfull *Scheria*, let him breathe his way,
With the *Phæacians*, that halfe Deities live;
Who like a God will honour him; and give
His wisdomes clothes, and ship, and brasse, and gold,
More then for gaine of *Troy* he ever told;
Where, at the whole division of the prey,
If he a saver were, or got away
Without a wound (if he should grudge) twas well;
But th' end shall crowne all; therefore Fate will deale
So well with him; to let him land, and see
His native earth, friends, house and family.

ἐπὶ σχεδίστης
πολυδέσμου
in rate multis
vinculis
ligatus.

Thus charg'd he; nor *Argicides* denied;
 But to his feete, his faire wingd shooes he tied;
 Ambrosian, golden; that in his command,
 Put either sea, or the unmeasur'd land,
 With pace as speedie as a puft of wind.
 Then up his Rod went; with which he declin'd
 The eyes of any waker, when he pleas'd,
 And any sleeper, when he wisht, diseasd.

Mercurii
 descriptio.

This tooke; he stoopt *Pierea*; and thence
 Glid through the aire; and *Neptunes* Confluence
 Kist as he flew; and checkt the waves as light
 As any Sea-mew, in her fishing flight,
 Her thicke wings soucing in the savorie seas.
 Like her, he past a world of wilderness;
 But when the far-off Ile, he toucht; he went
 Up from the blue sea, to the Continent,
 And reacht the ample Caverne of the Queene;
 Whom he within found; without, seldome seene.
 A Sun-like fire upon the harth did flame;
 The matter precious, and divine the frame;
 Of Cedar cleft, and Incense was the Pile,
 That breath'd an odour round about the Ile.
 Her selfe was seated in an inner roome,
 Whom sweetly sing he heard; and at her loome,
 About a curious web; whose yarne she threw
 In, with a golden shittle. A Grove grew
 In endlesse spring about her Caverne round;
 With odorous Cypresse, Pines, and Poplars crownd,
 Where Haulks, Sea-owles, and long-tongu'd Bittours bred;
 And other birds their shadie pinions spread.

Descriptio spe-
 cus Calypsus.

All Fowles maritimall; none roosted there,
 But those whose labours in the waters were.
 A Vine did all the hollow Cave embrace;
 Still greene, yet still ripe bunches gave it grace.
 Foure Fountaines, one against another powrd
 Their silver streames; and medowes all enflowrd
 With sweete Balme-gentle, and blue Violets hid,
 That deckt the soft breasts of each fragrant Mead.
 Should any one (though he immortall were)
 Arrive and see the sacred objects there;
 He would admire them, and be over-joyd;
 And so stood *Hermes* ravisht powres employd.

But having all admir'd, he enterd on
 The ample Cave; nor could be seene unknowne
 Of great *Calypso*, (for all Deities are
 Prompt in each others knowledge; though so farre
 Severd in dwellings) but he could not see
Ulysses there within. Without was he
 Set sad ashore; where twas his use to view
 Th' unquiet sea; sigh'd, wept, and emptie drew
 His heart of comfort. Plac't here in her throne
 (That beames cast up, to Admiration)
 Divine *Calypso*, question'd *Hermes* thus:

*Calypso to
 Mercurie.*

For what cause (deare, and much-esteem'd by us,
 Thou golden-rod-adorned *Mercurie*)
 Arriv'st thou here? thou hast not usde t' apply
 Thy passage this way. Say, what ever be
 Thy hearts desire, my mind commands it thee,
 If in my meanes it lie, or powre of fact.
 But first, what hospitable rights exact,

Come yet more neare, and take. This said, she set
A Table forth, and furnisht it with meate,
Such as the Gods taste; and serv'd in with it,
Vermilion *Nectar*. When with banquet, fit
He had confirmd his spirits; he thus exprest
His cause of coming: Thou hast made request
(Goddesse of Goddesses) to understand
My cause of touch here: which thou shalt command,
And know with truth: *Jove* causd my course to thee,
Against my will; for who would willingly
Lackey along so vast a lake of Brine?
Neare to no Citie; that the powres divine
Receives with solemne rites and Hecatombs?
But *Joves* will ever, all law overcomes;
No other God can crosse or make it void.
And he affirmes, that one, the most annoid
With woes and toiles, of all those men that fought
For *Priams* Citie; and to end hath brought
Nine yeares in the contention; is with thee.
For in the tenth yeare, when roy Victorie
Was wonne, to give the Greeks the spoile of *Troy*;
Returne they did professe, but not enjoy,
Since *Pallas* they incenst; and she, the waves
By all the winds powre, that blew ope their graves.
And there they rested. Onely this poore one,
This Coast, both winds and waves have cast upon:
Whom now forthwith he wils thee to dismisse;
Affirming that th' unalterd destinies,
Not onely have decreed, he shall not die
Apart his friends; but of Necessitie

*Mercurie to
Calypso.*

Enjoy their sights before those fatall houres,
His countrie earth reach, and erected Towres.

This strook, a love-checkt horror through her powres;
When (naming him) she this reply did give:

*Calypso's dis-
pleased reply
to Mercurie.*

Insatiate are ye Gods, past all that live,
In all things you affect; which still converts
Your powres to Envies. It afflicts your hearts,
That any Goddesse should (as you obtaine
The use of earthly Dames) enjoy the men:
And most in open mariage. So ye far'd,
When the delicious-fingerd *Morning* shar'd
Orions bed: you easie-living States,
Could never satisfie your emulous hates;
Till in *Ortygia*, the precise-liv'd Dame
(Gold-thron'd *Diana*) on him rudely came,
And with her swift shafts slue him. And such paines,
(When rich-haird *Ceres* pleas'd to give the raines
To her affections; and the grace did yeeld
Of love and bed amidst a three-cropt field,
To her *Iasion*) he paid angrie *Jove*;
Who lost, no long time, notice of their love;
But with a glowing lightning, was his death.
And now your envies labour underneath
A mortals choice of mine; whose life, I tooke
To liberall safetie; when his ship, *Jove* strooke
With red-hote flashes, peece-meale in the seas,
And all his friends and souldiers, succourlesse
Perisht but he. Him, cast upon this coast
With blasts and billowes; I (in life given lost)
Preserv'd alone; lov'd, nourisht, and did vow

To make him deathlesse; and yet never grow
Crooked, or worne with age, his whole life long.
But since no reason may be made so strong,
To strive with *Joves* will, or to make it vaine;
No not if all the other Gods should straine
Their powres against it; let his will be law;
So he affoord him fit meanes to withdraw,
(As he commands him) to the raging Maine:
But meanes from me, he never shall obtaine,
For my meanes yeeld, nor men, nor ship, nor oares,
To set him off, from my so envied shores.
But if my counsell and goodwill can aide
His safe passe home, my best shall be assaid.

Vouchsafe it so, (said heavens Ambassador)
And daigne it quickly. By all meanes abhorre
T'incense *Joves* wrath against thee; that with grace
He may hereafter, all thy wish embrace.

Thus tooke the *Argus*-killing God, his wings.
And since the reverend *Nymph*, these awfull things
Receiv'd from *Jove*; she to *Ulysses* went:
Whom she ashore found, drown'd in discontent;
His eyes kept never drie, he did so mourne,
And waste his deare age, for his wisht returne.
Which still without the Cave he usde to do,
Because he could not please the Goddesse so.
At night yet (forc't) together tooke their rest,
The willing Goddesse, and th'unwilling Guest.
But he, all day in rockes, and on the shore
The vext sea viewd; and did his Fate deplore.
Him, now, the Goddesse (coming neare) bespake:

*Mercurie leaves
Calypso.*

*Calypso to
Ulysses.*

Unhappie man; no more discomfort take,
For my constraint of thee; nor waste thine age;
I now will passing freely disengage
Thy irksome stay here. Come then, fell thee wood,
And build a ship, to save thee from the flood.
Ile furnish thee with fresh wave; bread and wine,
Ruddie and sweet, that will the * Piner pine;
Put garments on thee; give thee winds foreright;
That every way thy home-bent appetite
May safe attaine to it; if so it please
At all parts, all the heaven-housd Deities!
That more in powre are, more in skill then I;
And more can judge, what fits humanitie.

Hunger.

*Ulysses to
Calypso.*

He stood amaz'd, at this strange change in her;
And said: O Goddess! thy intents preferre
Some other project, then my parting hence;
Commanding things of too high consequence
For my performance. That my selfe should build
A ship of powre, my home-assaies to shield
Against the great Sea, of such dread to passe;
Which not the best-built ship that ever was,
Will passe exulting; when such winds as *Jove*
Can thunder up, their trims and tacklings prove.
But could I build one, I would ne're aboard,
(Thy will opposde) nor (won) without thy word,
Given in the great oath of the Gods to me,
Not to beguile me in the least degree.

The Goddess smilde; held hard his hand, and said:
O y' are a shrewd one; and so habited
In taking heed; thou knowst not what it is

To be unwary; nor use words amisse.
 How hast thou charmd me, were I ne're so slie?
 Let earth know then; and heaven, so broad, so hie; *Calypsos oath.*
 And th'under-sunke waves of th'infernall streame;
 (Which is an oath, as terribly supream,
 As any God sweares) that I had no thought,
 But stood with what I spake; nor would have wrought,
 Nor counseld any act, against thy good;
 But ever diligently weighd, and stood
 On those points in perswading thee; that I
 Would use my selfe in such extremitie.
 For my mind simple is, and innocent;
 Not given by cruell sleights to circumvent;
 Nor beare I in my breast a heart of steele,
 But with the Sufferer, willing sufferance feele.
 This said; the *Grace* of Goddesses led home;
 He tract her steps; and (to the Caverne come)
 In that rich Throne, whence *Mercurie* arose,
 He sate. The *Nymph* her selfe did then appose
 For food and bevridge to him; all best meate
 And drinke, that mortals use to taste and eate.
 Then sate she opposite; and for her Feast,
 Was *Nectar* and *Ambrosia* addrest
 By handmaids to her. Both, what was prepar'd,
 Did freely fall to. Having fitly far'd,
 The *Nymph Calypso* this discourse began:
Jove-bred Ulysses! many-witted man!
 Still is thy home so wisht? so soone, away?
 Be still of cheare, for all the worst I say;
 But if thy soule knew what a summe of woes

*Calypsos promise
of immortalitie
to Ulysses.*

For thee to cast up, thy sterne Fates impose,
Ere to thy country earth thy hopes attaine;
Undoubtedly thy choice would here remaine;
Keepe house with me, and be a liver ever.
Which (me thinkes) should thy house and thee dissever;
Though for thy wife there, thou art set on fire;
And all thy dayes are spent in her desire;
And though it be no boast in me to say,
In forme and mind, I match her every way.
Nor can it fit a mortall Dames compare,
T' affect those termes with us, that deathlesse are.

The great in counsels, made her this reply:
Renowm'd, and to be reverenc'd Deitie!
Let it not move thee, that so much I vow
My comforts to my wife; though well I know
All cause my selfe, why wise *Penelope*
In wit is farre inferiour to thee;
In feature, stature, all the parts of show;
She being a mortall; an Immortall thou;
Old ever growing, and yet never old.
Yet her desire, shall all my dayes see told;
Adding the sight of my returning day,
And naturall home. If any God shall lay
His hand upon me, as I passe the seas;
Ile beare the worst of what his hand shall please;
As having given me such a mind, as shall
The more still rise, the more his hand lets fall. }
In warres and waves, my sufferings were not small. }
I now have sufferd much; as much before;
Hereafter let as much result, and more.

This said; the Sunne set; and earth shadowes gave;
When these two (in an in-roome of the Cave,
Left to themselves) left Love no rites undone.
The early Morne up; up he rose; put on
His in and out-weed. She, her selfe inchaces
Amidst a white robe, full of all the *Graces*;
Ample, and pleated, thicke, like fishie skales.
A golden girdle then, her waste empales;
Her head, a veile decks; and abroad they come;
And now began *Ulysses* to go home.

A great Axe, first she gave, that two wayes cut;
In which a faire wel-polisht helme was put,
That from an Olive bough receiv'd his frame:
A plainer then. Then led she till they came
To loftie woods, that did the Ile confine.
The Firre tree, Poplar, and heaven-scaling Pine,
Had there their ofspring. Of which, those that were
Of driest matter, and grew longest there,
He chusde for lighter saile. This place, thus showne,
The *Nymph* turnd home. He fell to felling downe;
And twentie trees he stoopt, in litle space;
Plaind, usde his Plumb; did all with artfull grace.
In meane time did *Calypso* wimbles bring.
He bor'd, closde, naild, and orderd every thing;
And tooke how much a ship-wright will allow
A ship of burthen; (one that best doth know
What fits his Art) so large a Keele he cast.
Wrought up her decks, and hatches, side-boords, mast;
With willow watlings armd her, to resist
The billowes outrage; added all she mist;

This foure dayes worke (you will say) is too much for one man: and Plinie affirms, that Hiero (a king of Sicilie) in five and forty dayes built two hundred and twentie ships, rigged them, and put to sea with them.

Sail-yards, and sterne for guide. The *Nymph* then brought
 Linnen for sailes; which, with dispatch, he wrought.
 Gables, and halsters, tacklings. All the Frame
 In foure dayes space, to full perfection came.
 The fift day, they dismiss him from the shore;
 Weeds, neate, and odorous gave him; victles store;
 Wine, and strong waters, and a prosperous wind.
 To which, *Ulysses* (fit to be divin'd)
 His sailes exposd, and hoised. Off he gat;
 And chearfull was he. At the Sterne he sat,
 And ster'd right artfully. No sleepe could seise
 His ey-lids: he beheld the *Pleiades*;
 The Beare, surnam'd the Waine, that round doth move
 About *Orion*; and keepe still above
 The billowie Ocean. The slow-setting starre,
Bootes calld, by some, the Waggonar.

Calypso warnd him, he his course should stere
 Still to his left hand. Seventeene dayes did cleare
 The cloudie *Nights* command, in his moist way;
 And by the eighteenth light, he might display
 The shadie hils of the *Phæacian* shore;
 For which, as to his next abode, he bore.
 The countrie did a pretie figure yeeld,
 And lookt from off the darke seas, like a shield.

Imperious *Neptune* (making his retreat
 From th' *Æthiopian* earth; and taking seate
 Upon the mountaines of the *Solyimi*;
 From thence, farre off discovering) did descrie
Ulysses, his fields plowing. All on fire
 The sight strait set his heart; and made desire

Of wreake runne over, it did boile so hie. }
 When (his head nodding) O impietie }
 (He cried out) now, the Gods inconstancie }
 Is most apparent; altring their designs
 Since I the *Æthiops* saw: and here confines
 To this *Ulysses* fate, his misery.
 The great marke, on which all his hopes rely,
 Lies in *Phæacia*. But I hope he shall
 Feele woe at height, ere that dead calme befall.
 This said; he (begging) gatherd clouds from land;
 Frighted the seas up; snatcht into his hand,
 His horrid Trident; and aloft did tosse
 (Of all the winds) all stormes he could engrosse.
 All earth tooke into sea with clouds; grim *Night*
 Fell tumbling headlong from the cope of Light.
 The East and Southwinds justld in the aire;
 The violent *Zephire*, and *North*-making faire,
 Rould up the waves before them: and then, bent
Ulysses knees; then all his spirit was spent.
 In which despaire, he thus spake: Woe is me!
 What was I borne to? man of miserie?
Feare tels me now, that all the Goddesse said,
Truths selfe will author; that *Fate* would be paid
Griefes whole summe due from me, at sea, before
 I reacht the deare touch of my countries shore.
 With what clouds *Jove*, heavens heightned forehead binds?
 How tyrannize the wraths of all the winds?
 How all the tops, he bottomes with the deepes?
 And in the bottomes, all the tops he steepes?
 Thus dreadfull is the presence of our death.

συναρπάζω
 Mendicando
 colligo.

Thrice foure times blest were they that sunke beneath
 Their Fates at *Troy*; and did to nought contend,
 But to renowme *Atrides* with their end?
 I would to God, my houre of death, and Fate,
 That day had held the power to terminate;
 When showres of darts, my life bore undeprest,
 About divine *Æacides* deceast.

Then had I bene allotted to have died,
 By all the Greeks, with funerals glorified;
 (Whence *Death*, encouraging good life, had growne)
 Where now I die, by no man mournd, nor knowne.

This spoke; a huge wave tooke him by the head,
 And hurld him o're-boord: ship and all it laid
 Inverted quite amidst the waves; but he
 Farre off from her sprawld, strowd about the sea:
 His Sterne still holding, broken off; his Mast
 Burst in the midst: so horrible a blast
 Of mixt winds strooke it. Sailes and saile-yards fell
 Amongst the billowes; and himselfe did dwell
 A long time under water: nor could get
 In haste his head out: wave with wave so met
 In his depression; and his garments too,
 (Given by *Calypso*) gave him much to do,
 Hindring his swimming; yet he left not so
 His drenched vessell, for the overthrow
 Of her nor him; but gat at length againe
 (Wrestling with *Neptune*) hold of her; and then
 Sate in her Bulke, insulting over *Death*;
 Which (with the salt streame, prest to stop his breath)
 He scap't, and gave the sea againe; to give

To other men. His ship so striv'd to live,
Floting at randon, cufft from wave to wave;
As you have seene the *Northwind* when he drave
In *Autumme*, heapes of thorne-fed Grashoppers,
Hither and thither; one heape this way beares,
Another that; and makes them often meete
In his confusde gales; so *Ulysses* fleete,
The winds hurl'd up and downe: now *Boreas*
Tost it to *Notus*, *Notus* gave it passe
To *Eurus*; *Eurus*, *Zephire* made it pursue
The horrid Tennis. This sport calld the view
Of *Cadmus* daughter, with the narrow heele;
(*Ino Leucothea*) that first did feele
A mortall Dames desires; and had a tongue.
But now had th'honor to be nam'd among
The marine Godheads. She, with pitie saw
Ulysses justl'd thus, from flaw to flaw;
And (like a Cormorand, in forme and flight)
Rose from a whirl-poole: on the ship did light,
And thus bespeake him: Why is *Neptune* thus
In thy pursuite extremely furious,
Oppressing thee with such a world of ill,
Even to thy death? He must not serve his will,
Though tis his studie. Let me then advise,
As my thoughts serve; thou shalt not be unwise
To leave thy weeds and ship, to the commands
Of these rude winds; and worke out with thy hands,
Passe to *Phæacia*; where thy austere *Fate*,
Is to pursue thee with no more such hate.
Take here this Tablet, with this riband strung,

*Leucothea to
Ulysses.*

And see it still about thy bosome hung;
 By whose eternall vertue, never feare
 To suffer thus againe, nor perish here.
 But when thou touchest with thy hand the shore,
 Then take it from thy necke, nor weare it more;
 But cast it farre off from the Continent,
 And then thy person farre ashore present.

Thus gave she him the Tablet; and againe
 (Turnd to a Cormorand) div'd past sight the Maine.

*Ulysses stil sus-
 picious of faire
 fortunes.*

Patient *Ulysses* sighd at this; and stucke
 In the conceit of such faire-spoken Lucke:
 And said; Alas, I must suspect even this;
 Lest any other of the Deities
 Adde sleight to *Neptunes* force; to counsell me
 To leave my vessell, and so farre off see
 The shore I aime at. Not with thoughts too cleare
 Will I obey her: but to me appeare
 These counsels best; as long as I perceive
 My ship not quite dissolv'd, I will not leave
 The helpe she may affoord me; but abide,
 And suffer all woes, till the worst be tride.
 When she is split, Ile swim: no miracle can
 Past neare and cleare meanes, move a knowing man.

*Neptuni in
 Ulysses incle-
 mentia.*

While this discourse employd him, *Neptune* raisd
 A huge, a high, and horrid sea, that seisd
 Him and his ship, and tost them through the Lake;
 As when the violent winds together take
 Heapes of drie chaffe, and hurle them every way;
 So his long woodstacke, *Neptune* strooke astray.

Then did *Ulysses* mount on rib, perforce,

Like to a rider of a running horse,
To stay himselfe a time, while he might shift
His drenched weeds, that were *Calypsos* gift.
When putting strait, *Leucotheas* Amulet
About his necke; he all his forces set
To swim; and cast him prostrate to the seas.
When powrefull *Neptune* saw the ruthlesse prease
Of perils siege him thus; he mov'd his head,
And this betwixt him and his heart, he said:

So, now feele ils enow, and struggle so,
Till to your *Jove-lov'd* Ilanders you row.
But my mind sayes, you will not so avoid
This last taske too, but be with sufferance cloid.

This said; his rich-man'd horse he mov'd; and reacht
His house at *Ægas*. But *Minerva* fetcht
The winds from sea; and all their wayes but one
Barred to their passage; the bleake *North* alone
She set to blow; the rest, she charg'd to keepe
Their rages in; and bind themselves in sleepe.
But *Boreas* still flew high, to breake the seas,
Till *Jove-bred Ithacus*, the more with ease,
The navigation-skild *Phæacian* States
Might make his refuge; *Death*, and angrie *Fates*,
At length escaping. Two nights yet, and daies,
He spent in wrestling with the sable seas;
In which space, often did his heart propose
Death to his eyes. But when *Aurora* rose,
And threw the third light from her orient haire;
The winds grew calme, and cleare was all the aire;
Not one breath stirring. Then he might descrie

Simile.

(Raisd by the high seas) cleare, the land was nie.
 And then, looke how to good sonnes that esteeme
 Their fathers life deare, (after paines extreame,
 Felt in some sicknesse, that hath held him long
 Downe to his bed; and with affections strong,
 Wasted his bodie; made his life his lode;
 As being inflicted by some angrie God)
 When on their praires, they see descend at length
Health from the heavens, clad all in spirit and strength;
 The sight is precious: so, since here should end
Ulysses toiles; which therein should extend
 Health to his countrie, (held to him, his Sire)
 And on which, long for him, *Disease* did tire.
 And then besides, for his owne sake to see
 The shores, the woods so neare; such joy had he,
 As those good sonnes for their recoverd Sire.
 Then labourd feete and all parts, to aspire
 To that wisht Continent; which, when as neare
 He came, as *Clamor* might informe an eare;
 He heard a sound beate from the sea-bred rocks,
 Against which gave a huge sea horrid shocks,
 That belcht upon the firme land, weeds and fome;
 With which were all things hid there; where no roome
 Of fit capacitie was for any port;
 Nor (from the sea) for any mans resort;
 The shores, the rocks, and cliffes so prominent were.
 O (said *Ulysses* then) now *Jupiter*
 Hath given me sight of an unhop't for shore,
 Though I have wrought these seas so long, so sore)
 Of rest yet, no place shewes the slendrest prints;

The rugged shore so bristl'd is with flints:
Against which, every way the waves so flocke;
And all the shore shewes as one eminent rocke.
So neare which, tis so deepe, that not a sand
Is there, for any tired foote to stand:
Nor flie his death-fast following miseries,
Lest if he land, upon him fore-right flies
A churlish wave, to crush him gainst a Cliffe;
Worse then vaine rendring, all his landing strife.
And should I swim to seeke a haven elsewhere,
Or land, lesse way-beate; I may justly feare
I shall be taken with a gale againe,
And cast a huge way off into the Maine.
And there, the great Earth-shaker (having seene
My so neare landing; and againe, his spleene
Forcing me to him) will some Whale send out,
(Of which a horrid number here about,
His *Amphitrite* breeds) to swallow me.
I well have prov'd, with what malignitie
He treds my steps. While this discourse he held;
A curst Surge, gainst a cutting rocke impeld
His naked bodie, which it gasht and tore;
And had his bones broke, if but one sea more
Had cast him on it. But * she prompted him,
That never faild; and bad him no more swim
Still off and on; but boldly force the shore,
And hug the rocke, that him so rudely tore.
Which he, with both hands, sigh'd and claspt; till past
The billowes rage was; which scap't; backe, so fast
The rocke repulst it, that it reft his hold,

Pallas.

Per asperiora
vitare lævia.

Sucking him from it, and farre backe he rould.
 And as the *Polypus*, that (forc't from home
 Amidst the soft sea; and neare rough land come
 For shelter gainst the stormes that beate on her
 At open sea, as she abroad doth erre)
 A deale of gravill, and sharpe little stones,
 Needfully gathers in her hollow bones:
 So he forc't hither, (by the sharper ill,
 Shunning the smother) where he best hop't, still
 The worst succeeded: for the cruell friend,
 To which he clingd for succour, off did rend
 From his broad hands, the soken flesh so sore,
 That off he fell, and could sustaine no more.
 Quite under water fell he; and, past Fate,
 Haplesse *Ulysses*, there had lost the state
 He held in life; if (still the grey-eyd Maid,
 His wisdom prompting) he had not assaid
 Another course; and ceast t' attempt that shore;
 Swimming, and casting round his eye, t' explore
 Some other shelter. Then, the mouth he found
 Of faire *Callicoes* flood; whose shores were crownd
 With most apt succors: Rocks so smooth, they seemd
 Polisht of purpose: land that quite redeemd
 With breathlesse coverts, th' others blasted shores.
 The flood he knew; and thus in heart implores:
 King of this River! heare; what ever name
 Makes thee invokt: to thee I humbly frame
 My flight from *Neptunes* furies; Reverend is
 To all the ever-living Deities,
 What erring man soever seekes their aid.

To thy both flood and knees, a man dismayd
 With varied sufferance sues. Yeeld then some rest
 To him that is thy suppliant profest.

This (though but spoke in thought) the Godhead heard;
 Her Current strait staid; and her thicke waves cleard
 Before him, smooth'd her waters; and just where
 He praid, halfe drown'd; entirely sav'd him there.

Then forth he came, his both knees faltring; both
 His strong hands hanging downe; and all with froth
 His cheeks and nothrils flowing. Voice and breath
 Spent to all use; and downe he sunke to Death.

The sea had soakt his heart through: all his vaines,
 His toiles had rackt, t'a labouring * womans paines. * ὡς οὐκ ὀδυνῶν
 Dead wearie was he. But when breath did find a partu doleo.

A passe reciprocally; and in his mind,
 His spirit was recollected: up he rose,
 And from his necke did th' Amulet unlose,
 That *Ino* gave him; which he hurld from him
 To sea. It sounding fell; and backe did swim
 With th' ebbing waters; till it strait arriv'd,
 Where *Inos* faire hand, it againe receiv'd.

Then kist he th' humble earth; and on he goes,
 Till bulrushes shewd place for his repose;
 Where laid, he sigh'd, and thus said to his soule:
 O me, what strange perplexities controule
 The whole skill of thy powres, in this event?
 What feele I? if till Care-nurse Night be spent,
 I watch amidst the flood; the seas chill breath,
 And vegetant dewes, I feare will be my death:
 So low brought with my labours. Towards day,

A passing sharpe aire ever breathes at sea.
 If I the pitch of this next mountaine scale,
 And shadie wood; and in some thicket fall
 Into the hands of Sleepe: though there the cold
 May well be checkt; and healthfull slumbers hold
 Her sweete hand on my powres; all care allaid,
 Yet there will beasts devoure me. Best appaid
 Doth that course make me yet; for there, some strife,
 Strength, and my spirit, may make me make for life.
 Which, though empaird, may yet be fresh applied,
 Where perill, possible of escape is tried.
 But he that fights with heaven, or with the sea,
 To Indiscretion, addes Impietie.

Thus to the woods he hasted; which he found
 Not farre from sea; but on farre-seeing ground;
 Where two twin under-woods, he enterd on;
 With Olive trees, and oile-trees overgrowne:
 Through which, the moist force of the loud-voic't wind,
 Did never beate; nor ever *Phæbus* shin'd;
 Nor showre beate through; they grew so one in one;
 And had, by turnes, their powre t' exclude the Sunne.
 Here enterd our *Ulysses*; and a bed
 Of leaves huge, and of huge abundance spread
 With all his speed. Large he made it; for there,
 For two or three men, ample Coverings were;
 Such as might shield them from the *Winters* worst;
 Though * steele it breath'd; and blew as it would burst.

Patient *Ulysses* joyd, that ever day
 Shewd such a shelter. In the midst he lay,
 Store of leaves heaping high on every side.

*A metaphoricall
 Hyperbole, ex-
 pressing the Win-
 ters extremitie
 of sharpnesse.*

And as in some out-field, a man doth hide
A kindld brand, to keepe the seed of fire;
No neighbour dwelling neare; and his desire
Serv'd with selfe store; he else would aske of none;
But of his fore-spent sparks, rakes th'ashes on:
So this out-place, *Ulysses* thus receives;
And thus nak't vertues seed, lies hid in leaves.
Yet *Pallas* made him sleepe, as soone as men
Whom *Delicacies*, all their flatteries daine.
And all that all his labours could comprise,
Quickly concluded, in his closed eies.

Simile.

Finis libri quinti Hom. Odys.

THE SIXTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES

THE ARGUMENT.

MINERVA in a vision stands
Before Nausicaa; and commands
She to the flood her weeds should beare,
For now her Nuptiall day was neare.
Nausicaa her charge obayes;
And then with other virgins playes.
Their sports make wak't Ulysses rise;
Walke to them, and beseech supplies
Of food and clothes. His naked sight
Puts th' other Maids, afraid, to flight.
Nausicaa onely boldly stayes,
And gladly his desire obayes.
He (furnisht with her favours showne)
Attends her, and the rest, to Towne.

ANOTHER.

Ζῆτα. Here Olive leaves
T'hide shame, began.
The Maide receives
The naked man.

THE MUCH-SUSTAINING,
PATIENT, HEAVENLY MAN,
WHOM *TOILE* AND **SLEEPE* HAD
WORNE SO WEAKE AND WAN;

ὕπνῳ καὶ
καμώτῳ
ἀρημένῳ.
Somno & labo-
re affictus.
Sleep (κατα-
χρηστικῶς)
for the want of
sleep.

Thus wonne his rest. In meane space *Pallas* went
To the *Phæacian* citie; and descent
That first did broad *Hyperias* lands divide,
Neare the vast *Cyclops*, men of monstrous pride.
That preyd on those *Hyperians*, since they were
Of greater powre; and therefore longer there
Divine *Nausithous* dwelt not; but arose,
And did for *Scheria*, all his powres dispose:
Farre from ingenious Art-inventing men.
But there did he erect a Citie then.
First, drew a wall round; then he houses builds;
And then a Temple to the Gods; the fields
Lastly dividing. But he (stoopt by Fate)
Div'd to th' infernals: and *Alcinous* sate
In his command: a man, the Gods did teach,
Commanding counsels. His house held the reach
Of grey *Minervas* project; to provide,
That great-sould *Ithacus* might be supplide
With all things fitting his returne. She went
Up to the chamber, where the faire * descent
Of great *Alcinous* slept. A maid, whose parts
In wit and beautie, wore divine deserts.
Well deckt her chamber was: of which, the dore
Did seeme to lighten; such a glosse it bore
Betwixt the posts: and now flew ope, to find
The Goddesses entrie. Like a puft of wind
She reacht the Virgin bed. Neare which, there lay
Two maids; to whom, the *Graces* did convey,

Nausicaa.

*Intending Dymas
daughter.*

Figure, and manners. But above the head
Of bright *Nausicaa*, did *Pallas* tread
The subtle aire; and put the person on
Of *Dymas* daughter; from comparison
Exempt in businesse Navall. Like his seed,
Minerva lookt now; * whom one yeare did breed,
With bright *Nausicaa*; and who had gaind
Grace in her love; yet on her thus complaind:

Nausicaa! why bred thy mother one
So negligent, in rites so stood upon
By other virgins? Thy faire garments lie
Neglected by thee; yet thy Nuptials nie.
When, rich in all attire, both thou shouldst be,
And garments give to others honoring thee,
That leade thee to the Temple. Thy good name
Growes amongst men for these things; they enflame
Father, and reverend Mother with delight.
Come; when the *Day* takes any winke from *Night*,
Let's to the river, and repurifie
Thy wedding garments: my societie
Shall freely serve thee, for thy speedier aid,
Because thou shalt no more stand on the Maid.
The best of all *Phæacia* wooe thy *Grace*,
Where thou wert bred, and ow'st thy selfe a race.
Up, and stirre up to thee thy honourd Sire,
To give thee Mules and Coach; thee and thy tire;
Veiles, girdles, mantles, early to the flood,
To beare in state. It suites thy high-borne blood;
And farre more fits thee, then to foote so farre;
For far from towne thou knowst the Bath-founts are.

This said; away blue-eyd *Minerva* went
 Up to *Olympus*: the firme Continent,
 That beares in endlesse being, the deified kind;
 That's neither souc't with showres, nor shooke with wind;
 Nor childe with snow; but where *Serenitie* flies,
 Exempt from clouds; and ever-beamie skies
 Circle the glittering hill. And all their daies,
 Give the delights of blessed *Deitie* praise.
 And hither *Pallas* flew; and left the Maid,
 When she had all that might excite her, said.
 Strait rose the lovely Morne, that up did raise
 Faire-veild *Nausicaa*; whose dreame, her praise
 To *Admiration* tooke. Who no time spent
 To give the rapture of her vision vent,
 To her lov'd parents: whom she found within.
 Her mother set at fire, who had to spin
 A Rocke, whose tincture with sea-purple shin'd;
 Her maids about her. But she chanc't to find
 Her Father going abroad: to Counsell calld
 By his grave *Senate*. And to him, exhald
 Her smotherd bosome was. Lov'd Sire (said she)
 Will you not now command a Coach for me?
 Stately and complete? fit for me to beare
 To wash at flood, the weeds I cannot weare
 Before repurified? Your selfe it fits
 To weare faire weeds; as every man that sits
 In place of counsell. And five sonnes you have;
 Two wed; three Bachelors; that must be brave
 In every dayes shift, that they may go dance;
 For these three last, with these things must advance

Olympus described.

This familiar & neare wanton carriage of Nausicaa to her father, joyned with that virgin modestie exprest in her after, is much praised by the gravest of Homers expositors; with her fathers loving allowance of it; knowing her shamefastnes and judgement, would not let her exceed at any part. Which note is here inserted, not as if this were more worthy the observation then other every where strewd flowers of precept; but because this more generally pleasing subject, may perhaps finde more fitnessse for the stay of most Readers.

Their states in mariage: and who else but I
 Their sister, should their dancing rites supply?

This generall cause she shewd; and would not name
 Her mind of Nuptials to her Sire, for shame.
 He understood her yet; and thus replide:
 Daughter! nor these, nor any grace beside,
 I either will denie thee, or deferre,
 Mules, nor a Coach, of state and circular,
 Fitting at all parts. Go; my servants shall
 Serve thy desires, and thy command in all.

The servants then (commanded) soone obaid;
 Fetcht Coach, and Mules joynd in it. Then the Maid }
 Brought from the chamber her rich weeds, and laid }
 All up in Coach: in which, her mother plac't
 A maund of victles, varied well in taste,
 And other junkets. Wine she likewise filld
 Within a goat-skin bottle, and distilld
 Sweete and moist oile into a golden Cruse,
 Both for her daughters, and her handmaids use;
 To soften their bright bodies, when they rose
 Clensd from their cold baths. Up to Coach then goes
 Th'observed Maid: takes both the scourge and raines;
 And to her side, her handmaid strait attaines.
 Nor these alone, but other virgins grac't
 The Nuptiall Chariot. The whole Bevie plac't;
Nausicaa scourgd to make the Coach Mules runne;
 That neigh'd, and pac'd their usuall speed; and soone,
 Both maids and weeds, brought to the river side;
 Where Baths for all the yeare, their use supplide.
 Whose waters were so pure, they would not staine;

But still ran faire forth; and did more remaine
Apt to purge staines; for that purg'd staine within,
Which, by the waters pure store, was not seen.

These (here arriv'd,) the Mules uncoacht, and drave
Up to the gulphie rivers shore, that gave
Sweet grasse to them. The maids from Coach then tooke
Their cloaths, and steept them in the sable brooke.
Then put them into springs, and trod them cleane,
With cleanly feet; adventring wagers then,
Who should have soonest, and most cleanly done.
When having throughly cleansd, they spred them on
The floods shore, all in order. And then, where
The waves the pibbles washt, and ground was cleare,
They bath'd themselves; and all with glittering oile,
Smooth'd their white skins: refreshing then their toile
With pleasant dinner, by the rivers side.

Yet still watcht when the Sunne, their cloaths had dride.
Till which time (having din'd) *Nausicae*
With other virgins, did at stool-ball play;
Their shoulder-reaching head-tires laying by.

Nausicae (with the wrists of Ivory)

The liking stroke strooke; singing first a song;
(As custome orderd) and amidst the throng,
Made such a shew; and so past all was seene;

As when the Chast-borne, Arrow-loving Queene, *Simile.*
Along the mountaines gliding; either over
Spartan Taygetus, whose tops farre discover;
Or *Eurymanthus*; in the wilde Bores chace;
Or swift-hov'd Hart; and with her, *Joves* faire race
(The field Nymphs) sporting. Amongst whom, to see

How farre *Diana* had prioritie
 (Though all were faire) for fairnesse; yet of all,
 (As both by head and forehead being more tall)
Latona triumpht; since the dullest sight,
 Might easily judge, whom her paines brought to light;
Nausicaa so (whom never husband tam'd)
 Above them all, in all the beauties flam'd.
 But when they now made homewards, and araid;
 Ordning their weeds, disorderd as they plaid;
 Mules and Coach ready; then *Minerva* thought,
 What meanes to wake *Ulysses*, might be wrought,
 That he might see this lovely sighted maid,
 Whom she intended, should become his aid:
 Bring him to Towne; and his returne advance.
 Her meane was * this, (though thought a stool-ball chance)
 The Queene now (for the upstroke) strooke the ball
 Quite wide off th' other maids; and made it fall
 Amidst the whirlpooles. At which, out shriekt all;
 And with the shrieke, did wise *Ulysses* wake:
 Who, sitting up, was doubtfull who should make
 That sodaine outcrie; and in mind, thus striv'd:
 On what a people am I now arriv'd?
 At civill hospitable men, that feare
 The Gods? or dwell injurious mortals here?
 Unjust, and churlish? like the female crie
 Of youth it sounds. What are they? *Nymphs* bred hie,
 On tops of hils? or in the founts of floods?
 In herbie marshes? or in leavy woods?
 Or are they high-spoke men, I now am neare?
 Ile prove, and see. With this, the wary Peere

*The pietie and
 wisdom of the
 Poet was such,
 that (agreeing
 with the sacred
 letter) not the
 least of things he
 makes come to
 passe, sine Nu-
 minis provi-
 dentia. As Spond
 well notes of him.*

Crept forth the thicket; and an Olive bough
Broke with his broad hand; which he did bestow
In covert of his nakednesse; and then,
Put hastie head out: Looke how from his den,
A mountaine Lion lookes, that, all embrewd
With drops of trees; and weather-beaten hewd;
(Bold of his strength) goes on; and in his eye,
A burning fornace glowes; all bent to prey
On sheepe, or oxen; or the upland Hart;
His belly charging him; and he must part
Stakes with the Heard-man, in his beasts attempt,
Even where from rape, their strengths are most exempt:
So wet, so weather-beate, so stung with *Need*,
Even to the home-fields of the countries breed,
Ulysses was to force forth his accesse,
Though meerly naked; and his sight did presse
The eyes of soft-haired virgins. Horrid was
His rough appearance to them: the hard passe
He had at sea, stucke by him. All in flight
The Virgins scatterd, frighted with this sight,
About the prominent windings of the flood.
All but *Nausicaa* fled; but she fast stood:
Pallas had put a boldnesse in her brest;
And in her faire lims, tender *Feare* comprest.
And still she stood him, as resolv'd to know
What man he was; or out of what should grow
His strange repaire to them. And here was he
Put to his wisdom; if her virgin knee,
He should be bold, but kneeling, to embrace;
Or keepe aloofe, and trie with words of grace,

Simile.

In humblest suppliance, if he might obtaine
 Some cover for his nakednes; and gaine
 Her grace to shew and guide him to the Towne.
 The last, he best thought, to be worth his owne,
 In weighing both well: to keepe still aloofe,
 And give with soft words, his desires their prooffe;
 Lest pressing so neare, as to touch her knee,
 He might incense her maiden modestie.
 This faire and fil'd speech then, shewd this was he.

*Ulysses to
 Nausicaa.*

Let me beseech (O Queene) this truth of thee;
 Are you of mortall, or the deified race?
 If of the Gods, that th' ample heavens embrace;
 I can resemble you to none above,
 So neare as to the chast-borne birth of *Jove*,
 The beemie *Cynthia*. Her you full present,
 In grace of every God-like lineament;
 Her goodly magnitude; and all th' addresse
 You promise of her very perfectnesse.
 If sprong of humanes, that inhabite earth;
 Thrice blest are both the authors of your birth;
 Thrice blest your brothers, that in your deserts,
 Must, even to rapture, beare delighted hearts;
 To see so like the first trim of a tree,
 Your forme adorne a dance. But most blest, he
 Of all that breathe, that hath the gift t'engage
 Your bright necke in the yoke of mariage;
 And decke his house with your commanding merit.
 I have not seene a man of so much spirit.
 Nor man, nor woman, I did ever see,
 At all parts equall to the parts in thee.

T' enjoy your sight, doth *Admiration* seise
My eies, and apprehensive faculties.
Lately in *Delos* (with a charge of men
Arriv'd, that renderd me most wretched then,
Now making me thus naked) I beheld
The burthen of a *Palme*, whose issue sweld
About *Apollos Phane*; and that put on
A grace like thee; for Earth had never none
Of all her *Sylvane* issue so adorn'd:
Into amaze my very soule was turnd,
To give it observation; as now thee
To view (O *Virgin*) a stupiditie
Past admiration strikes me; joynd with feare
To do a suppliants due, and prease so neare,
As to embrace thy knees. Nor is it strange;
For one of fresh and firmest spirit, would change
T' embrace so bright an object. But, for me,
A cruell habite of calamitie,
Prepar'd the strong impression thou hast made:
For this last Day did flie Nights twentieth shade
Since I, at length, escapt the sable seas;
When in the meane time, th' unrelenting prease
Of waves and sterne stormes, tost me up and downe,
From th' *Ile Og ygia*: and now God hath throwne
My wracke on this shore; that perhaps I may
My miseries vary here: for yet their stay,
I feare, heaven hath not orderd: though before
These late afflictions, it hath lent me store.
O *Queene*, daine pitie then, since first to you
My Fate importunes my distresse to vow.

No other Dame, nor man, that this Earth owne,
And neighbour Citie, I have seene or knowne.
The Towne then shew me; give my nakednes
Some shroud to shelter it, if to these seas,
Linnen or woollen, you have brought to clense.
God give you, in requitall, all th'amends
Your heart can wish: a husband, family,
And good agreement: Nought beneath the skie,
More sweet, more worthy is, then firme consent
Of man and wife, in houshold government.
It joyes their wishers well; their enemies wounds;
But to themselves, the speciall good redounds.

*Nausicaa to
Ulysses.*

She answerd: Stranger! I discern in thee,
Nor *Sloth*, nor *Folly* raignes; and yet I see,
Th'art poore and wretched. In which I conclude,
That Industry nor wisdom make endude
Men with those gifts, that make them best to th'eie;
Jove onely orders mans felicitie.
To good and bad, his pleasure fashions still,
The whole proportion of their good and ill.
And he perhaps hath formd this plight in thee,
Of which, thou must be patient, as he, free.
But after all thy wandrings, since thy way,
Both to our Earth, and neare our Citie, lay,
As being exposde to our cares to relieve;
Weeds, and what else, a humane hand should give,
To one so suppliant, and tam'd with woe;
Thou shalt not want. Our Citie, I will show;
And tell our peoples name: This neighbor Towne,
And all this kingdome, the *Phæacians* owne.

And (since thou seemdst so faine, to know my birth;
 And mad'st a question, if of heaven or earth)
 This Earth hath bred me; and my Fathers name
Alcinous is; that in the powre and frame
 Of this Iles rule, is supereminent.

Thus (passing him) she to the Virgins went.
 And said: Give stay, both to your feet and fright;
 Why thus disperse ye, for a mans meere sight?
 Esteeme you him a *Cyclop*, that long since
 Made use to prey upon our Citizens?
^a This man, no moist man is; (nor watrish thing,
 That's ever flitting; ever ravishing
 All it can compasse; and, like it, doth range
 In rape of women; never staid in change)
 This man is truly ^b manly, wise, and staid;
 In soule more rich; the more to sense decaid.
 Who, nor will do, nor suffer to be done,
 Acts leud and abject; nor can such a one
 Greeete the *Phæacians*, with a mind envious;
 Deare to the Gods they are; and he is pious.
 Besides, divided from the world we are;
 The outpart of it; billowes circulare
 The sea revolving, round about our shore;
 Nor is there any man, that enters more
 Then our owne countrimen, with what is brought
 From other countries. This man, minding nought

^a Διερός βροτός. Cui vitalis vel sensualis humiditas inest. βροτός a βέω; ut dicatur quasi βροτός. i.e. ὁ ἐν ῥοῇ ὢν, quod nihil sit magis fluxum quam homo.

^b ἀνὴρ virili animo præditus, fortis, magnanimus. Nor are those affirmed to be men; qui servile quidpiam & abjectum faciunt; vel, facere sustinent: according to this of Herodotus in Poly: πολλοὶ μὲν ἀνθρώποι εἰεν, ὀλίγοι δ' ἄνδρες. Many, mens formes sustaine, but few are men.

But his reliefe: a poore unhappie wretch,
 Wrackt here; and hath no other land to fetch.
^a Him now we must provide for; from *Jove* come
 All strangers, and the needie of a home.
 Who any gift, though ne're so small it be,
 Esteeme as great, and take it gratefully.
 And therefore Virgins, give the stranger food,
 And wine; and see ye bath him in the flood;
 Neare to some shore, to shelter most enclin'd;
To cold Bath-bathers, hurtfull is the wind.
 Not onely rugged making th'outward skin,
 But by his thin powres, pierceth parts within.

This said; their flight in a returne they set;
 And did *Ulysses* with all grace entreate:
 Shewd him a shore, wind-prooffe, and full of shade:
 By him a shirt, and utter mantle laid.
 A golden Jugge of liquid oile did adde;
 Bad wash; and all things as *Nausicaa* bad.

*Ulysses modestie
 to the Virgins.*

Divine *Ulysses* would not use their aid;
^b But thus bespake them: Every lovely maid,
 Let me entreate to stand a litle by;
 That I alone the fresh flood may apply,
 To clense my bosome of the sea-wrought brine.
 And then use oile; which long time did not shine

^a According to an other translator: Ab Jove nam supplex pauper, procedit & hospes: Res brevis, at chara est, Magni quoque muneris instar. Which I cite to shew his good when he keepes him to the Originall; and neare in any degree expounds it.

^b He taught their youths modestie, by his aged judgment. As receiving the custome of maids then used to that entertainment of men: not withstanding the modestie of that age, could not be corrupted inwardly, for those outward kind observations of guests and strangers, and was therefore privileged. It is easie to avoide shew: and those that most curiously avoide the outward construction, are ever most tainted with the inward corruption.

On my poore shoulders. Ile not wash in sight
 Of faire-haird maidens. I should blush outright, }
 To bathe all bare by such a virgin light.

They mov'd, and musde, a man had so much grace;
 And told their Mistris, what a man he was.

He clensd his broad-soild-shoulders; backe and head
 Yet never tam'd. But now, had fome and weed,
 Knit in the faire curles. Which dissolv'd; and he
 Slickt all with sweet oile: the sweet charitie,
 The untoucht virgin shewd in his attire,
 He cloth'd him with. Then *Pallas* put a fire,
 More then before, into his sparkling eies;
 His late soile set off, with his soone fresh guise.
 His locks (clensd) curld the more; and matcht (in power
 To please an eye) the *Hyacinthian* flower.

And as a workman, that can well combine
 Silver and gold; and make both strive to shine;
 As being by *Vulcan*, and *Minerva* too,
 Taught how farre either may be urg'd to go,
 In strife of eminence; when worke sets forth
 A worthy soule, to bodies of such worth;
 No thought reproving th'act, in any place;
 Nor *Art* no debt to *Natures* liveliest grace:
 So *Pallas* wrought in him, a grace as great,
 From head to shoulders; and ashore did seate
 His goodly presence. To which, such a guise
 He shewd in going, that it ravisht eies.

Simile.

All which (continude) as he sate apart;
Nausicaas eye strooke wonder through her heart;
 Who thus bespake her consorts: Heare me, you

Nausicaas
admiration
of Ulysses.

Faire-wristed Virgins; this rare man (I know)
 Treds not our country earth, against the will
 Of some God, thron'd on the *Olympian* hill.
 He shewd to me, till now, not worth the note;
 But now he lookes, as he had Godhead got.
 I would to heaven, my husband were no worse;
 And would be calld no better; but the course
 Of other husbands pleasd to dwell out here:
 Observe and serve him, with our utmost cheare.

She said; they heard, and did. He drunke and eate
 Like to a Harpy; having toucht no meate
 A long before time. But *Nausicaa* now
 Thought of the more grace, she did lately vow:
 Had horse to Chariot joynd; and up she rose:
 Up chear'd her guest, and said: Guest, now dispose
 Your selfe for Towne; that I may let you see
 My Fathers Court; where all the Peeres will be
 Of our *Phæacian* State. At all parts then,
 Observe to whom, and what place y' are t'attain;
 Though I need usher you with no advice,
 Since I suppose you absolutely wise.
 While we the fields passe, and mens labours there;
 So long (in these maids guides) directly beare
 Upon my Chariot (I must go before,
 For cause that after comes: to which, this more
 Be my induction) you shall then soone end
 Your way to Towne; whose Towres you see ascend
 To such a steepnesse. On whose either side,
 A faire Port stands; to which is nothing wide
 An enterers passage: on whose both hands ride }

*The Cities de-
 scription so far
 forth as may in
 part, induce her
 promist reason,
 why she tooke not
 Ulysses to coach
 with her.*

Ships in faire harbors; which, once past, you win
The goodly market place, (that circles in
A Phane to *Neptune*, built of curious stone,
And passing ample) where munition,
Gables, and masts men make, and polisht oares;
For the *Phæacians* are not conquerors
By bowes nor quivers; Oares, masts, ships they are,
With which they plow the sea, and wage their warre.
And now the cause comes, why I leade the way,
Not taking you to Coach. The men that sway
In worke of those tooles, that so fit our State,
Are rude Mechanicals; that rare and late
Worke in the market place; and those are they
Whose bitter tongues I shun; who strait would say,
(For these vile vulgars are extreamly proud,
And fouly languag'd) What, is he allowd
To coach it with *Nausicaa*? so large set,
And fairely fashiond? where were these two met?
He shall be sure her husband. She hath bene
Gadding in some place; and (of forraine men,
Fitting her fancie) kindly brought him home
In her owne ship. He must, of force, be come
From some farre region; we have no such man.
It may be (praying hard, when her heart ran
On some wisht husband) out of heaven, some God
Dropt in her lap; and there lies she at rode,
Her complete life time. But, in sooth, if she
Ranging abroad, a husband such as he,
Whom now we saw, laid hand on; she was wise,
For none of all our Nobles, are of prise

III y

Enough for her: he must beyond-sea come,
That wins her high mind, and will have her home.
Of our Peeres, many have importun'd her,
Yet she will none. Thus these folks will conferre
Behind my backe; or (meeting) to my face,
The foule-mouth rout dare put home this disgrace.
And this would be reproches to my fame;
For even my selfe, just anger would enflame,
If any other virgin I should see
(Her parents living) keepe the companie
Of any man; to any end of love,
Till open Nuptials should her act approve.
And therefore heare me guest; and take such way,
That you your selfe may compasse, in your stay,
Your quicke deduction, by my Fathers grace;
And meanes to reach the roote of all your race.

We shall, not farre out of our way to Towne,
A never-felld Grove find, that Poplars crowne;
To *Pallas* sacred, where a fountaine flowes;
And round about the Grove, a Medow growes;
In which, my Father holds a Mannor house;
Deckt all with Orchards, greene, and odorous;
As farre from Towne, as one may heare a shout.
There stay, and rest your foote paines; till full out
We reach the Citie. Where, when you may guesse
We are arriv'd, and enter our accesse
Within my Fathers Court: then put you on
For our *Phæacian* State; where, to be showne
My Fathers house, desire. Each infant there
Can bring you to it; and your selfe will cleare

Distinguish it from others; for no shoves,
 The Citie buildings make; compar'd with those
 That King *Alcinous* seate doth celebrate.
 In whose roofes, and the Court, (where men of state,
 And suiters sit and stay) when you shall hide:
 Strait passe it, entring further: where abide
 My Mother, with her withdrawne houswiferies;
 Who still sits in the fire-shine, and applies
 Her Rocke, all purple, and of pompous show:
 Her Chaire plac't gainst a Pillar: all arow
 Her maids behind her set; and to her here,
 My Fathers dining Throne lookes. Seated where
 He powres his choice of wine in, like a God.
 This view once past; for th'end of your abode,
 Adresse suite to my Mother; that her meane,
 May make the day of your redition seene.
 And you may frolicke strait, though farre away
 You are in distance from your wished stay.
 For if she once be won to wish you well,
 Your *Hope* may instantly your Pasport seale;
 And thenceforth sure abide to see your friends,
 Faire house, and all, to which your heart contends.

This said; she usde her shining scourge, and lasht
 Her Mules, that soon the shore left, where she washt;
 And (knowing well the way) their pace was fleet,
 And thicke they gatherd up their nimble feet.
 Which yet * she temperd so; and usde her scourge
 With so much skill; as not to over-urge
 The foote behind; and make them straggle so,
 From close societie. Firme together go

*Not without
 some little note
 of our omnisuffi-
 cient Homers ge-
 nerall touch of
 the least fitnessse
 lying in his way,
 may this courtly
 discretion be des-
 cribes in Nau-
 sicaa, be observd,
 if you please.*

Ulysses and her maids. And now the Sunne
Sunke to the waters; when they all had wonne
The never-feld, and sound-exciting wood,
Sacred to *Pallas*: where the God-like good
Ulysses rested; and to *Pallas* praid:

*More of our
Poets curious
and sweet pietie.*

Heare me, of Goate-kept *Jove*, th' unconquerd Maid;
Now throughly heare me; since in all the time
Of all my wracke, my pray'rs could never clime
Thy far-off eares; when noisefull *Neptune* tost
Upon his watry brissels, my imboſt
And rocke-torne body: heare yet now, and daine
I may of the *Phæacian* State obtaine
Pitie, and grace. Thus praid he; and she heard:
By no meanes yet (exposde to sight) appear'd,
For feare t' offend her Unkle; the supreme
Of all the* Sea-Gods; whose wrath still extreme
Stood to *Ulysses*; and would never cease,
Till with his Country shore, he crownd his peace.

Neptune.

Finis libri sexti Hom. Odyss.

THE SEVENTH BOOK OF HOMERS ODYSSES

THE ARGUMENT.

NAUSICAA arrives at Towne;
And then Ulysses. He makes knowne
His suite to Arete: who, view
Takes of his vesture; which she knew;
And asks him, from whose hands it came.
He tels, with all the haplesse frame
Of his affaires, in all the while,
Since he forsooke Calypsos Ile.

ANOTHER.

Ἦτα. The honord minds,
And welcome things,
Ulysses finds,
In Scherias Kings.

THE SEVENTH BOOK OF HOMERS ODYSSES



THUS PRAID THE WISE, AND
GOD-OBSERVING MAN.
THE MAID, BY FREE FORCE
OF HER PALFREYS, WAN

Accesse to Towne; and the renowmed Court,
Reacht of her Father; where, within the Port,
She staid her Coach; and round about her came
Her Brothers, (made as of immortall frame.)
Who yet disdained not, for her love, meane deeds;
But tooke from * Coach her Mules, brought in her weeds.

And she ascends her chamber; where purvaid
A quicke fire was, by her old chamber-maid
Eurymedusa, th' *Aperæan* borne;
And brought by sea, from *Apera*, t' adorne
The Court of great *Alcinous*; because
He gave to all, the blest *Phæacians* lawes;
And, like a heaven-borne Powre in speech, acquir'd
The peoples eares. To one then so admir'd,
Eurymedusa was esteemd no worse,
Then worth the gift: yet now growne old, was Nurse
To Ivory-armd *Nausicaa*; gave heate
To all her fires, and drest her privie meate.

Then rose *Ulysses*, and made way to Towne;
Which ere he reacht, a mightie mist was throwne
By *Pallas* round about him; in her Care,
Lest in the sway of envies popular,
Some proud *Phæacian* might foule language passe,
Justle him up, and aske him what he was.

Entring the lovely Towne yet: through the cloud
Pallas appeard; and like a yong wench showd
Bearing a pitcher; Stood before him so,
As if objected purposely to know

Hæc fuit illius
sæculi simplici-
tas: nam vel
fraternus quo-
que Amor,
tantus fuit, ut
libenter hanc
redeunti charis-
simæ sorori,
operam præ-
stiterint.
Spond.

Ulysses, a *Mi-
nerva* in ædes
Alcinoi per-
ducitur, septus
nebula,

What there he needed; whom he questiond thus:

Know you not (daughter) where *Alcinous*,
That rules this Towne, dwels? I, a poore distrest
Meere stranger here; know none I may request,
To make this Court knowne to me. She replied:

Strange Father; I will see you satisfied
In that request: my Father dwels, just by }
The house you seeke for; but go silently; }
Nor aske, nor speake to any other; I }
Shall be enough to shew your way: the men
That here inhabite, do not entertain
With ready kindnesse, strangers; of what worth
Or state soever: nor have taken forth
Lessons of civill usage, or respect
To men beyond them. They (upon their powres
Of swift ships building) top the watry towres:
And *Jove* hath given them ships, for saile so wrought,
They cut a fether, and command a thought.

νῆες ὠκείων
ὠρεῖ, naves
veloces veluti
penna, atque
cogitatio.

This said; she usherd him; and after, he
Trod in the swift steps of the Deitie.
The free-saild sea-men could not get a sight
Of our *Ulysses*, yet: though he foreright,
Both by their houses and their persons past:
Pallas about him, such a darknesse cast,
By her divine powre, and her reverend care,
She would not give the Towne-borne, cause to stare.

He wonderd, as he past, to see the Ports;
The shipping in them; and for all resorts,
The goodly market steds; and Iles beside
For the *Heroes*; walls so large and wide;

Rampires so high, and of such strength withall;
It would with wonder, any eye appall.

At last they reacht the Court; and *Pallas* said:
Now, honourd stranger; I will see obaid
Your will, to shew our Rulers house; tis here;
Where you shall find, Kings celebrating cheare; }
Enter amongst them; nor admit a feare;
More bold a man is, he prevailes the more;
Though man nor place, he ever saw before.

You first shall find the Queene in Court, whose name

Is *Arete*: of parents borne, the same
That was the King her Spouse: their Pedigree
I can report: the great Earth-shaker, he
Of *Peribæa*, (that her sex out-shone,
And youngest daughter was, t' *Eurymedon*;
Who of th' unmeasur'd-minded Giants, swaid
Th' Imperiall Scepter; and the pride allaid
Of men so impious, with cold death; and died
Himselfe soone after) got the magnified
In mind, *Nausithous*; who the kingdomes state
First held in supream rule. *Nausithous* gat
Rhexenor, and *Alcinous*, now King:
Rhexenor (whose seed did no male fruite spring;
And whom the silver-bow-grac't *Phæbus* slue
Yong in the Court) his shed blood did renew
In onely *Arete*; who now is Spouse
To him that rules the kingdom, in this house,
And is her Unkle; King *Alcinous*.

*Arete the wife
of Alcinous.*

For the more perspicuitie of this pedigree, I have here set down the Diagram, as Spondanus hath it. Neptune begat Nausithous of Peribæa. By Nausithous, Rhexenor, Alcinous, were begot. By Rhexenor, Arete, the wife of her unkle Alcinous.

Who honors her, past equall. She may boast
More honor of him, then the honord most

*The honor of
Arete (or vertue)
alleg.*

Of any wife in earth, can of her Lord;
How many more soever, Realmes affoord,
That keepe house under husbands. Yet no more
Her husband honors her, then her blest store
Of gracious children. All the Citie cast
Eyes on her, as a Goddesse; and give taste
Of their affections to her, in their praies,
Still as she decks the streets. For all affaires,
Wrapt in contention, she dissolves to men.
Whom she affects, she wants no mind to deigne
Goodnesse enough. If her heart stand inclin'd
To your dispatch; hope all you wish to find;
Your friends, your longing family, and all,
That can within your most affections fall.

This said; away the grey-eyd Goddesse flew
Along th' untamed sea. Left the lovely hew,
Scheria presented. Out flew *Marathon*,
And ample-streeted *Athens* lighted on.
Where, to the house that casts so * thicke a shade,
Of *Erectheus*; she ingression made.

πυκινός,
spissus:

*The Court of
Alcinous.*

Ulysses, to the loftie-builed Court
Of King *Alcinous*, made bold resort;
Yet in his heart cast many a thought, before
The brazen pavement of the rich Court, bore
His enterd person. Like heavens two maine Lights,
The roomes illustrated, both daies and nights.
On every side stood firme a wall of brasse, }
Even from the threshold to the inmost passe; }
Which bore a rooffe up, that all Saphire was; }
The brazen thresholds both sides, did enfold

Silver Pilasters, hung with gates of gold;
Whose Portall was of silver; over which
A golden Cornish did the front enrich.
On each side, Dogs of gold and silver fram'd,
The houses Guard stood; which the Deitie (*lam'd) *Vulcan.*
With knowing inwards had inspir'd; and made,
That *Death* nor *Age*, should their estates invade.

Along the wall, stood every way a throne;
From th'entry to the Lobbie: every one,
Cast over with a rich-wrought cloth of state.
Beneath which, the *Phæacian* Princes sate
At wine and food; and feasted all the yeare.
Youths forg'd of gold, at every table there,
Stood holding flaming torches; that, in night
Gave through the house, each honourd Guest, his light.

And (to encounter feast with houswifry)
In one roome fiftie women did apply
Their severall tasks. Some, apple-colour'd corne
Ground in faire Quernes; and some did spindles turne.
Some worke in loomes: no hand, least rest receives;
But all had motion, apt, as Aspen leaves.
And from the weeds they wove, (so fast they laid,
And so thicke thrust together, thred by thred)
That th'oile (of which the wooll had drunke his fill)
Did with his moisture, in light dewes distill.

As much as the *Phæacian* men exceld
All other countrimen, in Art to build
A swift-saild ship: so much the women there,
For worke of webs, past other women were.
Past meane, by *Pallas* meanes, they understood

The grace of good works; and had wits as good.

Without the Hall, and close upon the Gate,

A goodly Orchard ground was situate,

Of neare ten Acres; about which, was led

A loftie Quickset. In it flourished

High and broad fruit trees, that Pomegranats bore; }

Hortus Alcinoi
memorabilis.

Sweet Figs, Peares, Olives, and a number more }

Most usefull Plants, did there produce their store. }

Whose fruits, the hardest Winter could not kill;

Nor hottest Summer wither. There was still

Fruite in his proper season, all the yeare.

Sweet *Zephire* breath'd upon them, blasts that were

Of varied tempers: these, he made to beare

Ripe fruites: these blossomes: Peare grew after Peare;

Apple succeeded apple; Grape, the Grape;

Fig after Fig came; *Time* made never rape,

Of any daintie there. A spritely vine

Spred here his roote; whose fruites, a hote sun-shine

Made ripe betimes. Here grew another, greene.

Here, some were gathering; here, some pressing seene.

A large-allotted severall, each fruites had;

And all th'adornd grounds, their apparance made,

In flowre and fruites, at which the King did aime,

To the precisest order he could claime.

Two Fountaines grac't the garden; of which, one

Powrd out a winding streame, that over-runne

The grounds for their use chiefly: th'other went

Close by the loftie Pallace gate; and lent

The Citie his sweet benefit: and thus

The Gods the Court deckt of *Alcinous*.

Patient *Ulysses* stood a while at gaze;
 But (having all observ'd) made instant pace
 Into the Court; where all the Peeres he found,
 And Captaines of *Phæacia*; with Cups crown'd,
 Offering to sharp-eyd * *Hermes*: to whom, last
 They usde to sacrifice; when *Sleepe* had cast
 His inclination through their thoughts. But these,
Ulysses past; and forth went; nor their eies
 Tooke note of him: for *Pallas* stopt the light
 With mists about him; that, unstaide, he might
 First to *Alcinous*, and *Arete*,
 Present his person; and, of both them, she
 (By *Pallas* counsell) was to have the grace
 Of foremost greeting. Therefore his embrace,
 He cast about her knee. And then off flew
 The heavenly aire that hid him. When his view,
 With silence and with *Admiration* strooke
 The Court quite through: but thus he silence broake:

Mercurie.

Divine *Rhexenors* ofspring, *Arete*;
 To thy most honour'd husband, and to thee,
 A man whom many labours have distrest,
 Is come for comfort; and to every guest:
 To all whom, heaven vouchsafe delightsome lives;
 And after, to your issue that survives,
 A good resignation of the Goods ye leave;
 With all the honor that your selves receive
 Amongst your people. Onely this of me,
 Is the Ambition; that I may but see
 (By your vouchsaft meanes; and betimes vouchsaft)
 My country earth; since I have long bin left

*Areten, Ulysses
 supplex orat.*

To labors, and to errors, barrd from end;
And farre from benefit of any friend.

He said no more; but left them dumbe with that;
Went to the harth, and in the ashes sat,
Aside the fire. At last their silence brake;
And *Echinæus*, th'old *Heroe* spake.

A man that all *Phæacians* past in yeares,
And in perswasive eloquence, all the Peeres;
Knew much, and usde it well; and thus spake he:

*Echinæus to
Alcinous.*

Alcinous! it shewes not decently;
Nor doth your honor, what you see, admit;
That this your guest, should thus abjectly sit:
His chaire the earth; the harth his cushion;
Ashes, as if apposde for food: a Throne
Adornd with due rites, stands you more in hand
To see his person plac't in; and command
That instantly your Heralds fill in wine;
That to the God that doth in lightnings shine,
We may do sacrifice: for he is there,
Where these his reverend suppliants appeare.
Let what you have within, be brought abroad,
To sup the stranger. All these would have showd
This fit respect to him; but that they stay
For your precedence, that should grace the way.

When this had added to the well-inclin'd,
And sacred order of *Alcinous* mind;
Then, of the great in wit, the hand he seisd;
And from the ashes, his faire person raisd;
Advanc't him to a well-adorned Throne;
And from his seate raisd his most loved sonne,

(*Laodamas*, that next himselfe was set)
 To give him place. The handmaid then did get
 An Ewre of gold, with water fil'd; (which plac't
 Upon a Caldron, all with silver grac't)
 She powrd out on their hands. And then was spread
 A Table, which the Butler set with bread;
 As others serv'd with other food, the boord;
 In all the choise, the present could affoord.
Ulysses, meate and wine tooke; and then thus;
 The King the Herald calld: *Pontonous*!
 Serve wine through all the house; that all may pay
 Rites to the Lightner, who is still in way
 With humble suppliants; and them pursues,
 With all benigne, and hospitable dues.

Pontonous, gave act to all he willd,
 And hony-sweetnesse-giving-minds-*wine filld;
 Disposing it in cups for all to drinke.
 All having drunke, what eithers heart could thinke
 Fit for due sacrifice; *Alcinous* said:
 Heare me, ye Dukes, that the *Phæacians* leade;
 And you our Counsellors; that I may now
 Discharge the charge, my mind suggests to you,
 For this our guest: Feast past, and this nights sleepe;
 Next morne(our Senate summond) we will keepe
 Justs, sacred to the Gods; and this our Guest
 Receive in solemne Court, with fitting Feast:
 Then thinke of his returne; that under hand
 Of our deduction, his naturall land
 (Without more toile or care; and with delight;
 And that soone given him; how farre hence dissite

*The word that
 beares this long
 Epithete, is
 translated only
 dulce: which
 signifies more.
 μέλιφρον
 οἶνον ἐκίρνα:
 Vinum quod
 mellea dulce-
 dine, animum
 perfundit, &
 oblectat.*

*Ascent to his
Countries shore.*

Soever it can be) he may ascend;
 And in the meane time, without wrong attend,
 Or other want; fit meanes to that ascent.
 What, after, austere Fates, shall make th' event
 Of his lifes thred (now spinning, and began
 When his paind mother, freed his roote of man)
 He must endure in all kinds. If some God,
 Perhaps abides with us, in his abode;
 And other things will thinke upon then we;
 The Gods wils stand: who ever yet were free
 Of their appearance to us; when to them
 We offerd Hecatombs, of fit esteem.
 And would at feast sit with us; even where we
 Orderd our Session. They would likewise be
 Encounters of us, when in way, alone
 About his fit affaires, went any one.
 Nor let them cloke themselves in any care,
 To do us comfort; we as neare them are,
 As are the *Cyclops*; or the impious race,
^a Of earthy *Giants*, that would heaven outface.
Ulysses answerd; Let some other doubt
 Employ your thoughts, then what your words give out;
 Which intimate a kind of doubt, that I
 Should shadow in this shape, a Deitie.

^a*Eustathius will have this comparison of the Phæacians with the Giants and Cyclops, to proceede out of the inveterate virulency of Antinous to the Cyclops, who were cause (as is before said) of their remove from their country; & with great endeavour labors the approbation of it: but (under his peace) from the purpose: for the sence of the Poet is cleer, that the Cyclops & Giants being in part the issue of the Gods, and yet afterward their defiers, (as Polyp. hereafter dares professe) Antinous (out of bold and manly reason, even to the face of one that might have bin a God, for the past manly appearance he made there) would tell him, and the rest in him, that if they graced those Cyclops with their open appearance, that, thogh descended from them, durst yet denie them; they might much more do them the honor of their open presence that adored them.*

I beare no such least semblance; or in wit,
Vertue, or person. What may well befit
One of those mortals, whom you chiefly know,
Beares up and downe, the burthen of the woe
Appropriate to poore man; give that to me;
Of whose mones I sit, in the most degree;
And might say more; sustaining griefes that all
The Gods consent to: no one twixt their fall
And my unpitied shoulders, letting downe
The least diversion. Be the grace then showne,
To let me taste your free-given food, in peace:
Through greatest griefe, the belly must have ease.
Worse then an envious belly, nothing is.
It will command his strict Necessities,
Of men most griev'd in body or in mind,
That are in health, and will not give their kind,
A desperate wound. When most with cause I grieve,
It bids me still, Eate man, and drinke, and live;
And this makes all forgot. What ever ill
I ever beare; it ever bids me fill.
But this ease is but forc't, and will not last,
Till what the mind likes, be as well embrac't;
And therefore let me wish you would partake
In your late purpose; when the Morne shall make
Her next appearance; daigne me but the grace,
(Unhappie man) that I may once embrace
My country earth: though I be still thrust at,
By ancient ils; yet make me but see that;
And then let life go. When (withall) I see
My high-rooft large house, lands and family.

This, all approv'd; and each, willd every one;
 Since he hath said so fairly; set him gone.

Feast past, and sacrifice; to sleepe, all vow
 Their eies at eithers house. *Ulysses* now,
 Was left here with *Alcinous*, and his Queene,
 The all-lov'd *Arete*. The handmaids then
 The vessell of the Banquet, tooke away.
 When *Arete* set eye on his array;

Knew both his out, and underweed, which she
 Made with her maids; and musde by what meanes he
 Obtained their wearing: which she made request
 To know; and wings gave to these speeches: Guest!

Arete to Ulysses.

First let me aske, what, and from whence you are?
 And then, who grac't you with the weeds you weare?
 Said you not lately, you had err'd at seas?
 And thence arriv'd here? *Laertiades*

Ulysses to Arete.

To this, thus answerd: Tis a paine (O Queene)
 Still to be opening wounds wrought deepe and greene;
 Of which, the Gods have opened store in me;
 Yet your will must be serv'd: Farre hence, at sea,
 There lies an Ile, that beares *Ogygias* name;
 Where *Atlas* daughter, the ingenious Dame,
 Faire-haird *Calypso* lives: a Goddess grave,
 And with whom, men, nor Gods, societie have.
 Yet I (past man unhappie) liv'd alone,
 By heav'ns wrath forc't) her house companion.
 For *Jove* had with a fervent lightning cleft
 My ship in twaine; and farre at blacke sea left
 Me and my souldiers; all whose lives I lost.
 I, in mine armes the keele tooke, and was tost

Nine dayes together up from wave to wave.
The tenth grim Night, the angry Deities drave
Me and my wracke, on th'Ile, in which doth dwell
Dreadfull *Calypso*; who exactly well
Receiv'd and nourisht me; and promise made,
To make me deathlesse: nor should Age invade
My powres with his deserts, through all my dayes.
All mov'd not me; and therefore, on her staves,
Seven yeares she made me lie: and there spent I
The long time; steeping in the miserie
Of ceaslesse teares, the Garments I did weare
From her faire hand. The eight revolved yeare,
(Or by her chang'd mind; or by charge of *Jove*)
She gave provokt way to my wisht remove;
And in a many-joynted ship, with wine,
(Daintie in savour) bread, and weeds divine;
Sign'd with a harmlesse and sweet wind, my passe.
Then, seventeene dayes at sea, I homeward was;
And by the eighteenth, the darke hils appeard,
That your Earth thrusts up. Much my heart was cheard;
(Unhappie man) for that was but a beame;
To shew I yet, had agonies extreame,
To put in sufferance: which th'Earth-shaker sent;
Crossing my way, with tempests violent;
Unmeasur'd seas up-lifting: nor would give
The billowes leave, to let my vessell live
The least time quiet: that even sigh'd to beare
Their bitter outrage: which, at last, did teare
Her sides in peeces, set on by the winds.
I yet, through-swomme the waves, that your shore binds,

Till wind and water threw me up to it;
 When, coming forth, a ruthlesse billow smit
 Against huge rocks, and an acceslesse shore
 My mangl'd body. Backe againe I bore,
 And swom till I was falne upon a flood,
 Whose shores, me thought, on good advantage stood,
 For my receipt: rock-free, and fenc't from wind.
 And this I put for, gathering up my mind.
 Then the divine Night came; and tredding Earth,
 Close by the flood, that had from *Jove* her birth.
 Within a thicket I reposde; when round
 I ruffld up falne leaves in heape; and found
 (Let fall from heaven) a sleepe interminate.
 And here, my heart (long time excruciate)
 Amongst the leaves I rested all that night;
 Even till the morning and meridian light.
 The Sunne declining then; delightsome sleepe,
 No longer laid my temples in his steepe;
 But forth I went, and on the shore might see
 Your daughters maids play. Like a Deitie
 She shin'd above them; and I praid to her:
 And she, in disposition did prefer
Noblesse, and wisdom, no more low then might
 Become the goodnesse of a Goddess height.
 Nor would you therefore hope (supposde distrest
 As I was then, and old) to find the least
 Of any *Grace* from her; being yonger farre.
With yong folkes, Wisdom makes her commerce rare.
 Yet she in all abundance did bestow,
 Both wine (that makes the *blood in humanes grow)

αἶθος οἶνος,
 Vinum cale-
 faciendi vim
 habens.

And food; and bath'd me in the flood; and gave
The weeds to me, which now ye see me have.
This, through my griefes I tell you; and tis true.

Alcinous answerd: Guest! my daughter knew
Least of what most you give her; nor became
The course she tooke, to let, with every Dame,
Your person lackey; nor hath with them brought
Your selfe home to; which first you had besought.

O blame her not (said he) Heroicall Lord;
Nor let me heare, against her worth, a word.
She faultlesse is; and wisht I would have gone
With all her women home: but I alone
Would venture my receipt here; having feare
And reverend aw of accidents that were
Of likely issue: both your wrath to move,
And to inflame the common peoples love,
Of speaking ill: to which they soone give place;
We men are all a most suspicious race.

My guest (said he) I use not to be stird
To wrath too rashly; and where are preferd
To mens conceits, things that may both waies faile;
The noblest ever should the most prevaile.
Would *Jove* our Father, *Pallas*, and the *Sunne*,
That (were you still as now, and could but runne
One Fate with me) you would my daughter wed,
And be my son-in-law; still vovd to leade
Your rest of life here. I, a house would give,
And houshold goods; so freely you would live,
Confin'd with us: but gainst you will, shall none
Containe you here; since that were violence done

THE EIGHTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES

THE ARGUMENT.

THE *Peeres of the Phæacian State,*
A *Councell call, to console*
Ulysses, *with all meanes for Home.*
The Councell to a Banquet come.
Invited by the king: which done;
Assaies for hurling of the stone,
The Youths make with the stranger king.
Demodecus, at feast, doth sing
Th' Adulterie of the God of Armes
With her that rules, in Amorous charmes.
And after, sings the entercourse
Of Acts about th'Epæan Horse.

ANOTHER.

Θῆτα. *The Councils frame,*
At fleete applied;
In strifes of Game,
Ulysses tried.

NOW WHEN THE ROSIE-FINGERD
MORNE AROSE;
THE SACRED POWRE *ALCINOUS*
DID DISPOSE

Did likewise rise; and like him, left his Ease,

The Cittie-racer *Laertiades*.

The Councill at the Navie was design'd;

To which *Alcinous*, with the sacred mind,

Came first of all. On polisht stones they sate

Neare to the Navie. To increase the state,

Minerva tooke the heralds forme on her

That serv'd *Alcinous*; studious to prefer

Ulysses Suite for home. About the towne

She made quicke way; and fild with the renowne

Of that designe, the eares of every man:

Proclaiming thus; *Peers Phæacensian!*

And men of Councill: all haste to the Court;

To heare the stranger that made late resort

To king *Alcinous*: long time lost at Sea;

And is in person, like a Deitie.

This, all their powres set up; and spirit instild;

And straight the Court and seats, with men were fild.

The whole State wonderd at *Laertes* Son

When they beheld him. *Pallas* put him on

A supernaturall, and heavenly dresse;

Enlarg'd him with a height, and goodlinesse

In breast, and shoulders; that he might appeare }

Gracious, and grave, and reverend; and beare }

A perfect hand on his performance there,

In all the trials they resolv'd t' impose.

All met; and gatherd in attention close;

Alcinous thus bespake them: Dukes, and Lords;

*Pallas like
the Herald.*

*Alcinous exhorts
the Phæacians to
the beliefe of
Ulysses.*

Heare me digest, my hearty thoughts in words:
This Stranger here whose travels found my Court;
I know not; nor can tell if his resort
From East or West comes: But his suite is this;
That to his Countrey earth we would dismis
His hither-forced person; and doth beare
The minde to passe it under every Peere:
Whom I prepare, and stirre up; making knowne
My free desire of his deduction.
Nor shall there ever, any other man
That tries the goodnesse *Phæacensian*,
In me, and my Courts entertainment; stay
Mourning for passage, under least delay.
Come then; A ship into the sacred seas,
New-built, now lanch we; and from out our prease;
Chuse two and fiftie Youths; of all, the best
To use an oare. All which, see straight imprest;
And in their Oare-bound seates. Let others hie
Home to our Court; commanding instantly
The solemne preparation of a feast;
In which, provision may for any guest
Be made at my charge. Charge of these low things,
I give our Youth. You Scepter-bearing kings,
Consort me home; and helpe with grace to use
This guest of ours: no one man shall refuse.
Some other of you, haste, and call to us
The sacred singer, grave *Demodocus*;
To whom hath God given, song that can excite
The heart of whom he listeth with delight.
This said, he led. The Scepter-bearers lent

Their free attendance; and with all speede, went
The herald for the sacred man in song.
Youths two and fiftie; chosen from the throng
Went, as was willd, to the untam'd seas shore;
Where come; they lancht the ship: the Mast it bore
Advanc't, sailes hoised; every seate, his Ore
Gave with a lether thong: the deepe moist then
They further reacht. The drie streets flowd with men;
That troupe't up to the kings capacious Court.
Whose *Porticos*, were chok't with the resort:
Whose wals were hung with men: yong, old, thrust there,
In mighty concourse; for whose promist cheere
Alcinous slue twelve Sheepe; eight white-toothd Swine:
Two crook-hancht Beeves; which flead, and drest, divine
The show was of so many a jocund Guest
All set together, at so set a feast.
To whose accomplit state, the Herald then
The lovely Singer led; Who past all mean
The Muse affected; gave him good, and ill;
His eies put out; but put in soule at will.
His place was given him, in a chaire, all grac't
With silver studs, and gainst a Pillar plac't;
Where, as the Center to the State, he rests;
And round about, the circle of the Guests.
The Herald, on a Pinne, above his head
His soundfull harpe hung: to whose height, he led
His hand for taking of it downe at will.
A Boord set by, with food; and forth did fill
A Bowle of wine, to drinke at his desire.
The rest then, fell to feast; and when the fire

Demodocus
Poeta.

*The contention
of Achilles
and Ulysses.*

Of appetite was quencht: the Muse inflam'd
The sacred Singer. Of men highest fam'd,
He sung the glories; and a Poeme pend,
That in applause, did ample heaven ascend.
Whose subject was, the sterne contention
Betwixt *Ulysses*, and Great *Thetis* Sonne;
As, at a banquet, sacred to the Gods
In dreadfull language, they exprest their ods.
When *Agamemnon*, sat rejoyc't in soule
To heare the Greeke Peeres jarre, in termes so foule;
For *Augur Phæbus*, in presage had told
The king of men, (desirous to unfold
The wars perplexed end; and being therefore gone
In heavenly *Pythia*, to the Porch of stone,)
That then the end, of all griefes should begin,
Twixt *Greece*, and *Troy*; when *Greece* (with strife to winne
That wisht conclusion) in her kings should jarre;
And pleade, if force, or wit must end the warre.

*Ulyssi move-
tur fletus.*

This brave contention did the Poet sing;
Expressing so the spleene of either king;
That his large purple weede, *Ulysses* held
Before his face, and eies; since thence distilld
Teares uncontaind; which he obscur'd, in feare
To let th' observing Presence, note a teare.
But when his sacred song the meere Divine
Had given an end; a Goblet crownd with wine
Ulysses (drying his wet eies) did seise;
And sacrificde to those Gods that would please
T' inspire the Poet with a song so fit
To do him honour, and renowme his wit.

*The continued
pietie of Ulysses
through all
places, times,
and occasions.*

His teares then staid. But when againe began
(By all the kings desires) the moving man;
Againe *Ulysses*, could not chuse but yeeld
To that soft passion: which againe, withheld,
He kept so cunningly from sight; that none
(Except *Alcinous* himselfe, alone)
Discern'd him mov'd so much. But he sat next;
And heard him deeply sigh. Which, his pretext
Could not keepe hid from him. Yet he conceal'd
His utterance of it; and would have it held
From all the rest. Brake off the song, and this
Said to those Ore-affecting Peeres of his:

Princes, and Peeres! we now are satiate
With sacred song, that fits a feast of state:
With wine, and food. Now then, to field, and try;
In all kinds our approv'd activity;
That this our Guest, may give his friends to know
In his returne: that we, as little owe
To fights, and wrestlings, leaping, speede of race,
As these our Court-rites; and commend our grace
In all, to all superiour. Foorth he led
The Peeres and people, troup't up to their head:
Nor must *Demodocus* be left within;
Whose harpe, the Herald hung upon the pinne;
His hand, in his tooke; and abroad he brought
The heavenly Poet: out, the same way wrought
That did the Princes: and what they would see
With admiration, with his companie
They wisht to honour. To the place of Game
These throng'd; and after, routs of other came,

Since the Phæ-
cians were not
only dwellers by
sea, but studious
also of sea qualli-
ties: their names
seeme to usurpe
their faculties
therein.

All consisting of
sea-faring signi-
fication, except
Laodamas.

As *Acronæus*,
summa seu ex-
trema *Navis*
pars. *Ocyalus*
velox in mari.
Elatreus, or
Ἐλατήρ
ἐλατήριος,
Remex, &c.

Of all sort, infinite. Of Youths that strove,
Many, and strong, rose to their trials love.

Up rose *Acronæus*, and *Ocyalus*;
Elatreus, *Prymneus*, and *Anchyalus*;
Nauteus, *Eretmeus*, *Thoon*, *Proreus*;
Pontæus, and the strong *Amphialus*,
Sonne to *Tectonides*, *Polinius*.

Up rose to these, the great *Euryalus*;
In action like the homicide of warre.

Naubolides, that was for person farre
Past all the rest: but one he could not passe;
Nor any thought improve; *Laodamas*.

Up *Anabesinæus* then arose;
And three sonnes of the Scepter state, and those;
Were *Halius*, and fore-praisde *Laodamas*;
And *Clytonæus*, like a God in grace.

These first the foote-game tride; and from the lists
Tooke start together. Up the dust, in mists
They hurld about; as in their speede, they flew;
But *Clytonæus*, first, of all the crew
A Stiches length in any fallow field
Made good his pace; when where the Judges yeeld
The prise, and praise, his glorious speed arriv'd.
Next, for the boistrous wrestling Game they striv'd;
At which, *Euryalus*, the rest outshone.
At leape, *Amphialus*. At the hollow stone
Elatreus exceld. At buffets, last,
Laodamas, the kings faire sonne surpast.

When all had striv'd in these assaies their fill;
Laodamas said; Come friends; let's prove what skill

This Stranger hath attained to, in our sport;
 Me thinks, he must be of the active sort.
 His calves, thighs, hands, and well-knit shoulders show,
 That *Nature* disposition did bestow
 To fit with fact their forme. Nor wants he prime.
 But sowre *Affliction*, made a mate with *Time*,
 Makes *Time* the more seene. Nor imagine I,
 A worse thing to enforce debilitie,
 Then is the Sea: though nature ne're so strong
 Knits one together. Nor conceive you wrong,
 (Replied *Euryalus*) but prove his blood
 With what you question. In the midst then stood
 Renowm'd *Laodamas*, and prov'd him thus;

Come (stranger Father) and assaie with us
 Your powrs in these contentions: If your show
 Be answerd with your worth, tis fit that you
 Should know these conflicts: nor doth glorie stand
 On any worth more, in a mans command,
 Then to be strenuous, both of foote and hand: }
 Come then, make prooffe with us; discharge your mind
 Of discontentments: for not farre behind
 Comes your deduction. Ship is ready now;
 And men, and all things. Why (said he) dost thou
 Mocke me *Laodamas*! and these strifes bind
 My powrs to answer? I am more inclind
 To cares, then conflict. Much sustaind I have;
 And still am suffering. I come here to crave
 In your assemblies, meanes to be dismiss,
 And pray, both Kings, and subjects to assist.

Euryalus, an open brawle began;

III cc

*Laodamas urgeth
 Ulysses to their
 sports.*

*The word is
 πομπή
 signifying:
 deductio: qua
 transvehen-
 dum curamus
 eum qui nobis-
 cum aliquandiu
 est versatus.*

*Euryalus up-
braids Ulysses.*

And said: I take you Sir, for no such man
As fits these honord strifes. A number more
Strange men there are, that I would chuse before.
To one that loves to lie a ship-boord much;
Or is the Prince of sailours; or to such
As traffique farre and neare, and nothing minde
But freight, and passage, and a foreright winde;
Or to a victler of a ship: or men

*κερδέων θ'
ἀρπαλέων.*

That set up all their powrs for rampant Gaine,
I can compare, or hold you like to be:
But, for a wrestler, or of qualitie
Fit for contentions noble; you abhor
From worth of any such competitor.

Ulysses angry.

Ulysses (frowning) answerd; Stranger! farre
Thy words are from the fashions regular
Of kinde, or honour. Thou art in thy guise
Like to a man, that authors injuries.

*ἀτάσθαλος
Damnorum
magnorum
auctor.*

I see, the Gods to all men, give not all
Manly addiction; wisdom; words that fall
(Like dice) upon the square still. Some man takes
Ill forme from parents; but God often makes
That fault of forme up, with observ'd repaire
Of pleasing speech: that makes him held for faire;
That makes him speake securely: makes him shine
In an assembly, with a grace divine.
Men take delight, to see how evenly lie
His words asteepe, in honey modestie.
Another then, hath fashion like a God;
But in his language, he is foule, and broad:
And such art thou. A person faire is given;

But nothing else is in thee, sent from heaven.
For in thee lurkes, a base, and earthy soule
And t'hast compell'd me, with a speech most foule
To be thus bitter. I am not unseene
In these faire strifes, as thy words overweene:
But in the first ranke of the best I stand.
At least, I did, when youth and strength of hand
Made me thus confident: but now am worne
With woes, and labours; as a humane borne
To beare all anguish. Sufferd much I have.
The warre of men, and the inhumane wave
Have I driven through at all parts: but with all
My waste in sufferance: what yet may fall
In my performance, at these strifes Ile trie;
Thy speech hath mov'd, and made my wrath runne hie.

This said; with robe, and all, he graspt a stone,
A little graver then was ever throwne
By these *Phæacians*, in their wrestling rout;
More firme, more massie; which (turnd round about)
He hurried from him, with a hand so strong
It sung, and flew: and over all the throng
(That at the others markes stood) quite it went:
Yet downe fell all beneath it; fearing spent
The force that drave it flying from his hand,
As it a dart were, or a walking wand.
And, farre past all the markes of all the rest
His wing stole way. When *Pallas* straight imprest
A marke at fall of it; resembling then
One of the navy-given *Phæacian* men;
And thus advanc't *Ulysses*: One, (though blinde)

(O stranger!) groping, may thy stones fall finde;
 For not amidst the rout of markes it fell,
 But farre before all. Of thy worth, thinke well;
 And stand in all strifes: no *Phæacian* here,
 This bound, can either better or come nere.
Ulysses joyd, to heare that one man yet
 Usde him benignly; and would Truth abet
 In those contentions. And then, thus smooth
 He tooke his speech downe: Reach me that now Youth,
 You shall (and straight I thinke) have one such more;
 And one beyond it too. And now, whose Core
 Stands sound, and great within him (since ye have
 Thus put my splene up) come againe and brave
 The Guest ye tempted, with such grosse disgrace:
 At wrestling, buffets, whirlbat, speed of race.
 At all, or either, I except at none,
 But urge the whole State of you; onely one
 I will not challenge, in my forced boast,
 And that's *Laodamas*; for hee's mine Host.
 And who will fight, or wrangle with his friend?
 Unwise he is, and base, that will contend
 With him that feedes him, in a forreigne place;
 And takes all edge off, from his owne sought grace.
 None else except I here; nor none despise;
 But wish to know, and prove his faculties,
 That dares appeare now. No strife ye can name
 Am I unskilld in; (reckon any game
 Of all that are, as many as there are
 In use with men) for Archerie I dare
 Affirme my selfe not meane. Of all a troupe

He names Laodamas onely for all the other brothers; since in his exception, the others envies were curbd: for brothers either are or should be of one acceptation in all fit things. And Laodamas, he calles his host, being eldest son to Alcinous: the heire being ever the yong master; nor might he conveniently prefer Alcinous in his exception, since he stood not in competition at these contentions.

Ile make the first foe with mine arrow stoupe;
 Though, with me ne're so many fellowes bend
 Their bowes at markt men, and affect their end;
 Onely was *Philoctetes* with his bow
 Still my superiour; when we Greekes would show
 Our Archerie against our foes of *Troy*:
 But all that now by bread, fraile life enjoy,
 I farre hold my inferiours. Men of old
 None now alive, shall witnesse me so bold
 To vant equality with such men as these;
Oechalian, Euritus, Hercules;
 Who with their bowes, durst with the Gods contend.
 And therefore caught *Eurytus* soone his end.
 Nor di'd at home, in age, a reverend man;
 But by the Great incensed *Delphian*
 Was shot to death, for daring competence
 With him, in all an Archers excellence.
 A Speare Ile hurle as farre, as any man
 Shall shoote a shaft. How at a race I can
 Bestirre my feete; I onely yeeld to Feare,
 And doubt to meete with my superiour here.
 So many seas, so too much have misusde
 My lims for race; and therefore have diffusde
 A dissolution through my loved knees.

Apollo.

This said, he stilld all talking properties;
Alcinous onely answerd: O my Guest
 In good part take we, what you have bene prest
 With speech to answer. You would make appeare
 Your vertues therefore, that will still shine where
 Your onely looke is. Yet must this man give

*The ingenuous
 and roiall speech
 of Alcinous to
 Ulysses.*

Your worth ill language; when, he does not live
In sort of mortals (whence so ere he springs
That judgement hath to speake becoming things)
That will deprave your vertues. Note then now
My speech, and what, my love presents to you;
That you may tell *Heroes*, when you come
To banquet with your Wife, and Birth at home,
(Mindfull of our worth) what deservings *Jove*
Hath put on our parts likewise; in remove
From Sire to Sonne, as an inherent grace
Kinde, and perpetuall. We must needs give place
To other Countrey men; and freely yeeld
We are not blamelesse, in our fights of field;
Buffets, nor wrestlings: but in speede of feete;
And all the Equipage that fits a fleete,
We boast us best. For table ever spred
With neighbour feasts, for garments varied;
For *Poesie*, *Musique*, *Dancing*, *Baths*, and *Beds*.
And now, *Phæacians*, you that beare your heads
And feete with best grace, in enamouring dance;
Enflame our guest here; that he may advance
Our worth past all the worlds, to his home friends;
As well for the unmatched grace, that commends
Your skills in footing of a dance; as theirs
That flie a race best. And so, all affaires,
At which we boast us best; he best may trie;
As Sea-race, Land-race, Dance, and Poesie.
Some one, with instant speede to Court retire,
And fetch *Demodocus*, his soundfull lyre.

 This said, the God-grac't king, and quicke resort

Pontonous made, for that faire harpe, to Court.

Nine of the lot-chusde publique Rulers rose,
That all in those contentions did dispose;
Commanding a most smooth ground, and a wide,
And all the people, in faire game, aside.

Then with the rich harpe, came *Pontonous*;
And in the midst, tooke place *Demodocus*.

About him then stood foorth, the choise yong men,
That on mans first youth, made fresh entrie then:
Had Art to make their naturall motion sweete
And shooke a most divine dance from their feete;
That twinckld Star-like; mov'd as swift, and fine,
And beate the aire so thinne, they made it shine.

Ulysses wonderd at it; but amazd

He stood in minde, to heare the dance so phras'd.

For, as they danc't; *Demodocus* did sing,

The bright-crownd *Venus* love, with Battailes king;

As first they closely mixt, in t'house of fire.

What worlds of gifts, wonne her to his desire;

Who then, the night-and-day-bed did defile

Of good king *Vulcan*. But in little while

The Sunne their mixture saw; and came, and told.

The bitter newes, did by his eares take hold

Of *Vulcans* heart. Then to his Forge he went;

And in his shrewd mind, deepe stuffe did invent.

His mightie Anvile, in the stocke he put;

And forg'd a net, that none could loose, or cut;

That when it had them, it might hold them fast.

Which, having finisht, he made utmost haste

Up to the deare roome, where his wife he wowd:

μαρμαρυγὰς
ποδῶν.
μαρμαρυγή
signifies splen-
dor vibrans; a
twinckd splendor:
Vibrare veluti
μαρμαρύσσειν.
radios solares.
Ayre rarefied
turns first.

The matter
whereof none
can see.

χρυσήνιος
ἄρης.

And (madly wrath with *Mars*) he all bestrowd
The bed, and bed-posts: all the beame above
That crost the chamber; and a circle strove,
Of his device, to wrap in all the roome.
And twas as pure, as of a Spiders loome,
The woofe before tis woven. No man nor God
Could set his eie on it: a sleight so odde,
His Art shewd in it. All his craft bespent
About the bed: he faind, as if he went
To well-built *Lemnos*; his most loved towne,
Of all townes earthly. Nor left this unknowne
To golden-bridle-using *Mars*; who kept
No blinde watch over him: but, seeing stept
His rivall so aside, he hasted home
With faire-wreath'd *Venus* love stung; who was come
New from the Court of her most mightie Sire.
Mars enterd; wrung her hand; and the retire
Her husband made to *Lemnos* told; and said;
Now (*Love*) is *Vulcan* gone; let us to bed,
Hee's for the barbarous *Sintians*. Well appaid
Was *Venus* with it; and afresh assaid
Their old encounter. Downe they went; and straight
About them clingd, the artificiall sleight
Of most wise *Vulcan*; and were so ensnar'd,
That neither they could stirre their course prepar'd,
In any lim about them; nor arise.
And then they knew, they could no more disguise
Their close conveyance; but lay, forc't, stone still.
Backe rusht the Both-foote crook't; but straight in skill,
From his neare skout-hole turnd; nor ever went

To any *Lemnos*; but the sure event
 Left *Phæbus* to discover, who told all.
 Then, home hopt *Vulcan*, full of grieve, and gall;
 Stood in the Portall, and cried out so hie;
 That all the Gods heard. Father of the skie
 And every other deathlesse God (said he)
 Come all, and a ridiculous object see;
 And yet not sufferable neither; Come,
 And witnesse, how when still I step from home,
 (Lame that I am) *Joves* daughter doth professe
 To do me all the shamefull offices;
 Indignities, despites, that can be thought;
 And loves this all-things-making-come to nought
 Since he is faire forsooth; foote-sound, and I
 Tooke in my braine a little; leg'd awrie;
 And no fault mine; but all my parents fault,
 Who should not get, if mocke me, with my halt.
 But see how fast they sleepe, while I, in mone,
 Am onely made, an idle looker on.
 One bed their turne serves; and it must be mine;
 I thinke yet, I have made their selfe-loves shine.
 They shall no more wrong me, and none perceive:
 Nor will they sleepe together, I beleieve
 With too hote haste againe. Thus both shall lie
 In craft, and force; till the extremitie
 Of all the dowre, I gave her Sire (to gaine
 A dogged set-fac't Girle, that will not staine
 Her face with blushing, though she shame her head)
 He paies me backe: She's faire, but was no maide.

*Vulcans com-
plaint.*

While this long speech was making, all were come
 III dd

To *Vulcans* wholie-brazen-founded home.
 Earth-shaking *Neptune*; usefull *Mercurie*,
 And far-shot *Phæbus*. No She Deitie
 For shame, would show there: all the give-good Gods
 Stood in the Portall; and past periods
 Gave length to laughters; all rejoyc't to see
 That which they said; that no impietie
 Finds good successe at th' end. And now (said one)
 The slow outgoes the swift. Lame *Vulcan*, knowne
 To be the slowest of the Gods; outgoes
Mars the most swift; And this is that, which growes
 To greatest justice; that Adulteries sport
 Obtain'd by craft, by craft of other sort,
 (And lame craft too) is plagu'd, which grieves the more,
 That sound lims turning lame; the lame, * restore.

* Intending them
 sound of foote;
 when they out-
 goe the soundest.

This speech amongst themselves they entertaind
 When *Phæbus*, thus askt *Hermes*: Thus enchaind
 Would'st thou be *Hermes*, to be thus disclosde?
 Though, with thee, golden *Venus* were repos'de?

He soone gave that an answer: O (said he
 Thou king of Archers) would twere thus with me.
 Though thrice so much shame; nay, though infinite
 Were powrd about me; and that every light
 In great heaven shining, witnest all my harmes,
 So golden *Venus* slumberd in mine Armes.

The Gods againe laught; even the watry state
 Wrung out a laughter: But propitiate
 Was still for *Mars*, and praid the God of fire
 He would dissolve him; offering the desire
 He made to *Jove*, to pay himselfe; and said,

All due debts, should be, by the Gods repaid.

Pay me, no words (said he) where deeds lend paine;
Wretched the words are, given for wretched men.

How shall I binde you in th'Immortals sight
If *Mars* be once loos'd; nor will pay his right?

Vulcan (said he) if *Mars* should flie, nor see
Thy right repaid, it should be paid by me:
Your word, so given, I must accept (said he) }
Which said; he loosd them: *Mars* then rusht from skie

*This is τὸ,
τὰ μικρὰ,
μεγάλως.
&c. Parva
magne dice-
re; grave sen-
tence out of light-
est vapor.*

And stoop't cold *Thrace*. The laughing Deity
For *Cyprus* was, and tooke her *Paphian* state
Where, She a Grove, ne're cut, hath consecrate:
All with *Arabian* odors fum'd; and hath
An Altar there, at which the *Graces* bathe,
And with immortall Balms besmooth her skin;
Fit for the blisse, Immortals solace in;
Deckt her in to-be-studied attire,
And apt to set beholders hearts on fire.

This sung the sacred Muse, whose notes and words
The dancers feete kept; as his hands his cords.
Ulysses, much was pleased, and all the crew:

This would the king have varied with a new
And pleasing measure; and performed by
Two, with whom none would strive in dancerie.
And those, his sonnes were; that must therefore dance
Alone; and onely to the harp advance,
Without the words; And this sweete couple, was
Yong *Halius*, and divine *Laodamas*:
Who danc't a Ball dance. Then the rich-wrought Ball,
(That *Polybus* had made, of purple all)

They tooke to hand: one threw it to the skie,
 And then danc't backe; the other (capring hie)
 Would surely catch it, ere his foote toucht ground;
 And up againe advanc't it; and so found
 The other, cause of dance; and then did he
 Dance lofty trickes; till next it came to be
 His turne to catch; and serve the other still.
 When they had kept it up to eithers will;
 They then danc't ground tricks; oft mixt hand in hand;
 And did so gracefully their change command;
 That all the other Youth that stood at pause,
 With deafning shouts, gave them the great applause.

*Ulysses to Alci-
 nous.*

Then said *Ulysses*; O past all men here
 Cleare, not in powre, but in desert as clere,
 You said your dancers, did the world surpasse;
 And they performe it, cleare, and to amaze.

This wonne *Alcinous* heart; and equall prise
 He gave *Ulysses*; saying; Matchlesse wise
 (Princes, and Rulers) I perceive our guest;
 And therefore let our hospitable best
 In fitting gifts be given him: twelve chiefe kings
 There are that order all the glorious things
 Of this our kingdome; and the thirteenth, I
 Exist, as Crowne to all: let instantly
 Be thirteene garments given him: and, of gold
 Precious, and fine, a Talent. While we hold
 This our assembly; be all fetcht, and given;
 That to our feast prepar'd, as to his heaven
 One guest may enter. And that nothing be
 Left unperformd, that fits his dignity;

Euryalus shall here conciliate
 Himselfe, with words and gifts; since past our rate
 He gave bad language. This did all commend
 And give in charge; and every king did send
 His Herald for his gift. *Euryalus*
 (Answering for his part) said; *Alcinous*!
 Our chiefe of all; since you command, I will
 To this our guest, by all meanes reconcile;
 And give him this entirely mettald sword:
 The handle massie silver; and the bord
 That gives it cover, all of Ivorie,
 New, and in all kinds, worth his qualitie.

This put he strait into his hand, and said:
 Frolicke, O Guest and Father; if words, fled,
 Have bene offensive; let swift whirlwinds take,
 And ravish them from thought. May all Gods make
 Thy wifes sight good to thee; in quicke retreat
 To all thy friends, and best-lov'd breeding seate;
 Their long misse quitting with the greater joy;
 In whose sweet, vanish all thy worst annoy.

And frolicke thou, to all height, Friend (said he)
 Which heaven confirme, with wisht felicitie.
 Nor ever give againe desire to thee,
 Of this swords use, which with affects so free, }
 In my reclaime, thou hast bestowd on me.

This said; athwart his shoulders he put on
 The right faire sword; and then did set the Sunne.
 When all the gifts were brought; which backe againe
 (With King *Alcinous*, in all the traine)
 Were by the honourd Heralds borne to Court;

Which his faire sonnes tooke; and from the resort
 Laid by their reverend Mother. Each his throne
 Of all the Peeres (which yet were overshadowed
 In King *Alcinous* command) ascended:
 Whom he, to passe as much in gifts contended;
 And to his Queene, said: Wife! see brought me here
 The fairest Cabinet I have; and there
 Impose a well-cleansd, in, and utter weed;
 A Caldron heate with water, that with speed
 Our Guest well bath'd, and all his gifts made sure,
 It may a joyfull appetite procure
 To his succeeding Feast; and make him heare
 The Poets *Hymne*, with the securer eare.
 To all which, I will adde my boll of gold,
 In all frame curious, to make him hold
 My memory alwaies deare; and sacrifice
 With it at home, to all the Deities.

Then *Arete*, her maids charg'd to set on
 A well-siz'd Caldron quickly. Which was done;
 Cleare water powr'd in, flame made so entire,
 It gilt the brasse, and made the water fire.
 In meane space, from her chamber brought the Queene
 A wealthy Cabinet, where (pure and cleane)
 She put the garments, and the gold bestowd
 By that free State: and then, the other vowd
 By her *Alcinous*, and said: Now Guest
 Make close and fast your gifts, lest when you rest
 A ship-boord sweetly, in your way you meet
 Some losse, that lesse may make your next sleepe sweet.

This when *Ulysses* heard; all sure he made;
 Enclosde and bound safe; for the saving trade,

The Reverend for her wisdom (*Circe*) had
In foreyeares taught him. Then the handmaid bad
His worth to bathing; which rejoyc't his heart.
For since he did with his *Calypso* part,
He had no hote baths. None had favourd him;
Nor bin so tender of his kingly lim.
But all the time he spent in her abode,
He liv'd respected, as he were a God.

Cleansd then and balmd; faire shirt, and robe put on;
Fresh come from bath, and to the Feasters gone;
Nausicaa, that from the Gods hands tooke
The soveraigne beautie of her blessed looke,
Stood by a well-carv'd Columne of the roome,
And through her eye, her heart was overcome
With admiration of the Port imprest
In his aspect; and said: God save you Guest!
Be chearfull, as in all the future state,
Your home will shew you, in your better Fate.
But yet, even then, let this rememberd be,
Your lifes price, I lent, and you owe it me.

Nausicaa enflamed with Ulysses.

The varied in all counsels gave reply:
Nausicaa! flowre of all this Empery!
So *Junos* husband, that the strife for noise
Makes in the clouds, blesse me with strife of Joyes,
In the desir'd day, that my house shall show,
As I, as I to a Goddess, there shall vow,
To thy faire hand, that did my Being give;
Which Ile acknowledge every houre I live.

This said; *Alcinous* plac't him by his side;
Then tooke they feast, and did in parts divide
The severall dishes; filld out wine, and then

ἐπίηρον
δοιδόν,
Poetam cuius
hominibus dig-
na est societas.

The striv'd-for, for his worth, of worthy men,
And reverenc't of the State; *Demodocus*
Was brought in by the good *Pontonus*.
In midst of all the guests, they gave him place,
Against a loftie Pillar; when, this grace
The grac't with wisdom did him. From the Chine
That stood before him of a white-tooth'd Swine,
(Being farre the daintiest joynt) mixt through with fat,
He carv'd to him, and sent it where he sat,
By his old friend, the Herald; willing thus:
Herald! reach this to grave *Demodocus*;
Say, I salute him; and his worth embrace.
Poets deserve past all the humane race,
Reverend respect and honor; since the Queene
Of knowledge, and the supreme worth in men
(*The Muse*) informes them; and loves all their race.
This, reacht the Herald to him; who, the grace
Receiv'd encourag'd: which, when feast was spent,
Ulysses amplified to this ascent:

Demodocus! I must preferre you farre,
Past all your sort; if, or the *Muse* of warre,
Joves daughter prompts you; (that the Greeks respects)
Or if the Sunne, that those of *Troy* affects.
For I have heard you, since my coming, sing
The Fate of *Greece*, to an admired string.
How much our sufferance was; how much we wrought;
How much the actions rose to, when we fought.
So lively forming, as you had bin there;
Or to some free relator, lent your eare.
Forth then, and sing the wooden horses frame,

Built by *Epeus*; by the martiall Dame,
Taught the whole Fabricke; which, by force of sleight,
Ulysses brought into the Cities height;
When he had stufte it with as many men,
As leveld loftie *Ilion* with the Plaine.
With all which, if you can as well enchant,
As with expression quicke and elegant,
You sung the rest; I will pronounce you cleare,
Inspir'd by God, past all that ever were.

This said; even stird by God up, he began;
And to his Song fell, past the forme of man;
Beginning where, the Greeks a ship-boord went,
And every Chiefe, had set on fire his Tent.
When th' other Kings, in great *Ulysses* guide,
In *Troys* vast market place, the horse did hide:
From whence, the *Trojans*, up to *Ilion* drew
The dreadfull Engine. Where (sate all arew)
Their Kings about it: many counsels given,
How to dispose it. In three waies were driven
Their whole distractions: first, if they should feele
The hollow woods heart, (searcht with piercing steele)
Or from the battlements (drawne higher yet)
Deject it headlong; or, that counterfet,
So vast and novell, set on sacred fire;
Vowd to appease each angerd Godheads ire.
On which opinion, they, thereafter, saw,
They then should have resolv'd: th' unalterd law
Of Fate presaging; that *Troy* then should end,
When th' hostile horse, she should receive to friend;
For therein should the *Grecian* Kings lie hid,
To bring the Fate and death, they after did.

He sung besides, the Greeks eruption
 From those their hollow crafts; and horse forgone;
 And how they made *Depopulation* tread
 Beneath her feete, so high a Cities head.
 In which affaire, he sung in other place,
 That of that ambush, some man else did race
 The *Ilion* Towres, then **Laertiades*;
 But here he * sung, that he alone did seise
 (With *Menelaus*) the ascended rooffe
 Of Prince *Deiphobus*; and Mars-like prooffe
 Made of his valour: a most dreadfull fight,
 Daring against him. And there vanquisht quite,
 In litle time (by great *Minervas* aid)
 All *Ilions* remnant, and *Troy* leuell laid.
 This the divine Expressor, did so give
 Both act and passion, that he made it live;
 And to *Ulysses* facts did breathe a fire,
 So * deadly quickning, that it did inspire
 Old death with life; and renderd life so sweet,
 And passionate, that all there felt it fleet;
 Which made him pitie his owne crueltie,
 And put into that ruth, so pure an eie
 Of humane frailtie; that to see a man
 Could so revive from Death; yet no way can
 Defend from death; his owne quicke powres it made
 Feele there deaths horrors: and he felt life fade
 In * teares, his feeling braine swet: for in things
 That move past utterance, teares ope all their springs.
 Nor are there in the Powres, that all life beares,
 More true interpreters of all, then teares.
 And as a Ladie mournes her sole-lov'd Lord,

Ulysses.
As by the divine
fury directly in-
spired so, for
Ulysses glory.

In that the
slaughters he
made, were ex-
prest so lively.

ΤΗΚΕΤΟ
 ὈΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ.
 ΤΗΚΩ, *Metaph.*
signifying, con-
sumo, tabesco.

Simile.

That false before his Citie, by the sword,
 Fighting to rescue from a cruell Fate,
 His towne and children; and, in dead estate
 Yet panting, seeing him; wraps him in her armes,
 Weeps, shriekes, and powres her health into his armes;
 Lies on him, striving to become his shield
 From foes that still assaile him; speares impeld
 Through backe and shoulders; by whose points embrude,
 They raise and leade him into servitude,
 Labor and languor: for all which, the Dame
 Eates downe her cheekes with teares, and feeds lifes flame
 With miserable sufferance: So this King,
 Of teare-swet anguish, op't a boundlesse spring:
 Nor yet was seene to any one man there,
 But King *Alcinous*, who sate so neare,
 He could not scape him: sighs (so chok't) so brake
 From all his tempers, which the King did take
 Both note, and grave respect of, and thus spake: }
 Heare me, *Phæacian* Counsellers and Peeres;
 And cease, *Demodocus*; perhaps all eares
 Are not delighted with his song; for, ever
 Since the divine Muse sung, our Guest hath never
 Containd from secret mournings. It may fall,
 That something sung, he hath bin griev'd withall,
 As touching his particular. Forbeare;
 That *Feast* may joyntly comfort all hearts here;
 And we may cheare our Guest up; tis our best,
 In all due honor. For our reverend Guest,
 Is all our celebration, gifts, and all,
 His love hath added to our Festivall.
 A Guest, and suppliant too; we should esteeme

Deare as our brother; one that doth but dreame
 He hath a soule; or touch but at a mind
 Deathlesse and manly; should stand so enclin'd.
 Nor cloke you, longer, with your curious wit,
 (Lov'd Guest) what ever we shall aske of it.
 It now stands on your honest state to tell;
 And therefore give your name; nor more conceale,
 What of your parents, and the Towne that beares
 Name of your native; or of forreiners
 That neare us border, you are calld in fame.
 There's no man living, walkes without a name;
 Noble nor base; but had one from his birth;
 Imposde as fit, as to be borne. What earth,
 People, and citie, owne you? Give to know:
 Tell but our ships all, that your way must show;
 For our * ships know th'expressed minds of men;
 And will so most intently retaine
 Their scopes appointed, that they never erre;
 And yet use never any man to stere:
 Nor any Rudders have, as others need.
 They know mens thoughts; and whither tends their speed.
 And there will set them. For you cannot name
 A Citie to them; nor fat Soile, that *Fame*
 Hath any notice given; but well they know,
 And will flie to them, though they ebbe and flow,
 In blackest clouds and nights; and never beare
 Of any wracke or rocke, the slendrest feare.
 But this I heard my Sire *Nausithous* say
 Long since, that *Neptune* seeing us convey
 So safely passengers of all degrees,
 Was angry with us; and upon our seas,

This
 τερατολογία
 or affirmation of
 miracles, how
 impossible soever
 in these times as-
 sured, yet in those
 ages they were
 neither absurd
 nor strange.
 Those inanimate
 things having (it
 seemd) certain
 Genii, in whose
 powers, they sup-
 posed, their ships
 faculties. As
 others have
 affirmed
 Oke to have
 sence of hearing:
 and so the ship of
 Argos was said
 to have a Mast
 made of Dodone-
 an Oke, that was
 vocall, and could
 speake.

A well-built ship we had (neare habor come,
 From safe deduction of some stranger home)
 Made in his flitting billowes, sticke stone still;
 And dimm'd our Citie, like a mightie hill,
 With shade cast round about it. This report,
 The old * King made; in which miraculous sort,
 If God had done such things, or left undone;
 At his good pleasure be it. But now, on,
 And truth relate us; both whence you errd;
 And to what Clime of men would be transferrd;
 With all their faire Townes; be they, as they are;
 If rude, unjust, and all irregular;
 Or hospitable, bearing minds that please
 The mightie Deitie. Which one of these
 You would be set at, say; and you are there;
 And therefore what afflicts you? why, to heare
 The Fate of *Greece* and *Ilion*, mourne you so?
 The Gods have done it; as to all, they do
 Destine destruction; that from thence may rise
 A Poeme to instruct posterities.
 Fell any kinsman before *Ilion*?
 Some worthy Sire-in-law, or like-neare sonne?
 Whom next our owne blood, and selfe-race we love?
 Or any friend perhaps, in whom did move
 A knowing soule, and no displeasing thing?
 Since such a good one, is no underling
 To any brother: for, what fits true friends,
 True wisdom is, that blood and birth transcends.

*Intending his fa-
ther Nausitbous.*

*True wisdom
fits true friends.*

Finis libri octavi Hom. Odys.

THE NINTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES

THE ARGUMENT.

U LYSSES *here, is first made knowne;
Who tels the sterne contention,
His powres did gainst the Cicons trie;
And thence to the Lotophagie
Extends his conquest: and from them,
Assayes the Cyclop Polypheme;
And by the crafts, his wits apply,
He puts him out his onely eye.*

ANOTHER.

Ἰώτα. *The strangely fed
Lotophagie.
The Cicons fled.
The Cyclops eye.*

ULYSSES THUS RESOLV'D THE
KINGS DEMANDS.
ALCINOUS! (IN WHOM THIS
EMPIRE STANDS)

You should not of so naturall right disherit
Your princely feast, as take from it the spirit.
To heare a Poet, that in accent brings
The Gods breasts downe; and breathes them as he sings,
Is sweet, and sacred; nor can I conceive,
In any common weale, what more doth give
Note of the just and blessed Empery,
Then to see *Comfort* universally
Cheare up the people. When in every rooffe,
She gives observers a most humane prooffe
Of mens contents. To see a neighbours Feast
Adorne it through; and thereat, heare the breast
Of the divine Muse; men in order set;
A * wine-page waiting. Tables crownd with meate
Set close to guests, that are to use it skilld;
The Cup-boords furnisht; and the cups still filld.
This shewes (to my mind) most humanely faire.
Nor should you, for me, still the heavenly aire,
That stirrd my soule so; for I love such teares,
As fall from fit notes; beaten through mine eares,
With repetitions of what heaven hath done;
And breake from heartie apprehension
Of God and goodnesse, though they shew my ill.
And therefore doth my mind excite me still,
To tell my bleeding mone; but much more now,
To serve your pleasure; that, to over-flow
My teares with such cause, may by sighs be driven;
Though ne're so much plagu'd, I may seeme by heaven.

*He begins where
Alcinous com-
manded Demo-
docus to end.*

ολvoxόος.

And now my name; which, way shall leade to all
 My miseries after: that their sounds may fall
 Through your eares also; and shew (having fled
 So much affliction) first, who rests his head
 In your embraces; when (so farre from home)
 I knew not where t' obtaine it resting roome.

I am *Ulysses Laertiades*;
 The feare of all the world for policies;
 For which, my facts as high as heaven resound.
 I dwell in *Ithaca*, Earths most renownd:

εἰνοσίφυλλον.
 quatientem
 seu agitantem
 frondes.

All over-shadow'd with the * Shake-leafe hill
 Tree-fam'd *Neritus*; whose neare confines fill
 Ilands a number, well inhabited,
 That under my observance taste their bread.

quædam quibus
 corpus alitur &
 vita sustentatur
 ὕλη
 appellantur.

Dulichius, *Samos*, and the-full-of-*food
Zacynthus, likewise grac't with store of wood.
 But *Ithaca*, (though in the seas it lie)
 Yet lies she so aloft, she casts her eye
 Quite over all the neighbour Continent.
 Farre Norward situate; and (being lent
 But litle favour of the Morne, and Sunne)
 With barren rocks and cliffes is over-runne.
 And yet of hardie youths, a Nurse of Name.
 Nor could I see a Soile, where ere I came,
 More sweete and wishfull. Yet, from hence was I
 Withheld with horror, by the Deitie
 Divine *Calypso*, in her caviè house;
 Enflam'd to make me her sole Lord and Spouse.
Circe *Ææa* too, (that knowing Dame,
 Whose veines, the like affections did inflame)

Detaind me likewise. But to neithers love,
Could I be tempted; which doth well approve;
Nothing so sweete is as our countries earth,
And joy of those, from whom we claime our birth.
Though roofes farre richer, we farre off possesse,
Yet (from our native) all our more, is lesse.

Amor patriæ.

To which, as I contended, I will tell
The much-distress-conferring-facts, that fell
By *Joves* divine prevention; since I set,
From ruin'd *Troy*, my first foote in retreat.

From *Ilion*, ill winds cast me on the Coast
The *Cicons* hold; where I emploid mine hoast
For *Ismarus*, a Citie, built just by
My place of landing; of which, *Victory*
Made me expugner. I depeopl'd it,
Slue all the men, and did their wives remit,
With much spoile taken; which we did divide,
That none might need his part. I then applide
All speed for flight: but my command therein,
(Fooles that they were) could no observance win
Of many souldiers, who with spoile fed hie,
Would yet fill higher; and excessively
Fell to their wine; gave slaughter on the shore,
Cloven-footed beeves and sheepe, in mightie store.
In meane space, *Cicons* did to *Cicons* crie;
When, of their nearest dwellers, instantly
Many and better souldiers made strong head,
That held the Continent, and managed
Their horse with high skill: on which they would fight,
When fittest cause serv'd; and againe alight,

*After Night, in
the first of the
Morning.*

(With soone seene vantage) and on foote contend.
 Their concourse swift was, and had never end;
 As thicke and sodaine twas, as flowres and leaves
 Darke Spring discovers, when she* Light receaves.
 And then began the bitter Fate of *Jove*
 To alter us unhappie; which, even strove
 To give us suffrance. At our Fleet we made
 Enforced stand; and there did they invade
 Our thrust-up Forces: darts encountred darts,
 With blowes on both sides: either making parts
 Good upon either, while the Morning shone,
 And sacred *Day* her bright increase held on;
 Though much out-matcht in number. But as soone
 As *Phæbus* Westward fell, the *Cicons* wonne
 Much hand of us; sixe proved souldiers fell
 (Of every ship) the rest they did compell
 To seeke of *Flight* escape from *Death* and *Fate*.

Thence (sad in heart) we saild: and yet our State
 Was something chear'd; that (being over-matcht so much
 In violent number) our retreat was such,
 As sav'd so many. Our deare losse the lesse,
 That they surviv'd; so like for like successe.
 Yet left we not the Coast, before we calld
 Home to our country earth, the soules exhald,
 Of all the friends, the *Cicons* overcame.

*The ancient cus-
tome of calling
home the dead.*

Thrice calld we on them, by their severall name,
 And then tooke leave. Then from the angry *North*,
 Cloud-gathering *Jove*, a dreadfull storme calld forth
 Against our Navie; coverd shore and all,
 With gloomie vapors. *Night* did headlong fall

From frowning *Heaven*. And then hurld here and there
Was all our Navie; the rude winds did teare,
In three, in foure parts, all their sailes; and downe
Driven under hatches were we, prest to drowne.
Up rusht we yet againe; and with tough hand
(Two daies, two nights entoild) we gat nere land;
Labours and sorrowes, eating up our minds.
The third cleare day yet, to more friendly winds
We masts advanc't, we white sailes spred, and sate.
Forewinds, and guides, againe did iterate,
Our ease and home-hopes; which we cleare had reacht;
Had not, by chance, a sodaine North-wind fetcht,
With an extreame sea, quite about againe,
Our whole endeavours; and our course constrain
To giddie round; and with our bowd sailes greete
Dreadfull *Maleia*; calling backe our fleete,
As farre forth as *Cythæra*. Nine dayes more,
Adverse winds tost me; and the tenth, the shore,
Where dwell the blossome-fed *Lotophagie*,
I fetcht: fresh water tooke in; instantly
Fell to our food aship-boord; and then sent
Two of my choice men to the Continent,
(Adding a third, a Herald) to discover,
What sort of people were the Rulers over
The land next to us. Where, the first they met,
Were the *Lotophagie*; that made them eate
Their Country diet; and no ill intent,
Hid in their hearts to them: and yet th' event,
To ill converted it; for, having eate
Their daintie viands; they did quite forget

The Lotophagie.

(As all men else, that did but taste their feast)
 Both country-men and country; nor addrest
 Any returne, t'informe what sort of men
 Made fixt abode there; but would needs maintaine,
 Abode themselves there; and eate that food ever.
 I made out after; and was faine to sever
 Th'enchanted knot; by forcing their retreat;
 That striv'd, and wept, and would not leave their meate
 For heaven it selfe. But, dragging them to fleete;
 I wrapt in sure bands, both their hands and feete,
 And cast them under hatches; and away
 Comanded all the rest, without least stay;
 Lest they should taste the *Lote* too; and forget
 With such strange raptures, their despise retreat.

All then aboard, we beate the sea with Ores;
 And still with sad hearts saild by out-way shores;
 Till th'out-lawd *Cyclops* land we fetcht; a race
The idle Cyclops. Of proud-liv'd loiterers, that never sow,
 Nor put a plant in earth, nor use a Plow;
 But trust in God for all things; and their earth,
 (Unsowne, unplowd) gives every of-spring birth,
 That other lands have. Wheate, and Barley; Vines
 That beare in goodly Grapes, delicious wines;
 And *Jove* sends showres for all: no counsels there,
 Nor counsellors, nor lawes; but all men beare
 Their heads aloft on mountaines, and those steepe,
 And on their tops too: and there, houses keepe
 In vaultie Caves; their households governd all
 By each mans law, imposde in severall;

Nor wife, nor child awd; but as he thinks good. }
None for another caring. But there stood }
Another litle Ile, well stor'd with wood, }
Betwixt this and the entry; neither nie
The *Cyclops* Ile, nor yet farre off doth lie.
Mens want it sufferd; but the mens supplies,
The Goates made with their inarticulate cries.
Goates beyond number, this small Iland breeds,
So tame, that no accesse disturbs their feeds.
No hunters (that the tops of mountaines scale,
And rub through woods with toile) seeke them at all.
Nor is the soile with flocks fed downe, nor plowd;
Nor ever in it any seed was sowd.
Nor place the neighbour *Cyclops* their delights,
In brave Vermilion prow-deckt ships; nor wrights
Usefull and skilfull, in such works, as need
Perfection to those trafficks, that exceed
Their naturall confines: to flie out and see
Cities of men; and take in, mutually
The prease of others; To themselves they live,
And to their Iland, that enough would give
A good inhabitant; and time of yeare
Observe to all things Art could order there.
There, close upon the sea, sweet medowes spring,
That yet of fresh streames want no watering
To their soft burthens: but of speciall yeeld,
Your vines would be there; and your common field,
But gentle worke make for your plow; yet beare
A loftie harvest when you came to sheare.

*The descriptions
of all these coun-
tries, have admir-
able allegories,
besides their artly
and pleasing
relation.*

For passing fat the soile is. In it lies
A harbor so opportune, that no ties,
Halsers, or gables need; nor anchors cast.
Whom stormes* put in there, are with stay embrac't;
Or to their full wils safe; or winds aspire
To Pilots uses their more quicke desire.
At entry of the haven, a silver foord
Is from a rock-impressing fountaine powr'd,
All set with sable Poplars; and this Port
Were we arriv'd at, by the sweet resort
Of some God guiding us: for twas a night
So gastly darke, all Port was past our sight,
Clouds hid our ships, and would not let the Moone
Affoord a beame to us; the whole Ile wonne,
By not an eye of ours. None thought the Blore
That then was up, shov'd waves against the shore,
That then to an unmeasur'd height put on.
We still at sea esteemd us, till alone
Our fleet put in it selfe. And then were strooke
Our gatherd sailes: our rest ashore we tooke,
And day expected. When the Morne gave fire,
We rose, and walkt, and did the Ile admire.
The *Nymphs*, *Joves* daughters, putting up a heard
Of mountaine Goates to us, to render cheard
My fellow souldiers. To our Fleet we flew;
Our crooked bowes tooke, long-pil'd darts, and drew
Our selves in three parts out; when, by the grace
That God vouch-saft, we made a gainfull chace.
Twelve ships we had, and every ship had nine
Fat Goates allotted; ten onely mine.

Thus all that day, even till the Sunne was set,
We sate and feasted; pleasant wine and meate,
Plenteously taking; for we had not spent
Our ruddie wine aship-boord: supplement
Of large sort, each man to his vessell drew,
When we the sacred Citie overthrew,
That held the *Cicons*. Now then saw we neare,
The *Cyclops* late-praisd Iland; and might heare
The murmure of their sheepe and goates; and see
Their smokes ascend. The Sunne then set, and we
(When Night succeeded) tooke our rest ashore.
And when the world the Mornings favour wore,
I calld my friends to councell; charging them
To make stay there, while I tooke ship and streame,
With some associates; and explor'd what men
The neighbour Ile held: if of rude disdaine,
Churlish and tyrannous, or minds bewraid
Pious and hospitable. Thus much said,
I boorded, and commanded to ascend
My friends and souldiers, to put off, and lend
Way to our ship. They boorded, sate, and beate
The old sea forth, till we might see the seate,
The greatest *Cyclop* held for his abode;
Which was a deepe Cave, neare the common rode
Of ships that toucht there; thicke with Lawrels spred,
Where many sheepe and goates lay shadowed:
And neare to this, a Hall of torne-up stone,
High built with Pines, that heaven and earth attone;
And loftie-fronted Okes: in which kept house,
A man in shape, immane, and monsterous,

Fed all his flocks alone; nor would affoord
Commerce with men; but had a wit abhord;
His mind, his body answering. Nor was he
Like any man, that food could possibly
Enhance so hugely; but (beheld alone)
Shewd like a steepe hils top, all overgrowne
With trees and brambles; litle thought had I
Of such vast objects. When, arriv'd so nie;
Some of my lov'd friends, I made stay aboard,
To guard my ship; and twelve with me I shor'd,
The choice of all. I tooke besides along,
A Goat-skin flagon of wine, blacke and strong,
That *Maro* did present; *Evantheus* sonne,
And Priest to *Phæbus*; who had mansion
In *Thracian Ismarus* (the Towne I tooke)
He gave it me; since I (with reverence strooke,
Of his grave place, his wife and childrens good)
Freed all of violence. Amidst a wood
Sacred to *Phæbus*, stood his house; from whence
He fetcht me gifts of varied excellence;
Seven talents of fine gold; a boll all fram'd
Of massie silver. But his gift, most fam'd,
Was twelve great vessels, filld with such rich wine,
As was incorruptible, and divine.
He kept it as his jewell, which none knew
But he himselfe, his wife, and he that drew.
It was so strong, that never any filld
A cup, where that was but by drops instilld,
And drunke it off; but twas before allaid
With twentie parts in water; yet so swaid

The spirit of that litle, that the whole,
A sacred odour breath'd about the boll.
Had you the odour smelt, and sent it cast,
It would have vext you to forbear the taste.
But then (the taste gaind too) the spirit it wrought,
To dare things high, set up an end my thought.

VinumMaro-
neum memo-
rabile.

Of this, a huge great flagon full I bore,
And in a good large knapsack, victles store;
And longd to see this heape of fortitude,
That so illiterate was, and upland rude,
That lawes divine nor humane he had learnd.
With speed we reacht the Caverne, nor discern'd
His presence there. His flocks he fed at field.

Entring his den; each thing beheld, did yeeld
Our admiration: shelves with cheeses heapt;
Sheds stuff with Lambs and Goates, distinctly kept;
Distinct the biggest; the more meane distinct;
Distinct the yongest. And in their precinct
(Proper and placefull) stood the troughs and pailles,
In which he milkt; and what was given at meales,
Set up a creaming: in the Evening still,
All scouring bright, as deaw upon the hill.

Then were my fellowes instant to convay
Kids, cheeses, lambs, aship-boord; and away
Saile the salt billow. I thought best, not so,
But better otherwise; and first would know,
What guest-gifts he would spare me. Little knew
My friends, on whom they would have preyd: his view
Prov'd after, that his inwards were too rough
For such bold usage: we were bold enough,

In what I sufferd; which was there to stay;
Make fire and feed there, though beare none away.
There sate we, till we saw him feeding come,
And on his necke a burthen lugging home,
Most highly huge of Sere-wood; which the pile
That fed his fire, supplide all supper while.
Downe by his den he threw it; and up rose
A tumult with the fall. Afraid, we close
Withdrew our selves, while he into a Cave
Of huge receipt, his high-fed cattell drave,
All that he milkt; the males he left without
His loftie roofes, that all bestrowd about
With Rams and buck-goates were. And then a rocke
He lift aloft, that damd up to his flocke,
The doore they enterd: twas so hard to wield,
That two and twentie Waggon, all foure-wheeld,
(Could they be loaded, and have teames that were
Proportion'd to them) could not stirre it there.
Thus, making sure, he kneeld and milkt his Ewes,
And braying Goates, with all a milkers dues.
Then let in all their yong: then, quicke did dresse,
His halfe milke up for cheese, and in a presse
Of wicker prest it; put in bolles the rest,
To drinke, and eate, and serve his supping feast.

All works dispatcht thus; he began his fire;
Which blowne, he saw us; and did thus enquire:

Ho! Guests! what are ye? whence saile ye these seas?
Trafficke, or rove ye? and like theeves oppresse
Poore strange adventurers; exposing so
Your soules to danger, and your lives to wo?

This utterd he; when Feare from our hearts tooke
 The very life; to be so thunder-strooke
 With such a voice, and such a monster see.
 But thus I answerd: Erring *Grecians* we,
 From *Troy* were turning homewards; but by force
 Of adverse winds, in far-diverted course,
 Such unknowne waies tooke, and on rude seas tost,
 (As *Jove* decreed) are cast upon this Coast.
 Of *Agamemnon* (famous *Atreus* sonne)
 We boast our selves the souldiers; who hath wonne
 Renowme that reacheth heaven; to overthrow
 So great a Citie, and to ruine so,
 So many nations. Yet at thy knees lie
 Our prostrate bosomes; forc't with praies to trie,
 If any hospitable right, or Boone
 Of other nature, (such as have bin wonne
 By lawes of other houses) thou wilt give.
 Reverence the Gods, thou greatst of all that live.
 We suppliants are; and hospitable *Jove*
 Poures wreake on all, whom praies want powre to move:
 And with their plagues, together will provide,
 That humble Guests shall have their wants supplide.

He cruelly answerd: O thou foole (said he)
 To come so farre, and to importune me
 With any Gods feare, or observed love;
 We *Cyclops* care not for your Goat-fed *Jove*;
 Nor other Blest ones; we are better farre.
 To *Jove* himselfe, dare I bid open warre;
 To thee, and all thy fellowes, if I please.
 But tell me: where's the ship, that by the seas

This his relation of Agamemnon, and his glory & theirs for Troyes sacke, with the pietie of suppliants receit, to him that was so barbarous and impious, must be intended spoken by Ulysses, with supposition that his hearers wold note, still as he spake; how vaine they would shew to the Cyclops: who respected little Agamemnon, or their valiant exploit against Troy, or the Gods

themselves. For otherwise, the serious observation of the words (though good & grave, if spoken to another) want their intentional sharpnesse and life.

Hath brought thee hither? If farre off, or neare;
Informe me quickly. These his temptings were.
But I, too much knew, not to know his mind;
And craft, with craft paid; telling him the wind
(Thrust up from Sea, by him that shakes the Shore)
Had dasht our ships against his rocks, and tore
Her ribs in peeces, close upon his Coast;
And we from high wracke sav'd; the rest were lost.

He answerd nothing; but rusht in, and tooke
Two of my fellowes up from earth, and strooke
Their braines against it. Like two whelps they flew
About his shoulders; and did all embrew
The blushing earth. No mountaine Lion tore
Two Lambs so sternly; lapt up all their gore,
Gusht from their torne-up bodies; lim by lim,
(Trembling with life yet) ravisht into him.
Both flesh and marrow-stuffed bones he eate,
And even th'uncleansed entrails made his meate.
We weeping, cast our hands to heaven, to view,
A sight so horrid. Desperation flew
With all our after lives, to instant death,
In our beleev'd destruction. But when breath,
The fury of his appetite had got,
Because the gulfe his belly, reacht his throte;
Mans flesh, and Goates milke, laying laire on laire,
Till neare chokt up, was all the passe for aire.
Along his den, amongst his cattell, downe
He rusht, and streakt him. When my mind was growne
Desperate, to step in; draw my sword, and part
His bosome, where the strings about the heart

Circle the Liver, and adde strength of hand.
But that rash thought, More staid, did countermand;
For there we all had perisht, since it past
Our powres to lift aside a log so vast,
As barrd all outscape; and so sigh'd away
The thought all Night, expecting active Day.
Which come, he first of all, his fire enflames,
Then milks his Goates and Ewes; then to their dams
Lets in their yong; and wondrous orderly,
With manly haste, dispatcht his houswifery.
Then to his Breakfast, to which, other two
Of my poore friends went: which eate; out then go
His heards and fat flocks; lightly putting by
The churlish barre, and closde it instantly;
For both those works, with ease, as much he did,
As you would ope and shut your Quiver lid.

With stormes of whistlings then, his flocks he drave
Up to the mountaines; and occasion gave
For me to use my wits; which to their height,
I striv'd to skrew up; that a vengeance might
By some meanes fall from thence; and *Pallas* now
Affoord a full eare to my neediest vow.
This then, my thoughts preferd: a huge club lay
Close by his milk-house, which was now in way
To drie, and season; being an Olive tree
Which late he feld; and being greene, must be
Made lighter for his manage. T was so vast,
That we resembl'd it to some fit Mast,
To serve a ship of burthen, that was driven
With twentie Ores; and had a bignesse given,

To beare a huge sea. Full so thicke, so tall
We judg'd this club; which I, in part, hewd small,
And cut a fathome off. The peece I gave
Amongst my souldiers, to take downe, and shave;
Which done, I sharpn'd it at top, and then
(Hardn'd in fire) I hid it in the den,
Within a nastie dunghill reeking there,
Thicke, and so moist, it issue every where.
Then made I lots cast, by my friends to trie,
Whose fortune serv'd to dare the bor'd out eie
Of that man-eater: and the lot did fall
On foure I wisht to make my aid, of all;
And I, the fift made, chosen like the rest.

Then came the Even; and he came from the feast
Of his fat cattell; drave in all; nor kept
One male abroad: if, or his memory slept
By Gods direct will; or of purpose was
His driving in of all then, doth surpasse
My comprehension. But he closde againe
The mightie barre; milkt, and did still maintaine
All other observation, as before.
His worke, all done; two of my souldiers more,
At once he snatcht up; and to supper went.
Then dar'd I words to him, and did present
A boll of wine, with these words: *Cyclop!* take
A boll of wine from my hand, that may make
Way for the mans flesh thou hast eate; and show
What drinke our ship held; which in sacred vow,
I offer to thee; to take ruth on me
In my dismission home. Thy rages be

Now no more sufferable. How shall men
(Mad and inhumane that thou art) againe
Greet thy abode, and get thy actions grace,
If thus thou ragest, and eatst up their race.

He tooke, and drunke; and vehemently joyd
To taste the sweet cup; and againe employd
My flagons powre; entreating more, and said:
Good Guest, againe affoord my taste thy aid;
And let me know thy name; and quickly now;
That in thy recompence I may bestow
A hospitable gift on thy desert;
And such a one as shall rejoyce thy heart;
For to the *Cyclops* too, the gentle Earth
Beares generous wine; and *Jove* augments her birth,
In store of such, with showres. But this rich wine,
Fell from the river that is meere divine,
Of *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*. This againe
I gave him; and againe; nor could the foole abstaine,
But drunke as often. When the noble Juyce
Had wrought upon his spirit; I then gave use
To fairer language; saying: *Cyclop!* now
As thou demandst, Ile tell thee my name; do thou
Make good thy hospitable gift to me;
My name is *No-Man*; *No-Man*, each degree
Of friends, as well as parents, call my name.
He answerd, as his cruell soule became:
No-Man! Ile eate thee last of all thy friends;
And this is that, in which so much amends
I vowd to thy deservings; thus shall be
My hospitable gift, made good to thee.

III hh

This said; he upwards fell; but then bent round
 His fleshie necke; and *Sleepe* (with all crownes, crownd)
 Subdude the Savage. From his throte brake out
 My wine, with mans flesh gobbets, like a spout;
 When loded with his cups, he lay and snor'd.
 And then tooke I the clubs end up, and gor'd
 The burning cole-heape, that the point might heate.
 Confirmd my fellowes minds, lest *Feare* should let
 Their vowd assay, and make them flie my aid.
 Strait was the Olive Lever, I had laid
 Amidst the huge fire, to get hardning, hot;
 And glowd extremely, though twas greene; (which got
 From forth the cinders) close about me stood
 My hardie friends: but that which did the good,
 Was Gods good inspiration, that gave
 A spirit beyond the spirit they usde to have:
 Who tooke the Olive sparre, made keene before,
 And plung'd it in his eye: and up I bore,
 Bent to the top close; and helpt poure it in,
 With all my forces: And as you have seene
 A ship-wright bore a navall beame; he oft
 Thrusts at the *Augurs* Froofe; works still aloft;
 And at the shanke, helpe others; with a cord
 Wound round about, to make it sooner bor'd;
 All plying the round still: So into his eye,
 The fire stake, we labourd to imply.
 Out gusht the blood that scalded; his eye-ball
 Thrust out a flaming vapour, that scorcht all
 His browes and eye-lids; his eye-strings did cracke,
 As in, the sharpe and burning rafter brake.

Simile.

And as a Smith to harden any toole,
 (Broad Axe, or Mattocke) in his Trough doth coole
 The red-hote substance, that so fervent is,
 It makes the cold wave strait to seethe and hisse:
 So sod, and hizd his eye about the stake.
 He roar'd withall; and all his Caverne brake
 In claps like thunder. We, did frighted flie,
 Disperst in corners. He from forth his eie,
 The fixed stake pluckt: after which, the blood
 Flowd freshly forth; and, mad, he hurl'd the wood
 About his hovill. Out he then did crie
 For other *Cyclops*, that in Cavernes by,
 Upon a windie Promontorie dwell'd;
 Who hearing how impetuously he yell'd,
 Rusht every way about him; and enquir'd,
 What ill afflicted him, that he expir'd
 Such horrid clamors; and in sacred Night,
 To breake their sleepes so? Askt him, if his fright
 Came from some mortall, that his flocks had driven?
 Or if by craft, or might, his death were given?
 He answerd from his den; By craft, nor might,
 No man hath given me death. They then said right;
 If no man hurt thee, and thy selfe alone;
 That which is done to thee, by *Jove* is done.
 And what great *Jove* inflicts, no man can flie;
 Pray to thy Father yet,* a Deitie;
 And prove, from him, if thou canst helpe acquire.

*Simile.**Neptune.*

Thus spake they, leaving him. When all on fire,
 My heart with joy was; that so well my wit,
 And name deceiv'd him; whom now paine did split;

And groning up and downe, he groping tride,
 To find the stone, which found, he put aside;
 But in the doore sate, feeling if he could
 (As his sheepe issude) on some man lay hold;
 Esteeming me a foole, that could devise
 No stratageme to scape his grosse surprise.
 But I, contending what I could invent,
 My friends and me, from death so imminent,
 To get deliverd: all my wiles I wove,
 (Life being the subject) and did this approve;
 Fat fleecie Rams, most faire, and great, lay there,
 That did a* burthen like a Violet beare.
 These (while this learn'd in villanie did sleepe)
 I yokt with Osiers cut there, sheepe to sheepe;
 Three in a ranke; and still the mid sheepe bore
 A man about his belly: the two more,
 Marcht on his each side for defence. I then,
 Chusing my selfe the fairest of the den,
 His fleecie belly under-crept; embrac't
 His backe, and in his rich wooll wrapt me fast
 With both my hands, arm'd with as fast a mind.
 And thus each man hung, till the Morning shin'd;
 Which come, he knew the houre, and let abroad
 His male-flocks first: the females, unmilkt stood
 Bleating and braying; their full bags so sore,
 With being unemptied; but their shepheard more,
 With being unsighted; which was cause, his mind
 Went not a milking. He (to wreake enclin'd)
 The backs felt as they past, of those male dams:
 (Grosse foole) beleeving, we would ride his Rams.

*Wooll of a violet
 colour.*

Nor ever knew, that any of them bore
Upon his belly, any man before.
The last Ram came to passe him, with his wooll,
And me together, loded to the full:
For there did I hang: and that Ram he staid;
And me withall had in his hands; my head
Troubl'd the while, not causlesly, nor least.
This Ram he grop't, and talkt to: Lazie beast!
Why last art thou now? thou hast never usde
To lag thus hindmost: but still first hast brusde
The tender blossome of a flowre; and held
State in thy steps, both to the flood and field:
First still at Fold, at Even; now last remaine?
Doest thou not wish I had mine eye againe,
Which that abhord man *No-Man* did put out,
Assisted by his execrable rout,
When he had wrought me downe with wine? but he
Must not escape my wreake so cunningly.
I would to heaven thou knewst, and could but speake,
To tell me where he lurks now; I would breake
His braine about my Cave, strewd here and there,
To ease my heart of those foule ils, that were
Th' inflictions of a man, I prisde at nought.

Thus let he him abroad; when I (once brought
A litle from his hold) my selfe first losde,
And next, my friends. Then drave we, and disposde,
His strait-leggd fat fleece-bearers over land,
Even till they all were in my ships command;
And to our lov'd friends, shewd our praid-for sight,
Escap't from death. But for our losse, outright

*Ulysses insults
over the Cyclop.*

They brake in teares; which with a looke I staid,
 And bad them take our Boote in. They obaid;
 And up we all went; sate, and usde our Ores,
 But having left as farre the savage shores,
 As one might heare a voice; we then might see
 The *Cyclop* at the haven; when instantly
 I staid our Ores, and this insultance usde:
Cyclop! thou shouldst not have so much abusde
 Thy monstrous forces, to oppose their least,
 Against a man immartiall, and a guest;
 And eate his fellowes: thou mightst know there were
 Some ils behind (rude swaine) for thee to beare;
 That feard not to devoure thy guests, and breake
 All lawes of humanes: *Jove* sends therefore wreake,
 And all the Gods, by me. This blew the more
 His burning furie; when the top he tore
 From off a huge Rocke; and so right a throw
 Made at our ship, that just before the Prow,
 It overflow and fell: mist Mast and all
 Exceeding litle; but about the fall,
 So fierce a wave it raisd, that backe it bore
 Our ship so farre, it almost toucht the shore.
 A bead-hooke then (a far-extended one)
 I snatcht up, thrust hard, and so set us gone
 Some litle way; and strait commanded all
 To helpe me with their Ores; on paine to fall
 Againe on our confusion. But a signe,
 I with my head made; and their Ores were mine,
 In all performance. When we off were set,
 (Then first, twice further) my heart was so great,

It would againe provoke him: but my men
 On all sides rusht about me, to containe;
 And said: Unhappie! why will you provoke
 A man so rude; that with so dead a stroke,
 Given with his Rock-dart, made the sea thrust backe
 Our ship so farre; and neare hand forc't our wracke?
 Should he againe, but heare your voice resound,
 And any word reach; thereby would be found
 His Darts direction; which would, in his fall,
 Crush peece-meale us, quite split our ship and all;
 So much dart weilds the monster. Thus urg'd they
 Impossible things, in feare; but I gave way
 To that wrath, which so long I held deprest,
 (By great *Necessitie* conquerd) in my brest.

Cyclop! if any aske thee, who imposde
 Th' unsightly blemish that thine eye enclosde;
 Say that *Ulysses* (old *Laertes* sonne,
 Whose seate is *Ithaca*; and who hath wonne
 Surname of Citie-racer) bor'd it out.

At this, he braid so loud, that round about
 He drave affrighted Ecchoes through the Aire;
 And said: O beast! I was premonisht faire,
 By aged Prophecie, in one that was
 A great, and good man; this should come to passe;
 And how tis prov'd now? *Augur Telemus*,
 Surnam'd *Eurymedes* (that spent with us
 His age in *Augurie*; and did exceed
 In all presage of *Truth*) said all this deed,
 Should this event take; author'd by the hand
 Of one *Ulysses*; who I thought was mand

Ulysses continued insolence, no more to repeate what he said to the Cyclop, then to let his hearers know Epithetes, and estimation in the world.

With great and goodly personage; and bore
 A vertue answerable: and this shore
 Should shake with weight of such a conqueror,)
 When now a weakling came, a dwarfie thing,
 A thing of nothing; who yet wit did bring,
 That brought supply to all; and with his wine,
 Put out the flame, where all my light did shine.
 Come, land againe, *Ulysses*! that my hand,
 May Guest-rites give thee; and the great command,
 That *Neptune* hath at sea, I may convert
 To the deduction, where abides thy heart,
 With my sollicitings; whose Sonne I am;
 And whose fame boasts to beare my Fathers name.
 Nor thinke my hurt offends me; for my Sire
 Can soone repose in it the visuall fire,
 At his free pleasure; which no powre beside
 Can boast: of men, or of the Deifide.

I answerd: Would to God I could compell
 Both life and soule from thee; and send to hell
 Those spoiles of nature. Hardly *Neptune* then
 Could cure thy hurt, and give thee all again.

*Polyphems im-
 precation against
 Ulysses.*

Then flew fierce vowes to *Neptune*; both his hands
 To starre-borne heaven cast: O thou that all lands
 Girdst in thy ambient Circle; and in aire
 Shak'st the curld Tresses of thy Saphire haire;
 If I be thine, or thou maist justly vant,
 Thou art my Father: heare me now, and grant
 That this *Ulysses* (old *Laertes* sonne,
 That dwels in *Ithaca*; and name hath wonne
 Of Citie-ruiner) may never reach

His naturall region. Or if to fetch,
That, and the sight of his faire roofes and friends,
Be fatall to him; let him that Amends
For all his miseries, long time and ill,
Smart for, and faile of: nor that Fate fulfill,
Till all his souldiers quite are cast away
In others ships. And when, at last, the day
Of his sole-landing, shall his dwelling show,
Let *Detriment* prepare him wrongs enow.

Thus praid he *Neptune*; who, his Sire appeard;
And all his praire, to every syllable heard.
But then a *Rocke*, in size more amplified
Then first, he ravisht to him; and implied
A dismall strength in it; when (wheeld about)
He sent it after us; nor flew it out
From any blind aime; for a litle passe
Beyond our Fore-decke, from the fall there was:
With which the sea, our ship gave backe upon,
And shrunke up into billowes from the stone;
Our ship againe repelling, neare as neare
The shore as first. But then our Rowers were
(Being warnd, more armd) and stronglier stemd the flood
That bore backe on us, till our ship made good
The other Iland, where our whole Fleet lay;
In which our friends lay mourning for our stay;
And every minute lookt when we should land.
Where (now arriv'd) we drew up to the sand;
The *Cyclops* sheepe dividing, that none there
(Of all our privates) might be wrung, and beare
Too much on powre. The Ram yet was alone,

*No occasion let
passe to Ulysses
pietie, in our Po-
ets singular wit
and wisdom.*

By all my friends, made all my portion,
Above all others; and I made him then,
A* sacrifice for me, and all my men,
To cloud-compelling *Jove*, that all commands.
To whom I burnd the Thighs: but my sad hands,
Receiv'd no grace from him; who studied how
To offer, men and fleete to *Overthrow*.

All day, till Sun-set yet, we sate and eate;
And liberall store tooke in, of wine and meate.
The Sunne then downe, and place resign'd to shade,
We slept; Morne came, my men I raisd, and made
All go aboard; weigh Anker, and away.
They boorded, sate and beate the aged sea;
And forth we made saile; sad for losse before,
And yet had comfort, since we lost no more.

Finis libri noni Hom. Odys.

THE TENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES

THE ARGUMENT.

U^{LYSSES} now relates to us,
*The grace he had with Æolus,
Great Guardian of the hollow winds:
Which in a leather bag he binds,
And gives Ulysses; all but one,
Which Zephyre was; who filld alone
Ulysses sailes. The Bag once seene
(While he slept) by Ulysses men;
They thinking, it did gold inclose;
To find it, all the winds did lose.
Who backe flew to their guard againe.
Forth saild he; and did next attaine
To where the Læstrigonians dwell.
Where he eleven ships lost; and fell
On the Ææan coast; whose shore
He sends Eurylochus t' explore,
Dividing with him halfe his men:
Who go, and turne no more againe;
(All save Eurylochus, to swire
By Circe turnd.) Their stayes encline
Ulysses to their search; who got
Of Mercurie an Antidote,
(Which Moly was) gainst Circes charmes,
And so avoids his souldiers harmes.
A yeare with Circe all remaine,
And then their native formes regaine.
On utter shores, a time they dwell,
While Ithacus descends to hell.*

ANOTHER.

Κάππια.	Great Æolus	Finds Ithacus;
	And Circe, friends,	And Hell descends.

THE TENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES



TO THE ÆOLIAN ISLAND
WE ATTAIN'D,
THAT SWUMME ABOUT STILL
ON THE SEA; WHERE RAIGN'D

The God-lov'd *Æolus Hippotydes*.

A wall of steele it had; and in the seas,
A wave-beat-smooth-rocke, mov'd about the wall.
Twelve children, in his house imperiall,
Were borne to him: of which, sixe daughters were,
And sixe were sonnes, that youthssweet flowre did bear.
His daughters, to his sonnes he gave, as wives;
Who spent in feastfull comforts all their lives;
Close seated by their Sire, and his grave Spouse.
Past number were the dishes, that the house
Made ever savour; and still full the Hall;
As long as day shin'd; in the night-time, all
Slept with their chaste wives. Each his faire carv'd bed
Most richly furnisht; and this life they led.

We reacht the Cittie, and faire roofes of these;
Where, a whole moneths time; all things that might please
The King vouchsaf't us. Of great *Troy* enquir'd,
The *Grecian* fleete, and how the *Greekes* retir'd:
To all which, I gave answer, as behov'd.

The fit time come; when I dismission mov'd;
He nothing would denie me, but addrest
My passe with such a bountie, as might best
Teach me contentment. For he did enfold
Within an Oxe hide, flead at nine yeares old,
All th'airie blasts, that were of stormie kinds.
Saturnius made him Steward of his winds;
And gave him powre, to raise and to asswage;
And these he gave me, curbd thus of their rage.

Jupiter.

Which in a glittering silver band I bound
 And hung up in my ship: enclosd so round,
 That no egression, any breath could find.
 Onely he left abroad the Westernne wind;
 To speede our ships and us, with blasts secure.
 But our securities, made all unsure:
 Nor could he consummate our course alone,
 When all the rest had got egression.
 Which thus succeeded. Nine whole daies and nights
 We saild in safetie; and the tenth, the lights
 Borne on our Countrey earth, we might descrie:
 So neere we drew, and yet even then fell I
 (Being overwatcht) into a fatall sleepe:
 For I would suffer no man else to keepe
 The foote that rul'd my vessels course; to leade
 The faster home. My friends then Envy fed,
 About the bag I hung up; and supposde,
 That gold, and silver, I had there enclosde,
 As gift from *Æolus*. And said, O heaven!
 What grace, and grave price, is by all men given
 To our Commander? Whatsoever coast
 Or towne, he comes to, how much he engrost
 Of faire and precious prey, and brought from *Troy*?
 We the same voiage went; and yet enjoy
 In our returne, these emptie hands for all.
 This bag now, *Æolus* was so liberall
 To make a Guest-gift to him. Let us trie
 Of what consists, the faire-bound Treasurie;
 And how much gold, and silver it containes.
Ill counsaile, present approbation gaines.

πύλα νηός.
 He calles the
 Sterne, the foote
 of the ship.

They op't the bag, and out the vapours brake;
When instant tempest did our vessell take,
That bore us backe to Sea; to mourne anew
Our absent Countrey. Up amazd I flew,
And desperate things discourst; if I should cast
My selfe to ruine in the seas; or taste
Amongst the living more mone, and sustaine?
Silent, I did so; and lay hid againe
Beneath the hatches: while an ill winde tooke
My ships, backe to *Æolia*: my men strooke
With woe enough. We pumpt and landed then;
Tooke foode, for all this; and (of all my men,)
I tooke a Herald to me, and away
Went to the Court of *Æolus*; Where they
Were feasting still: he, wife and children set
Together close. We would not (at their meate)
Thrust in; but humbly on the threshold sat.
He then, amazd, my presence wonderd at;
And calld to me: *Ulysses*! how, thus backe
Art thou arriv'd here? what foule spirit brake
Into thy bosome to retire thee thus?
We thought we had deduction, curious
Given thee before; to reach thy shore and home:
Did it not like thee? I (even overcome
With worthy sorrow) answerd: My ill men
Have done me mischiefe; and to them hath bene
My sleepe th' unhappie motive. But do you
(Dearest of friends) daigne succour to my vow:
Your powres command it. Thus endevord I
With soft speech to repaire my misery.

*Antiphas was
king there.*

As making haste, to shew her fathers Court.
 Where, enterd; they beheld (to their affright)
 A woman like a mountaine top, in height.
 Who rusht abroad; and from the Counsaile place
 Cald home her horrid husband *Antiphas*.
 Who (deadly minded) straight he snatcht up one,
 And fell to supper. Both the rest were gone;
 And to the fleete came. *Antiphas*, a crie
 Drave through the Citie; (which heard,) instantly
 This way, and that, innumerable sorts,
 Not men, but Gyants, issued through the Ports;
 And mightie flints from rocks tore; which they threw
 Amongst our ships; through which, an ill noise flew,
 Of shiverd ships, and life-expiring men,
 That were, like fishes, by the monsters slaine,
 And borne to sad feast. While they slaughtered these,
 That were engag'd in all th' advantages,
 The close-mouth'd, and most dead-calme haven could give;
 I (that without lay) made some meanes to live;
 My sword drew; cut my gables; and to oares
 Set all my men; and, from the plagues, those shores
 Let flie amongst us, we made haste to flie;
 My men, close working, as men loth to die.
 My ship flew freely off; but theirs that lay
 On heapes in harbors, could enforce no way
 Through these sterne fates, that had engag'd them there.
 Forth our sad remnant saild; yet still retaind,
 The joyes of men, that our poore few remaind.
 Then to the Ile *Ææa* we attaind.
 Where faire-haird, dreadfull, eloquent *Circe* raignd;

Æetas sister, both by Dame and Sire;
 Both daughters to heavens man-enlightning fire;
 And *Perse*, whom *Oceanus* begat.
 The ship-fit Port here, soone we landed at:
 Some God directing us. Two daies; two nights,
 We lay here pining in the fatall spights
 Of toile and sorrow. But the next third day
 When faire *Aurora* had informd; quicke way
 I made out of my ship; my sword and lance
 Tooke for my surer guide; and made advance
 Up to a prospect, I assay to see
 The works of men; or heare mortalitie
 Expire a voice. When I had climb'd a height
 Rough and right hardly accessible; I might
 Behold from *Circes* house (that in a grove
 Set thicke with trees, stood;) a bright vapor move.
 I then grew* curious in my thought to trie
 Some fit enquirie; when so spritely flie
 I saw the yeallow smoke. But my discourse,
 A first retiring to my ship gave force
 To give my men their dinner, and to send,
 (Before th' adventure of my selfe) some friend.
 Being neare my ship; of one so desolate
 Some God had pittie, and would recreate
 My woes a little, putting up to me
 A great and high-palmd Hart; that (fatallie,
 Just in my way it selfe, to taste a flood)
 Was then descending: the Sunne heate had sure
 Importun'd him, besides the temperature
 His naturall heate gave. Howsoever, I

* μερμαίρω
 Curiose cogito.

αἶθονα
 καπνόν.
 αἶθος signifying
 rutilus: by rea-
 son of the fire
 mixt with it.
 Fumus qui fit
 dum aliquid
 accenditur.

Made up to him, and let my Javelin flie,
 That strooke him through the mid-part of his chine;
 And made him (braying) in the dust confine
 His flying forces. Forth his spirit flew;
 When I stept in, and from the deaths wound drew
 My shrewdly-bitten lance; there let him lie
 Till I, of cut-up Osiers, did imply,
 A With; a fathome long, with which, his feete
 I made together, in a sure league meete;
 Stoop't under him, and to my necke, I heav'd
 The mightie burthen; of which, I receav'd
 A good part on my lance: for else I could
 By no meanes, with one hand alone, uphold
 (Joynd with one shoulder) such a deathfull lode.
 And so, to both my shoulders, both hands stood
 Needfull assistents: for it was a Deare
 Goodly-wel-growne: when (coming something neare
 Where rode my ships) I cast it downe, and rer'd
 My friends with kind words; whom, by name I cheer'd,
 In note particular, and said; See friends,
 We will not yet to *Plutos* house, our ends
 Shall not be hastend, though we be declind
 In cause of comfort; till the day design'd
 By Fates fixt finger. Come, as long as food
 Or wine lasts in our ship; lets spirit our blood
 And quit our care and hunger, both in one.

This said; they frolikt, came, and lookt upon
 With admiration, the huge bodied beast;
 And when their first-serv'd eyes, had done their feast;
 They washt, and made a to-be-striv'd-for meale,

In* point of honour. On which all did dwell
The whole day long. And, to our venzons store,
We added wine till we could wish no more.

* ἐρικυδέα
δαίτα.

Sunne set, and darknesse up; we slept, till light
Put darknesse downe: and then did I excite
My friends to* counsaile, uttering this: Now, friends,
Affoord unpassionate eare; though ill Fate lends,
So good cause to your passion; no man knowes
The reason whence, and how, the darknesse growes;
The reason, how the Morne is thus begunne:
The reason, how the Man-enlightning Sunne
Dives under earth: the reason how againe
He reres his golden head. Those counsailes then
That passe our comprehension, we must leave
To him that knowes their causes; and receive
Direction from him, in our acts, as farre
As he shall please to make them regular;
And stoope them to our reason. In our state,
What then behoves us? Can we estimate
With all our counsailes, where we are? or know
(Without instruction, past our owne skills) how
(Put off from hence) to sterve our course the more?
I thinke we can not. We must then explore
These parts for information; in which way
We thus farre are: last Morne I might display
(From off a high-raisd cliffe) an Iland lie
Girt with th'unmeasur'd Sea; and is so nie
That in the midst I saw the smoke arise
Through tufts of trees. This rests then to advise,
Who shall explore this. This strooke dead their hearts,

The whole end of this counsaile was to perswade his souldiers to explore those parts: which he knew would prove a most unpleasing motion to them: for their fellowes terrible entertainment with Antiphas, and Polyph. and therefore he prepares the little he hath to say, with this long circumstance: implying a necessitie of that service, and necessary resolution to adde the triall of the event, to their other adventures.

Remembring the most execrable parts
 That *Læstrigonian Antiphas* had plaid:
 And that foule *Cyclop*, that their fellowes braid
 Betwixt his jawes; which mov'd them so; they cried.
 But idle teares, had never wants supplied.
 I, in two parts divided all; and gave
 To either part his Captaine: I must have
 The charge of one; and one of God-like looke,
Eurylochus, the other. Lots we shooke,
 (Put in a caske together,) which of us
 Should leade th' attempt; and twas *Eurylochus*.
 He freely went; with two and twenty more:
 All which, tooke leave with teares; and our eyes wore
 The same wet badge, of weake humanity.
 These, in a dale, did *Circes* house descrie;
 Of bright stone built, in a conspicuous way:
 Before her gates; hill-wolves, and Lyons lay;
 Which with her virtuous drugs, so tame she made;
 That Wolfe, nor Lyon, would one man invade
 With any violence; but all arose;
 Their huge long tailes wagd; and in fawnes would close,
 As loving dogs, when masters bring them home
 Relicks of feast; in all observance, come
 And sooth their entries, with their fawnes and bounds;
 All guests, still bringing, some scraps for their hounds:
 So, on these men, the Wolves, and Lyons ramp't;
 Their horrid paws set up. Their spirits were damp't
 To see such monstrous kindnesse; staid at gate,
 And heard within, the Goddesses elevate
 A voice divine, as at her web, she wrought,

Circes house.

Simile.

Subtle, and glorious, and past earthly thought;
 As all the houswiferies of Deities are.
 To heare a voice, so ravishingly rare;
Polites (one exceeding deare to me,
 A Prince of men; and of no meane degree
 In knowing vertue; in all Acts, whose mind
 Discreete cares all wayes, usde to turne, and wind)
 Was yet surprisd with it; and said; O friends,
 Some one abides within here, that commends
 The place to us; and breathes a voice divine;
 As she some web wrought; or her spindles twine
 She cherisht with her song: the pavement rings
 With imitation of the tunes she sings;
 Some woman, or some Goddesse tis; Assay
 To see with knocking. Thus said he; and they
 Both knockt, and calld; and straight her shining gates
 She opened, issuing: bade them in, to cates:
 Led, and (unwise) they follow'd; all, but one
 Which was *Eurylochus*; who stood alone
 Without the gates; suspicious of a sleight;
 They enterd, she made sit; and her deceit
 She cloakt with Thrones; and goodly chaires of State;
 Set hearby honey, and the delicate
 Wine brought from *Smyrna*, to them; meale and cheese;
 But harmefull venoms, she commixt with these;
 That made their Countrey vanish from their thought.
 Which, eate; she toucht them, with a rod that wrought
 Their transformation, farre past humane wunts;
 Swines snowts, swines bodies, tooke they, bristles, grunts;
 But still retaind the soules they had before;

κεδνός.

Cujus animus
 curas prudentes
 versat.

Which made them mourne their bodies change the more.
 She shut them straight in sties; and gave them meate
 Oke-mast, and beech, and Cornell fruite, they eate,
 Groveling like swine on earth, in fowlest sort.

Eurylochus, straight hasted the report
 Of this his fellowes most remorsefull fate.

Came to the ships; but so excruciate
 Was with his woe; he could not speake a word:
 His eyes stood full of teares; which shew'd how stor'd,
 His mind with mone remaind. We all admir'd;

Askt what had chanc'd him, earnestly desir'd

*Seeing them, he
 thought of his
 fellowes.*

He would resolve us. At the last, our eyes,
 Enflam'd in him, his fellowes memories:

And out his griefe burst thus; You willd; we went
 Through those thicke woods you saw; when, a descent
 Shew'd us a faire house, in a lightsome ground,
 Where (at some worke) we heard a heavenly sound
 Breath'd from a Goddesse, or a womans brest:

They knockt, she op't her bright gates; each, her guest
 Her faire invitement made: nor would they stay,
 (Fooles that they were) when she once led the way.

I enterd not, suspecting some deceit.

When all together vanisht; nor the sight
 Of any one, (though long I lookt) mine eye
 Could any way discover. Instantly,

*Ulysses mov'd
 for his souldiers.
 Eurylochus.*

(My sword, and bow reacht) I bad shew the place,
 When, downe he fell; did both my knees embrace,
 And praid with teares thus; O thou kept of God,
 Do not thy selfe lose; nor to that abroad
 Leade others rashly; both thy selfe, and all

Thou ventur' st thither, I know well, must fall
 In one sure ruine: with these few then flie;
 We yet may shunne the others destinie.

I answerd him: *Eurylochus*! stay thou
 And keepe the ship then; eate and drinke: I now
 Will undertake th' adventure; there is cause
 In great *Necessities* unalterd lawes.

This said, I left both ship and seas; and on
 Along the sacred vallies all alone

Went in discovery: till at last I came
 Where, of the maine-medcine-making Dame
 I saw the great house: where, encounterd me,
 The golden-rod-sustaining *Mercurie*;

*Ulysses encoun-
 ters Mercurie.*

Even entring *Circes* doores. He met me in
 A yong mans likenesse, of the first-flowr'd chin,
 Whose forme hath all the grace, of one so yong:
 He first cald to me: then my hand, he wrung,
 And said; Thou no-place-finding-for repose;
 Whither, alone, by these hill-confines, goes
 Thy erring foote? Th' art entring *Circes* house,
 Where, (by her medcines, blacke, and sorcerous)
 Thy souldiers all are shut, in well-arm'd sties,
 And turnd to swine. Art thou arriv'd with prise
 Fit for their ransomes? Thou com'st out no more
 If once thou enterst. Like thy men before
 Made to remaine here; But Ile guard thee free;
 And save thee in her spite: receive of me
 This faire and good receipt; with which, once arm'd;
 Enter her roofes; for th' art to all prooffe charm'd
 Against the ill day: I will tell thee all

Her banefull counsaile. With a festivall
 Sheele first receive thee; but will spice thy bread
 With flowrie poysons: yet unaltered
 Shall thy firme forme be; for this remedy
 Stands most approv'd, gainst all her Sorcery.
 Which, thus particularly shunne: When she
 Shall with her long rod strike thee; instantly
 Draw from thy thigh thy sword; and flie on her
 As to her slaughter. She, (surprisde with feare
 And love) at first, will bid thee to her bed;
 Nor say the Goddesse nay; that welcomed
 Thou maist with all respect be; and procure
 Thy fellowes freedoms. But before, make sure
 Her favours to thee; and the great oath take
 With which the blessed Gods, assurance make
 Of all they promise: that no prejudice
 (By stripping thee of forme, and faculties)
 She may so much as once attempt on thee.
 This said, he gave his Antidote to me;
 Which from the earth he pluckt; and told me all
 The vertue of it: With what Deities call
 The name it beares. And *Moly* they impose
 For name to it. The roote is hard to loose
 From hold of earth, by mortals: but Gods powre
 Can all things do. Tis blacke, but beares a flowre
 As white as milke. And thus flew *Mercurie*
 Up to immense *Olympus*, gliding by
 The sylvan Iland. I, made backe my way
 To *Circes* house: my mind, of my assay
 Much thought revolving. At her gates I staid

*The herbe Moly
 which with
 Ulysses whole
 Narration, hath
 in chiefe, an Al-
 legoricall exposi-
 tion. Notwith-
 standing I say
 with our Spon-
 danus, Credo in
 hoc vasto mun-
 di ambitu exta-
 re res innume-
 ras mirandæ fa-
 cultatis; adeo,
 ut ne quidem
 ista quæ ad
 transformanda
 corpora perti-
 net, jure e
 mundo eximi
 possit, &c.*

And cald: she heard, and her bright doores displaid;
Invited, led; I followed in: but tract
With some distraction. In a Throne she plac't
My welcome person. Of a curious frame
I was, and so bright; I sate as in a flame.
A foote-stoole added. In a golden boule
She then subornd a potion: in her soule,
Deformd things thinking: for amidst the wine
She mixt her man-transforming medicine:
Which when she saw I had devourd; she then,
No more observ'd me with her soothing vaine;
But strooke me with her rod, and, To her Sty,
Bad; out, away, and with thy fellowes lie.
I drew my sword, and charg'd her, as I ment
To take her life. When out she cri'd, and bent
Beneath my sword, her knees; embracing mine;
And (full of teares) said, Who? of what high line
Art thou the issue? whence? what shores sustaine
Thy native Citie? I amaz'd remaine
That drinking these my venomes, th'art not turnd.
Never drunke any this cup; but he mournd
In other likenesse; if it once had past
The ivorie bounders of his tongue, and taste.
All but thy selfe, are brutishly declind:
Thy breast holds firme yet, and unchang'd thy mind:
Thou canst be therefore, none else but the man
Of many virtues: *Ithacensian*,
Deepe-soul'd *Ulysses*: who, I oft was told,
By that slie God, that beares the rod of gold,
Was to arrive here, in retreat from *Troy*.

Sheath then thy sword, and let my bed enjoy
So much a man; that when the bed we prove,
We may beleeve in one anothers love.

I then: O *Circe*, why entreat'st thou me
To mixe in any humane league with thee;
When thou, my friends hast beasts turnd? and thy bed
Tenderst to me; that I might likewise leade
A beasts life with thee; softn'd, naked stript;
That in my blood, thy banes, may more be steeped.
I never will ascend thy bed, before
I may affirme; that in heavens sight you swore
The great oath of the Gods; that all attempt
To do me ill, is from your thoughts exempt.

I said; she swore: when, all the oath-rites said,
I then ascended her adorned bed;
But thus prepar'd: foure handmaids serv'd her there;
That daughters to her silver fountaines were,
To her bright-sea-observing sacred floods;
And to her uncut consecrated woods.
One deckt the Throne-tops, with rich clothes of state;
And did, with silkes, the foote-pace, consecrate.
Another, silver tables set before
The pompous Throne; and golden dishes store
Serv'd in with severall feast. A third fild wine;
The fourth brought water, and made fewell shine
In ruddy fires; beneath a wombe of brasse.
Which heat, I bath'd; and odorous water was
Disperpled lightly, on my head, and necke;
That might my late, heart-hurting sorrowes checke
With the refreshing sweetnesse; and, for that,

Men sometimes, may be something delicate.
 Bath'd, and adorn'd; she led me to a Throne
 Of massie silver; and of fashion
 Exceeding curious. A faire foote-stoole set;
 Water apposde, and every sort of meate
 Set on th'elaborately polisht boord.
 She wisht my taste emplot; but not a word
 Would my eares taste, of taste: my mind had food
 That must digest; eye meate would do me good.
Circe (observing, that I put no hand
 To any banquet; having countermand
 From weightier cares; the light cates could excuse)
 Bowing her neare me; these wing'd words did use:

Why sits *Ulysses*, like one dumbe? his mind
 Lessening with languors? Nor to food enclind;
 Nor wine? Whence comes it? out of any feare
 Of more illusion? You must needs forbear
 That wrongfull doubt, since you have heard me sweare. }

O *Circe*! (I replied) what man is he,
 Awd with the rights of true humanitie,
 That dares taste food or wine; before he sees
 His friends redeem'd from their deformities?
 If you be gentle, and indeed incline
 To let me taste the comfort of your wine;
 Dissolve the charmes, that their forc't formes encheine
 And shew me here, my honord friends, like men.

This said, she left her Throne, and tooke her rod;
 Went to her Stie, and let my men abroad,
 Like swine of nine yeares old. They opposite stood;
 Observ'd their brutish forme; and look't for food;

When, with another medicine, (every one
All over smear'd) their bristles all were gone,
Produc't by malice of the other bane;
And every one, afresh, lookt up a man.
Both yonger then they were; of stature more;
And all their formes, much goodlier then before.
All knew me; clingd about me, and a cry
Of pleasing mourning, flew about so hie,
The horrid rooffe resounded; and the Queene
Her selfe, was mov'd, to see our kinde so keene.
Who bad me now; bring ship and men ashore;
Our armes, and goods, in caves hid; and restore
My selfe to her, with all my other men.
I granted, went, and op't the weeping veine
In all my men; whose violent joy to see
My safe returne, was passing kindly free
Of friendly teares, and miserably wept.
You have not seene yong Heiffers (highly kept;
Filld full of daisies at the field, and driven
Home to their hovels; all so spritely given
That no roome can containe them; but about,
Bace by the Dams, and let their spirits out
In ceasselesse bleating) of more jocund plight
Then my kind friends, even crying out with sight
Of my returne so doubted. Circl'd me
With all their welcomes, and as cheerfully
Disposde their rapt minds, as if there they saw
Their naturall Countrie, cliffie *Ithaca*;
And even the roofes where they were bred and borne.
And vowd as much, with teares: O your returne

As much delights us; as in you had come
Our Countrie to us, and our naturall home.
But what unhappie fate hath reft our friends?
I gave unlookt for answer; That amends
Made for their mourning, bad them first of all,
Our ship ashore draw; then in Caverns stall
Our foodie cattell, hide our mutuall prise;
And then (said I) attend me, that your eies,
In *Circes* sacred house, may see each friend,
Eating and drinking, banquets out of end.

They soone obeid; all but *Eurylochus*;
Who needes would stay them all; and counsell'd thus;

O wretches! whither will ye? why are you
Fond of your mischiefs? and such gladnesse show
For *Circes* house; that will transforme ye all
To Swine, or Wolves, or Lions? Never shall
Our heads get out; if once within we be,
But stay compell'd by strong *Necessitie*.
So wrought the *Cyclop*, when t'his cave, our friends
This bold one, led on, and brought all their ends
By his one indiscretion. I, for this
Thought with my sword (that desperate head of his
Hewne from his necke) to gash upon the ground
His mangld bodie, though my blood was bound
In neare alliance to him. But the rest
With humble suite containd me, and request,
That I would leave him, with my ship alone;
And to the sacred Pallace leade them on.

I led them; nor *Eurylochus* would stay,
From their attendance on me: Our late fray

φράσσαντό τε
πάντα
Commemora-
bantque omnia.
*Intending all
their miseries,
escapes, and
meetings:*

Strooke to his heart so. But meane time, my men,
In *Circes* house, were all, in severall baine
Studiously sweetn'd, smugd with oile, and deckt
With, in, and outweeds: and a feast secret
Serv'd in before them: at which, close we found
They all were set, cheer'd, and carousing round.
When (mutuall sight had, and all thought on) then
Feast was forgotten; and the mone againe
About the house flew, driven with wings of joy.
But then spake *Circe*; Now, no more annoy:
I know my selfe, what woes by sea, and shore,
And men unjust, have plagu'd enough before
Your injur'd vertues: here then, feast as long;
And be as cheerfull, till ye grow as strong,
As when ye first forsooke your Countrie earth.
Ye now fare all, like exiles; not a mirth
Flasht in amongst ye, but is quencht againe
With still-renewd teares: though the beaten vaine
Of your distresses, should (me thinke) be now
Benumb with sufferance. We did well allow
Her kind perswasions; and the whole yeare staid
In varied feast with her. When, now arraid
The world was with the Spring; and orbie houres
Had gone the round againe, through herbs and flowres,
The moneths absolv'd in order; till the daies
Had runne their full race, in *Apollus* raies;
My friends rememberd me of home; and said,
If ever Fate would signe my passe; delaid
It should be now no more. I heard them well;
Yet that day, spent in feast, till darknesse fell;

And sleepe, his virtues, through our vapours shed.
 When I ascended, sacred *Circes* bed;
 Implor'd my passe; and her performed vow
 Which now, my soule urg'd; and my souldiers now
 Afflicted me with teares to get them gone.
 All these I told her; and she answerd these;
 Much-skilld *Ulysses Laertiades*!

Remaine no more, against your wils with me:
 But take your free way: onely this must be
 Perform'd before you sterc your course for home;
 You must the way to *Pluto* overcome;
 And sterne *Persephone*, to forme your passe,
 By th' aged *Theban Soule Tiresias*;
 The dark-browd Prophet: whose soule yet can see
 Clearly, and firmly: grave *Persephone*,
 (Even dead) gave him a mind; that he alone
 Might sing *Truths* solide wisdom, and not one
 Prove more then shade, in his comparison.

This broke my heart; I sunke into my bed;
 Mourn'd, and would never more be comforted
 With light, nor life. But having now exprest
 My paines enough to her, in my unrest,
 That so I might prepare her ruth; and get
 All I held fit, for an affaire so great;
 I said; O *Circe*, who shall sterc my course
 To *Plutos* kingdome? Never ship had force
 To make that voiage. The divine in voice,
 Said, Seeke no guide, raise you your Mast, and choise
 Your ships white sailes; and then, sit you at peace;
 The fresh North spirit, shall waft ye through the seas.

But, having past th'*Ocean*, you shall see;
 A little shore, that to *Persephone*
 Puts up a consecrated wood; where growes,
 Tall Firres, and Sallows, that their fruits soone loose:
 Cast anchor in the gulphes: and go, alone }
 To *Plutos* darke house, where, to *Acheron* }
Cocytus runnes, and *Pyriphlegiton*: }
Cocytus borne of *Styx*, and where a Rocke
 Of both the met floods, beares the roring shocke,
 The darke *Heroe*, (great *Tiresias*)
 Now coming neare, (to gaine propitious passe)
 Dig (of a cubit every way) a pit;
 And powre (to all that are deceast) in it
 A solemne sacrifice. For which; first take
 Honey and wine, and their commixtion make:
 Then sweete wine, neate; and thirdly; water powre;
 And lastly, adde to these, the whitest flowre;
 Then vow to all the weake necks of the dead,
 Offerings a number: and when thou shalt tread
 The *Ithacensian* shore; to sacrifice
 A Heifer never tam'd, and most of prise;
 A pyle of all thy most-esteemed goods
 Enflaming to the deare streames of their bloods:
 And, in secret Rites, to *Tiresias* vow
 A Ram cole blacke, at all parts, that doth flow
 With fat, and fleece; and all thy flockes doth leade:
 When the all-calling nation of the dead
 Thou thus hast praid to; offer on the place,
 A Ram and Ewe all blacke: being turn'd in face
 To dreadfull *Erebus*; thy selfe aside

κλυτὰ ἔθνεα
 νεκρῶν
 Which is ex-
 pounded Incluta
 examina mor-
 tuorum. But
 κλυτός, is the
 Epithete of *Plu-*
to; and by *Ana-*
logie belongs to
 the dead, quod
 ad se omnes
 advocet.

The floods shore walking. And then, gratified
With flocks of Soules, of Men, and Dames deceast,
Shall all thy pious Rites be. Straight, addrest
See then the offering that thy fellowes slew;
Flayd, and imposde in fire; and all thy Crew,
Pray to the state of either Deitie,
Grave Pluto, and severe Persephone.
Then draw thy sword, stand firme; nor suffer one
Of all the faint shades, of the dead and gone,
T'approch the blood, till thou hast heard their king,
The wise *Tiresias*: who, thy offering
Will instantly do honour: thy home wayes,
And all the measure of them, by the seas
Amply unfolding. This the Goddess told;
And then, the morning in her Throne of gold,
Survaid the vast world; by whose orient light,
The *Nymph* adorn'd me with attires as bright;
Her owne hands putting on, both shirt and weede,
Robes fine, and curious; and upon my head,
An ornament that glitterd like a flame:
Girt me in gold; and forth betimes I came
Amongst my souldiers; rousd them all from sleepe;
And bad them now; no more observance keepe
Of ease, and feast; but straight, a shipboard fall,
For now the Goddess had inform'd me all:
Their noble spirits agree'd; nor yet so cleare
Could I bring all off; but *Elpenor* there
His heedlesse life left: he was yongest man
Of all my company, and one that wanne
Least fame for armes; as little for his braine;

Who (too much steep in wine, and so made faine;
To get refreshing by the coole of sleepe;
Apart his fellowes; plung'd in vapors deepe;
And they as high in tumult of their way)
Sodainly wak't, and (quite out of the stay
A sober mind had given him) would descend
A huge long Ladder, forward; and an end
Fell from the very rooffe; full pitching on
The dearest joynt, his head was plac't upon;
Which (quite dissolv'd,) let loose his soule to hell.
I, to the rest; and *Circes* meanes did tell
Of our returne (as crossing cleane the hope
I gave them first) and said; You thinke the scope
Of our endeavours now, is straight for home,
No: *Circe* otherwise design'd; whose doome
Enjoynd us first, to greet the dreadfull house
Of *Austere Pluto*, and his glorious spouse;
To take the counsaile of *Tiresias*
(The reverend *Theban*) to direct our passe.

This brake their hearts, and grieve made teare their haire
But grieve was never good, at great affaire.
It would have way yet. We went wofull on
To ship and shore, where, was arriv'd as soone
Circe unseene; a blacke Ewe, and a Ram,
Binding for sacrifice; and as she came
Vanisht againe, unwitnest by our eyes;
Which griev'd not us, nor checkt our sacrifice;
For who would see God, loath to let us see?
This way, or that bent; still his waies are free.

Finis decimi libri Hom. Odys.

THE ELEVENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES

THE ARGUMENT.

U LYSSES way to *Hell* appears;
Where he, the grave *Tiresias* heares;
Enquires his owne, and others fates.
His mother sees, and th'after states,
In which, were held, by sad Decease
Heroes, and Heroesses;
A number, that at *Troy* wag'd warre;
As *Ajax* that was still at jarre
With *Ithacus*, for th'armes he lost;
And with the great *Achilles* Ghost.

ANOTHER.

Λάμβδα. Ulysses here
Invokes the dead;
The lives appeare,
Hereafter led.

THE ELEVENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES



ARRIV'D NOW AT OUR SHIP;
WE LANCHT, AND SET
OUR MAST UP, PUT FORTH SAILE;
AND IN DID GET

Our late-got Cattell. Up our sailes, we went;
My wayward fellowes mourning now th'event.
A good companion yet, a foreright wind;
Circe, (the excellent utterer of her mind)
Supplied our murmuring consorts with, that was
Both speed, and guide to our adventurous passe.
All day our sailes stood to the winds; and made
Our voiage prosperous. Sunne then set, and shade
All wayes obscuring: on the bounds we fell
Of deepe *Oceanus*; where people dwell
Whom a perpetuall cloud obscures outright:
To whom the cheerfull Sunne lends never light;
Nor when he mounts the star-sustaining heaven;
Nor when he stoopes earth, and sets up the Even:
But Night holds fixt wings, fetherd all with Banes,
Above those most unblest *Cimmerianes*.
Here drew we up our ship: our sheepe with-drew;
And walkt the shore till we attaind the view
Of that sad region *Circe* had foreshow'd;
And then the sacred offerings, to be vow'd,
Eurylochus, and *Persimedes* bore.
When I, my sword drew, and earths wombe did gore
Till I, a pit digg'd of a cubite round;
Which with the liquid sacrifice, we crown'd
First, honey mixt with wine; then, sweete wine neate;
Then water powr'd in; last the flowre of wheate.
Much I importun'd then, the weake-neckt dead,
And vowd, when I the barren soile should tread

*They mournd the
event before
they knew it.*

Of clifffie *Ithaca*; amidst my hall
To kill a Heifer, my cleare best of all,
And give in offering: on a Pile composd
Of all the choise goods, my whole house enclosd.
And to *Tiresias*, himselfe, alone
A sheepe cole-blacke, and the selectest one
Of all my flockes. When to the powres beneath,
The sacred nation, that survive with Death,
My prayrs, and vows, had done devotions fit;
I tooke the offrings, and upon the pit
Bereft their lives. Out gusht the sable blood;
And round about me, fled out of the flood,
The Soules of the deceast. There cluster'd then,
Youths, and their wives, much suffering aged men,
Soft tender virgins, that but new came there,
By timelesse death, and greene their sorrowes were.
There, men at Armes, with armors all embrew'd,
Wounded with lances, and with faulchions hew'd:
In numbers, up and downe the ditch, did stalke;
And threw unmeasur'd cries, about their walke;
So horrid that a bloodlesse feare surprisde,
My daunted spirits. Straight then, I advise
My friends to flay the slaughter'd sacrifice;
Put them in fire, and to the Deities;
Sterne *Pluto*, and *Persephone*, apply
Excitefull prayrs. Then drew I from my Thy,
My well-edg'd sword; stept in, and firmly stood
Betwixt the prease of shadowes, and the blood;
And would not suffer any one to dip
Within our offering, his unsolide lip;

Before *Tiresias*, that did all controule.
The first that preast in, was *Elpenors* soule;
His body, in the broad-waid earth, as yet
Unmournd, unburied by us; since we swet
With other urgent labours. Yet his smart,
I wept to see; and ru'd it from my heart;
Enquiring how, he could before me be,
That came by ship? He mourning, answerd me:
In *Circes* house; the spite some Spirit did beare;
And the unspeakable good licour there
Hath bene my bane. For being to descend
A ladder much in height; I did not tend
My way well downe; but forwards made a prooffe
To tread the rounds; and from the very rooffe
Fell on my necke, and brake it. And this made
My soule thus visite this infernall shade.
And here, by them that next thy selfe are deare,
Thy Wife, and Father, that a little one
Gave food to thee; and by thy onely Sonne
At home behind thee left, (*Telemachus*)
Do not depart by stealth, and leave me thus,
Unmourn'd, unburied: lest neglected I
Bring on thy selfe, th'incensed Deitie.
I know, that saild from hence, thy ship must touch
On th'Ile *Ææa*; where vouchsafe thus much
(Good king) that, landed, thou wilt instantly,
Bestow on me, thy royall memory;
To this grace; that my body, armes and all,
May rest consum'd in fire funerall.
And on the fomie shore, a Sepulchre

Misenus apud
Virgilium, in-
genti mole, &c.

Erect to me; that after times may heare
Of one so haplesse. Let me these implore;
And fixe upon my Sepulcher, the Ore
With which alive, I shooke the aged seas;
And had, of friends, the deare societies.

I told the wretched Soule, I would fulfill
And execute to th' utmost point, his will;
And, all the time, we sadly talkt; I still
My sword above the blood held; when aside
The Idoll of my friend, still amplified
His plaint, as up and downe, the shades he err'd.
Then, my deceased mothers Soule appeard;
Faire daughter of *Autolicus*, the Great;
Grave *Anticlæa*, Whom, when forth I set
For sacred *Ilion*, I had left alive.
Her sight, much mov'd me; and to teares did drive
My note of her deceasse: and yet, not she
(Though in my ruth, she held the highest degree)
Would I admit to touch the sacred blood;
Till from *Tiresias*, I had understood
What *Circe* told me. At the length did land,
Theban Tiresias soule; and in his hand
Sustained a golden Scepter, knew me well;
And said; O man unhappy, why to hell
Admitst thou darke arrivall; and the light
The Sunne gives, leav' st; to have the horrid sight
Of this blacke region, and the shadowes here?
Now sheath thy sharpe sword; and the pit forbear.
That I the blood may taste; and then relate
The truth of those acts, that affect thy Fate.

*Tiresias to
Ulysses.*

I sheath'd my sword; and left the pit, till he
The blacke blood tasting, thus instructed me;
Renom'd *Ulysses*! all unaskt, I know
That all the cause of thy arrivall now,
Is to enquire thy wisht retreat, for home:
Which hardly God will let thee overcome;
Since *Neptune* still will his opposure trie,
With all his laid-up anger, for the eye
His lov'd Sonne lost to thee. And yet through all
Thy suffering course, (which must be capitall)
If both thine owne affections, and thy friends
Thou wilt containe; when thy accesse ascends
The three-forckt Iland, having scap't the seas;
(Where ye shall find fed, on the flowrie leas,
Fat flocks, and Oxen; which the Sunne doth owne;
To whom are all things, as well heard as showne:
And never dare, one head of those to slay;
But hold, unharfull on, your wished way)
Though through enough affliction; yet secure
Your Fates shall land ye. But *Presage* saies sure,
If once ye spoile them; spoile to all thy friends;
Spoile to thy Fleete; and if the justice ends
Short of thy selfe; it shall be long before,
And that length, forc't out, with inflictions store:
When, losing all thy fellowes, in a saile
Of forreigne built (when most thy Fates prevaile
In thy deliverance) thus th'event shall sort;
Thou shalt find shipwracke, raging in thy Port:
Proud men, thy goods consuming; and thy Wife
Urging with gifts; give charge upon thy life.

*Men that never
eate salt with
their fooode.*

But all these wrongs, *Revenge* shall end to thee;
And force, or cunning, set with slaughter, free
Thy house of all thy spoilers. Yet againe,
Thou shalt a voyage make; and come to men
That know no Sea; nor ships, nor oares, that are
Wings to a ship; nor mixe with any fare,
Salts savorie vapor. Where thou first shalt land,
This cleare-given signe, shall let thee understand,
That there those men remaine: assume ashore,
Up to thy roiall shoulder, a ship oare;
With which, when thou shalt meete one on the way,
That will, in Countrey admiration, say
What dost thou with that wanne, upon thy necke?
There, fixe (that wanne) thy oare; and that shore decke
With sacred Rites to *Neptune*: slaughter there
A Ram, a Bull, and, (who for strength doth beare
The name of husband to a herd) a Bore.
And, coming home, upon thy naturall shore,
Give pious *Hecatombs*, to all the Gods
(Degrees observ'd). And then the *Periods*
Of all thy labors, in the peace shall end
Of easie death; which shall the lesse extend
His passion to thee; that thy foe, the Sea
Shall not enforce it, but *Deaths* victory,
Shall chance in onely-earnest-pray-vow'd age:
Obtaind at home, quite emptied of his rage;
Thy subjects round about thee, rich and blest:
And here hath *Truth* summ'd up, thy vitall rest.
I answerd him; We will suppose all these
Decreed in Deity; let it likewise please

γῆρα ὑπο
λιπαρῶ.
*Which all trans-
late senectute
sub molli. The
Epethete λιπαρῶ,
not of λιπαρός,
viz. pinguis; or
λιπαρῶς, pin-
guiter. But
λιπαρῶς
signifying
flagitanter
orando. To
which, pious age
is ever altogether
addicted.*

Tiresias to resolve me, why so neare
The blood and me, my mothers Soule doth beare;
And yet, nor word, nor looke, vouchsafe her Sonne?
Doth she not know me? No (said he) nor none
Of all these spirits, but my selfe alone;
Knowes any thing, till he shall taste the blood;
But whomsoever, you shall do that good,
He will the truth, of all you wish, unfold;
Who, you envy it to, will all withhold.

Thus said the kingly soule, and made retreate,
Amidst the inner parts of *Plutos* Seate,
When he had spoke thus, by divine instinct:
Still I stood firme, till to the bloods precinct
My mother came, and drunke; and then she knew,
I was her Sonne; had passion to renew
Her naturall plaints; which thus she did pursew:
How is it, (O my Sonne) that you alive,
This deadly-darksome region underdive?
Twixt which, and earth, so many mighty seas,
And horrid currents, interpose their prease?
Oceanus, in chiefe; which none (unlesse
More helpt then you) on foote now can transgresse.
A well built ship he needs, that ventures there:
Com'st thou from *Troy* but now? enforc't to erre
All this time with thy souldiers? Nor hast seene,
Ere this long day, thy Countrey, and thy Queene?

I answerd; That a necessary end
To this infernall state, made me contend;
That from the wise *Tiresias Theban* Soule,
I might, an Oracle, involv'd, unrowle:

For I came nothing neare *Achaia* yet;
Nor on our lov'd earth, happy foote had set;
But (mishaps suffering) err'd from Coast to Coast;
Ever since first, the mighty *Græcian* hoast
Divine *Atrides*, led to *Ilion*;
And I, his follower, to set warre upon
The rapefull *Troyans*: and so praid she would
The Fate of that ungentle death unfould,
That forc't her thither: if some long disease;
Or that the Splene, of her that arrowes please,
(*Diana*, envious of most eminent Dames)
Had made her th' object of her deadly aimes?
My Fathers state, and sonnes, I sought; if they
Kept still my goods? or they became the prey
Of any other, holding me no more
In powre of safe returne, or if my store
My wife had kept together, with her Sonne?
If she, her first mind held; or had bene wonne
By some chiefe *Grecian*, from my love, and bed?
All this she answerd; that *Affliction* fed
On her blood still at home; and that to grieffe,
She all the dayes, and darknesse, of her life,
In teares, had consecrate. That none possest
My famous kingdomes Throne; but th' interest
My sonne had in it; still he held in peace.
A Court kept, like a Prince; and his increase
Spent in his subjects good; administring lawes
With justice, and the generall applause
A king should merit; and all call'd him king.
My Father, kept the upland, labouring;

And shun'd the Citie: usde no sumptuous beds;
Wonderd at furnitures; nor wealthy weeds;
But, in the Winter, strew'd about the fire
Lay with his slaves in ashes; his attire
Like to a beggers. When the Sommer came;
And Autumne all fruits ripend with his flame;
Where Grape-charg'd vines, made shadows most abound,
His couch with falne leaves, made upon the ground:
And here lay he; his Sorrowes fruitfull state,
Increasing, as he faded, for my Fate.
And now, the part of age, that irksome is
Lay sadly on him. And that life of his,
She led, and perisht in; not slaughterd by
The Dame, that darts lov'd, and her archerie;
Nor, by disease invaded, vast, and foule
That wasts the body, and sends out the soule
With shame and horror: onely in her mone,
For me, and my life; she consum'd her owne.

She thus; when I, had great desire to prove
My armes, the circle, where her soule did move;
Thrice prov'd I, thrice she vanisht, like a sleepe;
Or fleeting shadow, which strooke much more deepe
The wounds, my woes made; and made, aske her why
She would my Love to her embraces flie;
And not vouchsafe, that even in hell we might,
Pay pious Nature, her unalterd right,
And give *Vexation* here, her cruell fill?
Should not the Queene here, to augment the ill
Of every sufferance (which her office is)
Enforce thy idoll, to affoord me this?

*Proserpina or
Persephone.*

O Sonne (she answerd) of the race of men
 The most unhappy; our most equall Queene,
 Will mocke no solide armes, with empty shade;
 Nor suffer empty shades, againe t' invade
 Flesh, bones, and nerves: nor will defraud the fire
 Of his last dues; that, soone as spirits expire,
 And leave the white bone, are his native right;
 When, like a dreame, the soule assumes her flight.
 The light then, of the living, with most haste
 (O Sonne) contend to: this thy little taste
 Of this state is enough; and all this life,
 Will make a tale, fit, to be told thy wife.

*The old Hero-
 esses appeare to
 Ulysses.*

This speech we had; when now repair'd to me
 More female spirits; by *Persephone*,
 Driven on before her. All t'heroes wives
 And daughters, that, led there their second lives,
 About the blacke blood throngd. Of whom, yet more
 My mind impell'd me to enquire, before
 I let them altogether taste the gore;
 For then would all have bene disperst, and gone,
 Thicke as they came. I therefore, one by one
 Let taste the pit: my sword drawne from my Thy
 And stand betwixt them made; when, severally
 All told their stockes. The first that quencht her fire,
 Was *Tyro*, issu'd of a noble Sire.
 She said she sprong from pure, *Salmonesus* bed;
 And *Cretheus*, Sonne of *Æolus* did wed.
 Yet the divine flood *Enipeus*, lov'd,
 Who much the most faire streame, of all floods mov'd
 Neare whose streames, *Tyro* walking: *Neptune* came,

Tyro.

Like *Enipeus*, and enjoyd the Dame:
 Like to a hill; the blew, and Snakie flood
 Above th'immortall, and the mortall stood;
 And hid them both; as both together lay,
 Just where his current, falles into the Sea.
 Her virgine wast, dissolv'd, she slumberd then;
 But when the God had done the worke of men,
 Her faire hand gently wringing; thus he said;
 Woman! Rejoyce in our combined bed;
 For when the yeare hath runne his circle, round
 (Because the Gods loves, must in fruite abound)
 My love shall make (to cheere thy teeming mones)
 Thy one deare burthen, beare two famous Sonnes;
 Love well, and bring them up: go home, and see
 That, though of more joy yet, I shall be free;
 Thou dost not tell, to glorifie thy birth:
 Thy Love is *Neptune* shaker of the earth.
 This said; he plung'd into the sea, and she
 (Begot with child by him) the light let see
 Great *Pelias*, and *Neleus*; that became
 In *Joves* great ministrie, of mighty fame.
Pelias, in broad *Iolcus* held his Throne,
 Wealthy in cattell; th'other roiall Sonne
 Rul'd sandy *Pylos*. To these, issue more
 This Queene of women to her husband bore:
Aeson, and *Pheres*, and *Amythaon*,
 That for his fight on horsebacke, stoopt to none.

Next her, I saw admir'd *Antiope*
Asopus daughter; who (as much as she
 Boasted attraction, of great *Neptunes* love)

III oo

Antiope like Tyro.

Boasted to slumber in the armes of *Jove*:
 And two Sonnes likewise, at one burthen bore,
 To that, her all-controlling Paramore:
Amphion, and faire *Zethus*; that first laid
 Great *Thebes* foundations; and strong wals convoid
 About her turrets, that seven Ports enclosde.
 For though the *Thebans*, much in strength repose,
 Yet had not they, the strength to hold their owne,
 Without the added aides, of wood, and stone.

Alcmena.

Alcmena, next I saw; that famous wife
 Was to *Amphytrio*; and honor'd life
 Gave to the Lyon-hearted *Hercules*,
 That was, of *Joves* embrace, the great increase.

Megara.

I saw besides, proud *Cræons* daughter there,
 Bright *Megara*; that nuptiall yoke did weare
 With *Joves* great Sonne; who never field did try,
 But bore to him, the flowre of victory.

*Epicasta the
 mother of
 Oedipus.*

The mother then, of *Oedipus*, I saw,
 Faire *Epicasta*; that beyond all law,
 Her owne Sonne married, ignorant of kind;
 And, he (as darkly taken, in his mind)
 His mother wedded, and his father slew;
 Whose blind act, heaven exposde at length to view:
 And he, in all-lov'd *Thebes*, the supream state
 With much mone manag'd; for the heavy Fate
 The Gods laid on him. She made violent flight
 To *Plutos* darke house, from the lothed light;
 Beneath a steepe beame, strangl'd with a cord;
 And left her Sonne, in life, paines as abhord,
 As all the furies powr'd on her in hell.

Then saw I *Chloris*, that did so excell
In answering beauties, that each part had all;
Great *Neleus* married her, when gifts not small,
Had wonne her favour; term'd by name of dowre.
She was of all *Amphions* seed, the flowre:
(*Amphion*, calld *Iasides*, that then
Rul'd strongly, *Myniaean Orchomen*)
And now his daughter rul'd the *Pylean* Throne;
Because her beauties Empire overshone.
She brought her wife-awd husband, *Neleus*,
Nestor, much honord; *Peryclimeneus*,
And *Chromius*; Sonnes, with soveraigne vertues grac't;
But after, brought a daughter that surpast;
Rare-beautied *Pero*, so for forme exact;
That *Nature*, to a miracle, was rackt,
In her perfections, blaz'd with th' eyes of men.
That made of all the Countries hearts, a chaine,
And drew them suiters to her. Which her Sire
Tooke vantage of; and (since he did aspire
To nothing more, then to the broad-browd herd
Of Oxen, which the common fame so rer'd,
Own'd by *Iphiclus*) not a man should be
His *Peros* husband, that from *Phylace*,
Those never-yet-driven Oxen, could not drive:
Yet these; a strong hope held him to atchieve;
Because a Prophet that had never err'd,
Had said, that onely he should be prefer'd
To their possession. But the equall Fate
Of God, withstood his stealth: inextricate
Imprisoning Bands; and sturdy churlish Swaines

Chloris.

That were the Heardsmen; who withheld with chaines
 The stealth attempter: which was onely he
 That durst abet the Act with Prophecie;
 None else would undertake it; and he must:
 The king would needs, a Prophet should be just;
 But when some daies and moneths, expired were,
 And all the *Houres* had brought about the yeare;
 The Prophet, did so satisfie the king
 (*Iphiclus*; all his cunning questioning)
 That he enfranchisde him; and (all worst done)
Joves counsaile made, th'all-safe conclusion.

Læda.

Then saw I *Læda*; (linkt in nuptiall chaine
 With *Tyndarus*) to whom, she did sustaine
 Sonnes much renown'd for wisdome; *Castor* one,
 That past, for use of horse, comparison;
 And *Pollux*, that exceld, in whirlbat fight;
 Both these, the fruitfull Earth bore; while the light
 Of life inspir'd them; After which, they found
 Such grace with *Jove*, that both liv'd under ground,
 By change of daies: life still did one sustaine,
 While th'other died; the dead then, liv'd againe,
 The living dying; both, of one selfe date,
 Their lives and deaths made, by the Gods and Fate.

Iphimedia.

Iphimedia, after *Læda* came,
 That did derive from *Neptune* too, the name
 Of Father to two admirable Sonnes:
 Life yet made short their admirations;
 Who God-opposed *Otus* had to name,
 And *Ephialtes*, farre in sound of Fame.
 The prodigall Earth so fed them, that they grew

To most huge stature; and had fairest hew
 Of all men, but *Orion*, under heaven;
 At nine yeares old, nine cubits they were driven
 Abroad in breadth, and sprung nine fathomes hie.
 They threatn'd to give battell to the skie,
 And all th'Immortals. They were setting on
Ossa upon *Olympus*; and upon
 Steepe *Ossa*, leavie *Pelius*, that even
 They might a high-way make, with loftie heaven.
 And had perhaps perform'd it, had they liv'd
 Till they were Striplings. But *Joves Sonne* depriv'd
 Their lims of life; before th'age that begins
 The flowre of youth; and should adorne their chins.

Phædra and *Procris*, with wise *Minos* flame,
 (Bright *Ariadne*) to the offering came.
 Whom whilom *Theseus* made his prise from *Crete*;
 That *Athens* sacred soile, might kisse her feete.
 But never could obtaine her virgin Flowte;
 Till, in the Sea-girt *Dia*, *Dians* powre
 Detain'd his homeward haste; where (in her Phane,
 By *Bacchus* witnest) was the fatall wane
 Of her prime Glorie. *Mæra*, *Clymene*,
 I witnest there; and loth'd *Eryphile*;
 That honour'd * gold more, then she lov'd her Spouse.

*Phædra and
Procris.*

But all th' *Heroesses* in *Plutos* house,
 That then encounterd me, exceeds my might
 To name or number; and *Ambrosian Night*
 Would quite be spent; when now the formall houres,
 Present to *Sleepe*, our all-disposed powres.
 If at my ship, or here, my home-made vow,

*Mæra and Cly-
mene.*

*Amphiaraus was
her husband:
whom she be-
trayed to his
ruine at Thebes,
for gold taken of
Adrastus her
brother.*

I leave for fit grace, to the Gods and you.

This said; the silence his discourse had made,
With pleasure held still, through the houses shade.
When, white-arm'd *Arete* this speech began:
Phæacians! how appears to you this man?
So goodly person'd, and so matcht with mind?
My guest he is; but all you stand combin'd,
In the renowne he doth us. Do not then
With carelesse haste dismisse him: nor the maine
Of his dispatch, to one so needie, maime;
The Gods free bountie, gives us all just claime
To goods enow. This speech, the oldest man
Of any other *Phæacensian*,
The grave *Heroe*, *Echineus* gave
All approbation; saying: Friends! ye have
The motion of the wise Queene; in such words,
As have not mist the marke; with which, accords
My cleare opinion. But *Alcinous*,
In word and worke, must be our rule. He thus;
And then *Alcinous* said: This then must stand,
If while I live, I rule in the command
Of this well-skild-in-Navigation State.
Endure then (Guest) though most importunate
Be your affects for home. A litle stay
If your expectance beare; perhaps it may
Our gifts make more complete. The cares of all,
Your due deduction asks; but Principall
I am therein, the ruler. He replied:
Alcinous! the most duly glorified,
With rule of all; of all men; if you lay

Commandment on me, of a whole yeares stay;
 So all the while, your preparations rise,
 As well in gifts, as * time: ye can devise
 No better wish for me; for I shall come
 Much fuller handed, and more honourd home;
 And dearer to my people: in whose loves,
 The richer evermore the better proves.

Venuste &
 salse dictum.

He answerd: There is argude in your sight,
 A worth that works not men for benefit,
 Like Prollers or Impostors; of which crew,
 The gentle blacke Earth feeds not up a few;
 Here and there wanderers, blanching tales and lies,
 Of neither praise, nor use: you move our eies
 With forme; our minds with matter, and our eares
 With elegant oration; such as beares,
 A musicke in the orderd historie
 It layes before us. Not *Demodocus*,
 With sweeter straines hath usde to sing to us,
 All the *Greeke* sorrowes, wept out in your owne.
 But say; of all your worthy friends, were none
 Objected to your eyes; that *Consorts* were
 To *Ilion* with you? and serv'd destinie there?
 This Night is passing long, unmeasur'd: none
 Of all my houshold would to bed yet: On,
 Relate these wondrous things. Were I with you;
 If you would tell me but your woes, as now,
 Till the divine *Aurora* shewd her head,
 I should in no night relish thought of bed.

Most eminent King, (said he) *Times*, all must keepe;
 There's time to speake much, time as much to sleepe.

But would you heare still, I will tell you still,
 And utter more, more miserable ill,
 Of Friends then yet, that scap't the dismall warres,
 And perisht homewards, and in houshold jarres.
 Wag'd by a wicked woman. The chaste * Queene,
 No sooner made these Ladie-ghosts unseene,
 (Here and there flitting) but mine eie-sight wonne
 The Soule of *Agamemnon*, (*Atræus sonne*)
 Sad; and about him, all his traine of friends,
 That in *Ægysthus* house, endur'd their ends,
 With his sterne Fortune. Having drunke the blood,
 He knew me instantly; and forth a flood
 Of springing teares gusht. Out he thrust his hands,
 With will t' embrace me; but their old commands,
 Flowd not about him; nor their weakest part.
 I wept to see; and mon'd him from my heart.
 And askt: O *Agamemnon*! King of men!
 What sort of cruell death, hath renderd slaine
 Thy royall person? *Neptune*, in thy Fleete?
 Heaven, and his hellish billowes making meete,
 Rowsing the winds? Or have thy men by land
 Done thee this ill; for using thy command,
 Past their consents, in diminution
 Of those full shares, their worths by lot had wonne,
 Of sheepe or oxen? or of any towne?
 In covetous strife, to make their rights, thine owne,
 In men or women prisoners? He replied:
 By none of these, in any right, I died;
 But by *Ægysthus*, and my murtherous wife,
 (Bid to a banquet at his house) my life

*Here he begins
 his other relation.*

Proserpina.

Hath thus bene reft me: to my slaughter led,
Like to an Oxe, pretended to be fed.
So miserably fell I; and with me,
My friends lay massacred: As when you see
At any rich mans nuptials, shot, or feast,
About his kitchin, white-tooth'd swine lie drest.
The slaughters of a world of men, thine eies,
Both private, and in prease of enemies,
Have personally witnest; but this one,
Would all thy parts have broken into mone:
To see how strewd about our Cups and Cates,
As Tables set with Feast, so we with Fates,
All gasht and slaine, lay; all the floore embrude
With blood and braine. But that which most I ru'd,
Flew from the heavie voice, that *Priams* seed,
Cassandra breath'd; whom, she that wit doth feed
With banefull crafts, false *Clytemnestra* slew,
Close sitting by me; up my hands I threw
From earth to heaven; and tumbling on my sword,
Gave wretched life up. When the most abhord,
By all her sexes shame, forsooke the roome;
Nor daind (though then so neare this heavie home)
To shut my lips, or close my broken eies.
Nothing so heapt is with impieties,
As such a woman, that would kill her Spouse,
That married her a maid. When to my house
I brought her, hoping of her love in heart,
To children, maids, and slaves. But she (in th' Art
Of onely mischief heartie) not alone
Cast on her selfe, this foule aspersion;

But loving Dames, hereafter, to their Lords
Will beare, for good deeds, her bad thoughts and words.

Alas (said I) that *Jove* should hate the lives
Of *Atreus* seed, so highly for their wives.

For *Menelaus* wife, a number fell;

For dangerous absence, thine sent thee to hell.

For this, (he answerd) Be not thou more kind
Then wise to thy wife; never, all thy mind
Let words expresse to her. Of all she knowes,
Curbs for the worst still, in thy selfe repose.
But thou by thy wifes wiles, shalt lose no blood;
Exceeding wise she is, and wise in good.

Icarius daughter, chaste *Penelope*,

We left a yong Bride; when for battell, we
Forsooke the Nuptiall peace; and at her brest,
Her first child sucking. Who, by this houre, blest,
Sits in the number of surviving men.

And his blisse, she hath, that she can containe;

And her blisse, thou hast, that she is so wise;

For, by her wisdom, thy returned eies

Shall see thy sonne; and he shall greete his Sire,

With fitting welcomes. When in my retire,

My wife denies mine eyes, my sonnes deare sight;

And, as from me, will take from him the light;

Before she addes one just delight to life;

Or her false wit, one truth that fits a wife.

For her sake therefore, let my harmes advise;

That though thy wife be ne're so chaste and wise,

Yet come not home to her in * open view,

With any ship, or any personall shew.

*This advice he
followed at his
coming home.*

But take close shore disguise: nor let her know;
 For tis no world, to trust a woman now.
 But what sayes Fame? Doth my Sonne yet survive,
 In *Orchomen*, or *Pylos*? or doth live
 In *Sparta*, with his Unkle? yet I see
 Divine *Orestes* is not here with me.

I answerd, asking: Why doth *Atreus* sonne
 Enquire of me? who yet arriv'd where none
 Could give to these newes any certaine wings?
 And tis absurd, to tell uncertaine things.

Such sad speech past us; and as thus we stood,
 With kind teares rendring unkind fortunes good;
Achilles and *Patroclus* Soule appear'd;
 And his Soule, of whom never ill was heard,
 The good *Antilochus*: and the Soule of him,
 That all the *Greeks* past, both for force and lim,
 Excepting the unmatcht *Æacides*,
 Illustrious *Ajax*. But the first of these,
 That saw, acknowledg'd, and saluted me,
 Was * *Thetis* conquering Sonne, who (heavily
 His state here taking) said: Unworthy breath!
 What act, yet mightier, imagineth
 Thy ventrous spirit? How doest thou descend
 These under regions: where the dead mans end,
 Is to be lookt on? and his foolish shade?

Achilles.

I answerd him: I was induc'd t' invade
 These under parts, (most excellent of *Greece*)
 To visite wise *Tiresias*, for advice
 Of vertue to direct my voyage home
 To rugged *Ithaca*; since I could come

To note in no place, where *Achaia* stood;
 And so liv'd ever, tortur'd with the blood
 In mans vaine veines. Thou therefore (*Thetis* sonne)
 Hast equald all, that ever yet have wonne
 The blisse the earth yeelds; or hereafter shall.
 In life, thy eminence was ador'd of all,
 Even with the Gods. And now, even dead, I see
 Thy vertues propagate thy Emperie,
 To a renewd life of command beneath;
 So great *Achilles* triumphs over death.
 This comfort of him, this encounter found;
 Urge not my death to me, nor rub that wound;
 I rather wish, to live in earth a Swaine,
 Or serve a Swaine for hire, that scarce can gaine
 Bread to sustaine him; then (that life once gone)
 Of all the dead, sway the Imperiall throne.
 But say; and of my Sonne, some comfort yeeld;
 If he goes on, in first fights of the field;
 Or lurks for safetie in the obscure Rere?
 Or of my Father, if thy royall eare
 Hath bene advertisde, that the *Phthian* Throne,
 He still commands, as greatest *Myrmidon*?
 Or that the *Phthian* and *Thessalian* rage,
 (Now feete and hands are in the hold of Age)
 Despise his Empire? Under those bright rayes,
 In which, heavens fervour hurles about the dayes;
 Must I no more shine his revenger now;
 Such as of old, the *Ilion* overthrow
 Witnest my anger: th'universall hoast,
 Sending before me, to this shadie Coast,

*Achilles of the
 next life.*

In fight for *Grecia*. Could I now resort,
(But for some small time) to my Fathers Court;
In spirit and powre, as then: those men should find
My hands inaccessible; and of fire, my mind,
That durst, with all the numbers they are strong,
Unseate his honour, and suborne his wrong.

This pitch still flew his spirit, though so low;
And this, I answerd thus: I do not know,
Of blamelesse *Peleus*, any least report;
But of your sonne, in all the utmost sort,
I can informe your care with truth; and thus:

From *Scyros*, princely *Neoptolemus*,
By Fleete, I convoid to the *Greeks*; where he
Was Chiefe, at both parts: when our gravitie
Retir'd to councell; and our youth to fight.
In councell still (so firie was *Conceit*,
In his quicke apprehension of a cause)
That first he ever spake; nor past the lawes
Of any grave stay, in his greatest hast.
None would contend with him, that counseld last;
Unlesse illustrious *Nestor*, he and I
Would sometimes put a friendly contrary,
On his opinion. In our fights, the prease
Of great or common, he would never sease;
But farre before fight ever. No man there,
For force, he forced. He was slaughterer
Of many a brave man, in most dreadfull fight.
But one and other, whom he reft of light,
(In *Grecian* succour) I can neither name,
Nor give in number. The particular fame,

*Ulysses report of
Neoptolemus the
son of Achilles.*

*This place (and
a number more)
is most miserably
mistaken by all
translators and
commentors.*

Of one mans slaughter yet, I must not passe;
Eurypilus Telephides he was,
 That fell beneath him; and with him, the falls
 Of such huge men went, that they shewd like * whales,
 Rampir'd about him. *Neoptolemus*
 Set him so sharply, for the sumptuous
 Favours of Mistresses, he saw him weare;
 For past all doubt, his beauties had no peere,
 Of all that mine eies noted; next to one,
 And that was *Memnon*, *Tithons* Sun-like sonne.
 Thus farre, for fight in publicke, may a tast
 Give of his eminence. How farre surpast
 His spirit in private; where he was not seene;
 Nor glorie could be said, to praise his spleene;
 This close note, I excerpted. When we sate
 Hid in *Epæus* horse; no Optimate
 Of all the *Greeks* there, had the charge to ope
 And shut the * Stratageme, but I. My scope
 To note then, each mans spirit, in a streight
 Of so much danger; much the better might
 Be hit by me, then others: as, provokt,
 I shifted place still; when, in some I smokt
 Both privie tremblings, and close vent of teares.
 In him yet, not a soft conceit of theirs,
 Could all my search see, either his wet eies
 Plied still with wipings; or the goodly guise,
 His person all waies put forth; in least part,
 By any tremblings, shewd his toucht-at heart.
 But ever he was urging me to make
 Way to their sally; by his signe to shake

*The horse above-
said.*

His sword hid in his scabberd; or his Lance
 Loded with iron, at me. No good chance,
 His thoughts to *Troy* intended. In th' event,
 (High *Troy* depopulate) he made ascent
 To his faire ship, with prise and treasure store:
 Safe, and no touch, away with him he bore,
 Of farre-off hurl'd Lance, or of close-fought sword,
 Whose wounds, for favours, Warre doth oft affoord;
 Which he (though sought) mist, in warres closest wage;
In close fights, Mars doth never fight, but rage.

This made the soule of swift *Achilles* tred
 A March of glorie, through the herbie meade;
 For joy to heare me so renowme his Sonne;
 And vanisht stalking. But with passion
 Stood th' other Soules strooke: and each told his bane.

Onely the spirit * *Telamonian*

*Ajax the sonne
of Telamon.*

Kept farre off; angrie for the victorie
 I wonne from him at Fleete; though *Arbitrie*
 Of all a Court of warre, pronounc' t it mine,
 And *Pallas* selfe. Our prise were th' armes divine,
 Of great * *Æacides*; proposde t' our fames
 By his bright * Mother, at his funerall Games.

*Achilles.
Thetis.*

I wish to heaven, I ought not to have wonne;
 Since for those Armes, so high a head, so soone
 The base earth coverd. *Ajax*, that of all
 The hoast of *Greece*, had person capitall,
 And acts as eminent; excepting his,
 Whose armes those were; in whom was nought amisse.
 I tride the great Soule with soft words, and said:
Ajax! great sonne of *Telamon*; arraid

In all our glories! what? not dead resigne
 Thy wrath for those curst Armes? The Powres divine,
 In them forg'd all our banes; in thine owne One;
 In thy grave fall, our Towre was overthrowne.
 We mourne (for ever maimd) for thee as much,
 As for *Achilles*: nor thy wrong doth touch,
 In sentence, any, but * *Saturnius* doome;
 In whose hate, was the hoast of *Greece* become
 A very horror. Who exprest it well,
 In signing thy Fate, with this timelesse Hell.
 Approch then (King of all the *Grecian* merit)
 Represse thy great mind, and thy flamie spirit;
 And give the words I give thee, worthy eare.

Jupiter.

All this, no word drew from him; but lesse neare
 The sterne Soule kept. To other Soules he fled;
 And glid along the River of the dead.
 Though Anger mov'd him; yet he might have spoke;
 Since I to him. But my desires were strooke
 With sight of other Soules. And then I saw

Minos.

Minos, that ministred to *Death* a law;
 And *Joves* bright sonne was. He was set, and swaid
 A golden Scepter; and to him did pleade
 A sort of others, set about his Throne,
 In *Plutos* wide-door'd house; when strait came on,
 Mightie *Orion*, who was hunting there,
 The heards of those beasts he had slaughterd here,
 In desart hils on earth. A Club he bore,
 Entirely steele, whose vertues never wore.

Orion.

Tityus.

Tityus I saw: to whom the glorious Earth
 Opened her wombe, and gave unhappie birth;

Upwards, and flat upon the Pavement lay
His ample lims; that spred in their display,
Nine Acres compasse. On his bosome sat
Two Vultures, digging through his caule of fat,
Into his Liver, with their crooked Beakes;
And each by turnes, the concrete entraille breakes,
(As Smiths their steele beate) set on either side.
Nor doth he ever labour to divide
His Liver and their Beakes; nor with his hand,
Offer them off: but suffers by command,
Of th'angrie Thunderer; offering to enforce,
His love *Latona* in the close recourse,
She usde to *Pytho*, through the dancing land,
Smooth *Panopæus*. I saw likewise stand,
Up to the chin, amidst a liquid lake,
Tormented *Tantalus*; yet could not slake
His burning thirst. Oft as his scornfull cup,
Th'old man would taste; so oft twas swallowd up;
And all the blacke earth to his feete descried;
Divine powre (plaguing him) the lake still dried.
About his head, on high trees, clustering, hung
Peares, Apples, Granets, Olives, ever yong;
Delicious Figs, and many fruite trees more,
Of other burthen; whose alluring store,
When th'old Soule striv'd to pluck, the winds from sight,
In gloomie vapours, made them vanish quite.

There saw I *Sisyphus*, in infinite mone,
With both hands heaving up a massie stone;
And on his tip-toes, racking all his height,
To wrest up to a mountaine top, his freight;

Sisyphus.

Hercules.

When prest to rest it there (his nerves quite spent)
 Downe rusht the deadly Quarrie: the event
 Of all his torture, new to raise againe;
 To which, strait set his never-rested paine.
 The sweate came gushing out from every Pore;
 And on his head a standing mist he wore;
 Reeking from thence, as if a cloud of dust
 Were raisd about it. Downe with these was thrust,
 The Idoll of the force of *Hercules*.
 But his firme selfe, did no such Fate oppresse;
 He feasting lives amongst th'immortall States;
 White-ankled *Hebe*, and himselfe, made mates,
 In heavenly Nuptials. *Hebe*, *Joves* deare race,
 And *Junos*; whom the golden Sandals grace.
 About him flew the clamors of the dead,
 Like Fowles; and still stoopt cuffing at his head.
 He, with his Bow, like Night, stalkt up and downe;
 His shaft still nockt; and hurling round his frowne,
 At those vext hoverers, aiming at them still;
 And still, as shooting out, desire to still.
 A horrid Bawdricke, wore he thwart his brest;
 The Thong all gold, in which were formes imprest,
 Where *Art* and *Miracle*, drew equall breaths,
 In Beares, Bores, Lions, Battels, Combats, Deaths.
 Who wrought that worke, did never such before;
 Nor so divinely will do ever more.
 Soone as he saw, he knew me; and gave speech:
 Sonne of *Laertes*; high in wisdomes reach;
 And yet unhappie wretch; for in this heart,
 Of all exploits atchiev'd by thy desert,

Thy worth but works out some sinister Fate.
As I in earth did. I was generate
By *Jove* himselfe; and yet past meane, opprest
By one my farre inferiour; whose proud hest,
Imposde abhorred labours, on my hand.
Of all which, one was, to descend this Strand,
And hale the dog from thence. He could not thinke
An act that *Danger* could make deeper sinke;
And yet this depth I drew; and fetcht as hie,
As this was low, the dog. The Deitie,
Of sleight and wisdom, as of downe-right powre,
Both stoopt, and raisd, and made me Conquerour.

This said; he made descent againe as low
As *Plutos* Court; when I stood firme; for show
Of more *Herwes*, of the times before;
And might perhaps have seene my wish of more;
(As *Theseus* and *Pirithous*, deriv'd
From rootes of *Deitie*) but before th'atchiev'd
Rare sight of these; the rank-soul'd multitude
In infinite flocks rose; venting sounds so rude,
That pale *Feare* tooke me, lest the *Gorgons* head
Rusht in amongst them; thrust up, in my dread,
By grim *Persephone*. I therefore sent
My men before to ship; and after went.
Where, boarded, set, and lancht; th'Ocean wave,
Our Ores and forewinds, speedie passage gave.

Finis libri undecimi Hom. Odyss.

THE TWELFTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES

THE ARGUMENT.

HE shewes from *Hell* his safe retreat,
To th' Ile *Ææa*, *Circes* seate.
And how he scapt the *Sirens* calls.
With th'erring *Rockes*, and waters falls,
That *Scylla* and *Charybdis* breake.
The *Sunnes* stolne *Herd*s; and his sad wreake,
Both of *Ulysses* ship and men,
His owne head scaping scarce the paine.

ANOTHER.

MÜ. *The Rockes that errd;*
 The Sirens call;
 The Sunnes stolne Herd;
 The souldiers fall.

THE TWELFTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES



OUR SHIP NOW PAST THE STREIGHTS
OF TH' OCEAN FLOOD;
SHE PLOWD THE BROAD SEAS BILLOWES;
AND MADE GOOD

The Ile *Ææa*, where the *Pallace* stands
Of th' early Riser, with the rosie hands,
Active Aurora; where she loves to dance;
And where the *Sunne* doth his prime beames advance.

When here arriv'd; we drew her up to land,
And trod our selves the resaluted sand:
Found on the shore, fit resting for the Night;
Slept, and expected the celestiall light.

Soone as the white-and-red-mixt-fingerd Dame,
Had guilt the mountaines with her Saffron flame;
I sent my men to *Circes* house before,
To fetch deceast *Elpenor* to the shore.

Reditur ab in-
feris ad *Circen*.

Strait swelld the high banks with feld heapes of trees;
And (full of teares) we did due Exequies
To our dead friend. (Whose Corse consum'd with fire, *Elpenor tumu-*
And honourd Armes: whose Sepulcher entire; *latur.*
And over that, a Columnne raisd) his Ore,
Curiously carv'd (to his desire before)
Upon the top of all his Tombe, we fixt.
Of all Rites fit, his Funerall Pile was mixt.

Nor was our safe ascent from hell, conceald
From *Circes* knowledge; nor so soone reveald,
But she was with us, with her bread and food,
And ruddie wine, brought by her sacred brood
Of woods and Fountaines. In the midst she stood,
And thus saluted us: Unhappie men,
That have (inform'd with all your sences) bene
In *Plutos* dismall mansion. You shall die

Twice now; where others that *Mortalitie*,
 In her faire armes, holds; shall but once decease.
 But eate and drinke out all conceit of these;
 And this day dedicate to food and wine;
 The following *Night to Sleepe*. When next shall shine
 The chearfull Morning; you shall prove the seas.
 Your way, and every act ye must addresse,
 My knowledge of their order shall designe:
 Lest with your owne bad counsels, ye encline
 Events as bad against ye; and sustaine
 By sea and shore, the wofull ends that raigne
 In wilfull actions. Thus did she advise;
 And, for the time, our Fortunes were so wise,
 To follow wise directions. All that day
 We sate and feasted. When his lower way,
 The Sunne had enterd; and the *Even*, the hie:
 My friends slept on their Gables; she and I,
 (Led by her faire hand, to a place apart,
 By her well sorted) did to sleepe convert
 Our timed powres. When, all things *Fate* let fall
 In our affaire, she askt; I told her all.
 To which she answerd: These things thus tooke end:
 And now to those that I informe, attend:
 Which (you remembring) God himselfe shall be,
 The blessed author of your memorie.

Circe præsagit
 futura pericula.

Sirenarum de-
 scriptio.

First, to the *Sirens* ye shall come, that taint
 The minds of all men, whom they can acquaint
 With their attractions. Whosoever shall
 (For want of knowledge mov'd) but heare the call
 Of any *Siren*: he will so despise

Both wife and children, for their sorceries,
 That never home turnes his affections streame;
 Nor they take joy in him, nor he in them.
 The *Sirens* will so soften with their song,
 (Shrill, and in sensuall appetite so strong)
 His loose affections, that he gives them head.
 And then observe: They sit amidst a meade;
 And round about it runnes a hedge or wall
 Of dead mens bones: their witherd skins and all,
 Hung all along upon it; and these men
 Were such as they had fawnd into their Fen,
 And then their skins hung on their hedge of bones.
 Saile by them therefore; thy companions
 Before hand causing to stop every eare
 With sweete soft waxe so close; that none may heare
 A note of all their charmings. Yet may you
 (If you affect it) open eare allow
 To trie their motion: but presume not so
 To trust your judgement; when your senses go
 So loose about you; but give straight command
 To all your men, to bind you foote and hand,
 Sure to the Mast; that you may safe approve
 How strong in instigation to their love
 Their rapting tunes are. If so much they move, }
 That, spite of all your reason, your will stands
 To be enfranchisde, both of feete and hands;
 Charge all your men before, to sleight your charge,
 And rest so farre, from fearing to enlarge,
 That much more sure they bind you. When your friends
 Have outsaild these: the danger that transcends

Rests not in any counsaile to prevent;
 Unlesse your owne mind, finds the tract and bent
 Of that way, that avoids it. I can say
 That in your course, there lies a twofold way;
 The right of which, your owne, taught, present wit
 And grace divine, must prompt. In generall yet
 Let this informe you: Neare these *Sirens* shore
 Move two steepe Rocks; at whose feete, lie and rore
 The blacke seas cruell billowes: the blest Gods
 Call them the *Rovers*. Their abhord abods
 No bird can passe: no not the * *Doves*, whose feare
 Sire *Jove* so loves, that they are said to beare
Ambrosia to him; can their ravine scape;
 But one of them, falles ever to the rape
 Of those slie rocks. Yet *Jove*, another still
 Adds to the rest; that so may ever fill
 The sacred number. Never ship could shunne
 The nimble perill wing'd there; but did runne
 With all her bulke, and bodies of her men
 To utter ruine. For the seas retaine
 Not onely their outrageous æsture there;
 But fierce assistants, of particular feare,

* πέλειαί τρήρωνες. *Columbæ timidæ*. What these *Doves* were, and the whole minde of this place: the Great *Macedon* asking *Chiron Amphipolites*, he answered, They were the *Pleiades* or seven *Stares*. One of which (besides his proper imperfection, of being ἀνδρός. i.e. adeo exilis, vel subobscurus, ut vix appareat) is utterly obscured or let by these Rocks. Why then, or how, *Jove* still supplied the lost one, that the number might be full: *Athenæus* fallies to it, and helps the other out: Interpreting it to be affirmed of their perpetuall septenary number, though there appeared but sixe. But how lame and loathsome these *Prozers* shew in their affected expositions of the Poeticall Minde, this and an hundred others, spent in meere presumptuous guesse at this inaccessible Poet; I hope will make plaine enough to the most envious of any thing done, besides their owne set censures, and most arrogant over weenings. In the 23. of the *Iliads*, (being ψ) at the Games celebrated at *Patroclus* funerals, they tied to the top of a Mast, πέλειαυ τρήρωνα, *timidam Columbam*, to shoote at for a game: so that (by these great mens abovesaid expositions,) they shot at the *Pleiades*.

And supernaturall mischiefe, they expire;
 And those are whirlwinds of devouring fire
 Whisking about still. *Th' Argive* ship, alone
 (Which bore the * care of all men) got her gone,
 Come from *Areta*. Yet perhaps even she
 Had wrackt at those Rocks; if the Deitie
 That lies by *Joves* side, had not lent her hand
 To their transmission; since the man that mann'd
 In chiefe that voyage, she, in chiefe did love.
 Of these two spitefull Rocks, the one doth shove
 Against the height of heaven, her pointed brow.
 A blacke cloud binds it round, and never show
 Lends to the sharp point: not the cleare blew skie
 Lets ever view it. Not the *Sommers* eye;
 Not fervent *Autumnes*. None, that Death could end
 Could ever skale it; or if up, descend.
 Though twenty hands and feete he had for hold:
 A polisht ice-like glibnesse doth enfold
 The rocke so round, whose midst, a gloomie cell
 Shrowds, so farre Westward, that it sees to hell.
 From this, keepe you as farre, as from his bow
 An able yong man can his shaft bestow.

*νεῦς πᾶσι μέλουσα, &c. *Navis omnibus Curæ: the ship that held the care of all men, or of all things: which our Crittikes will needs restraine, omnibus heroibus, Poetis omnibus, vel Historicis, when the care of all mens preservation is affirmed to be the freight of it: as if Poets and Historians comprehended all things, when I scarce know any that makes them any part of their care. But this likewise is garbige good enough for the monster. Nor wil I tempt our spic't consciences with expressing the divine mind it includes. Being afraid to affirme any good of poore Poesie, since no man gets any goods by it. And notwithstanding many of our bird-eyed starters at prophanation are for nothing so afraid of it; as that lest their galled consciences (scarce beleeving the most reall truth, in approbation of their lives) should be rubbed with the confirmation of it, even in these contemned vanities (as their impieties please to call them,) which by much more learned and pious then themselves, have ever bene called the raptures of divine inspiration By which, Homo supra humanam naturam erigitur, & in Deum transit. Plat.*

For here, the * whuling *Scylla*, shrowds her face:
 That breaths a voice, at all parts, no more base
 Then are a newly-kitn'd kitlings cries;
 Her selfe a monster yet, of boundlesse sise;
 Whose sight would nothing please a mortals eies; }
 No nor the eyes of any God, if he
 (Whom nought should fright) fell foule on her; and she
 Her full shape shew'd. Twelve foule feete beare about
 Her ougly bulke. Sixe huge long necks lookt out
 Of her ranke shoulders: every necke, doth let
 A ghastly head out: every head; three set
 Thicke thrust together, of abhorred teeth;
 And every tooth stucke with a sable death.

She lurkes in midst of all her denne; and streakes
 From out a ghastly whirle-poole, all her necks;
 Where, (gloting round her rocke) to fish she falles;
 And up rush Dolphins, Dogfish; somewhiles, Whales,
 If got within her, when her rapine feeds;
 For ever-groning *Amphitrite* breeds
 About her whirlepoole, an unmeasur'd store;
 No Sea-man ever boasted touch of shore
 That there toucht with his ship; but still she fed
 Of him, and his. A man for every head
 Spoiling his ship of. You shall then descrie

* Δεινὸν λελακυῖα, &c. Graviter vociferans; as all, most untruly translate it. As they do in the next verse, these words σκύλλακος νεογίλῃς Catuli Leonis. No Lion being here dreamed of, nor any vociferation, Δεινὸν λελακυῖα, signifying indignam, dissimilem, or horribilem vocem edens: But in what kind horribilem? Not for the gravitie or greatnesse of her voice, but for the unworthy or disproportionable small whuling of it: she being in the vast frame of her body, as the very words πέλωρ κακὸν signifie, monstrum ingens: whose disproportion and deformitie, is too Poetically (and therein elegantly) ordered, for fat and flat Prozers to comprehend. Nor could they make the Poets words serve their comprehension; and therefore they adde of their owne, ληκέω, from whence λελακυῖα is derived, signifying crepo, or stridule clamo. And σκύλλακος νεογίλῃς, is to be expounded, catuli nuper or recens

The other humbler Rocke, that moves so nie,
 Your dart may mete the distance. It receaves
 A huge wilde Fig-tree, curl'd with ample leaves;
 Beneath whose shades, divine *Charybdis* sits
 Supping the blacke deepes. Thrice a day her pits
 She drinking all dry; and thrice a day againe,
 All, up she belches; banefull to sustaine.
 When she is drinking, dare not neare her draught,
 For not the force of *Neptune*, (if once caught)
 Can force your freedom. Therefore in your strife
 To scape *Charybdis*, labour all, for life
 To row neare *Scylla*; for she will but have
 For her sixe heads, sixe men; and better save
 The rest, then all, make offerings to the wave. }

This Neede she told me of my losse, when I
 Desir'd to know, if that *Necessitie*
 (When I had scap't *Charybdis* outrages)
 My powres might not revenge; though not redresse?
 She answerd: O unhappy! art thou yet
 Enflam'd with warre? and thirst to drinke thy swet?
 Not to the Gods give up, both Armes, and will?
 She, deathlesse is, and that immortall ill
 Grave, harsh, outragious, not to be subdu'd,
 That men must suffer till they be renew'd.

nati, not Leonis. But thus they botch and abuse the incomparable expressor: Because they knew not how otherwise to be monstrous enough themselves, to helpe out the Monster. Imagining so huge a great body, must needs have a voice as huge: and then would not our Homer have likened it to a Lions whelps voyce, but to the Lions owne: and all had bene much too little, to make a voyce answerable to her hugeness. And therefore found our inimitable master, a new way to expresse her monstrous disproportion: performing it so, as there can be nihil supra. And I would faine learne of my learned Detractor, that will needs have me onely translate out of the Latine, what Latine translation telles me this? or what Grecian hath ever found this and a hundred other such? Which may be some poore instance, or prooffe of my Grecian faculty, as far as old Homer goes in his two simple Poems, but not a sillable further will my sillie spirit presume.

Nor lives there any virtue that can flie
The vicious outrage of their crueltie.
Shouldst thou put Armes on, and approch the Rocke;
I feare, sixe more must expiate the shocke.
Sixe heads, sixe men aske still. Hoise saile, and flie;
And in thy flight, aloud, on *Cratis* crie
(Great *Scyllas* Mother, who, exposde to light
That bane of men;) and she will do such right
To thy observance, that she, downe will tread
Her daughters rage; nor let her shew a head.

From thenceforth then, for ever past her care;
Thou shalt ascend, the Ile *Triangulare*;
Where many Oxen of the Sunne are fed;
And fatted flocks. Of Oxen, fifty head
In every herd feed; and their herds are seven;
And of his fat flocks is their number, Even.
Increase they yeeld not, for they never die;
There every shepherdesse, a Deitie.
Faire *Phaethusa*, and *Lempetie*,
The lovely *Nymphs* are, that their Guardians be.
Who, to the daylights lofty-going flame
Had gracious birthright, from the heavenly Dame
Still yong *Neæra*; who (brought forth and bred)
Farre off dismiss them; to see duly fed
Their Fathers herds and flocks in *Sicilie*.
These herds, and flocks, if to the Deitie
Ye leave, as sacred things, untoucht; and on
Goe with all fit care of your home, alone,
(Though through some sufferance) you yet safe shall land
In wished *Ithaca*. But if impious hand

You lay on those herds to their hurts: I then
Presage sure ruine, to thy ship and men.
If thou escap'st thy selfe, extending home
Thy long'd for landing; thou shalt loded come
With store of losses, most exceeding late,
And not consorted with a saved mate.

This said; the golden-thron'd *Aurora* rose;
She, her way went, and I did mine dispose
Up to my ship; weigh'd Anchor, and away.
When reverend *Circe*; helpt us to convaie
Our vessell safe, by making well inclind
A Sea mans true companion, a forewind;
With which she filld our sailes, when, fitting all
Our Armes close by us; I did sadly fall
To grave relation, what concernd in Fate
My friends to know, and told them that the state
Of our affaires successe, which *Circe* had
Presag'd to me alone, must yet be made
To one, nor onely two knowne; but to all:
That since their lives and deaths were left to fall
In their elections; they might life elect,
And give what would preserve it, fit effect.

I first inform'd them, that we were to flie
The heavenly-singing *Sirens* harmony,
And flowre-adorned Medow. And that I
Had charge to heare their song; but fetterd fast
In bands, unfavor'd, to th' erected Mast;
From whence, if I should pray; or use command
To be enlarg'd; they should with much more band
Containe my struglings. This I simply told

To each particular; nor would withhold
What most enjoyn'd mine owne affections stay,
That theirs the rather might be taught t' obey.

In meane time, flew our ships; and straight we fetcht
The *Sirens* Ile; a spleenelesse wind, so stretcht
Her wings to waft us, and so urg'd our keele.
But having reacht this Ile, we could not feele
The least gaspe of it: it was stricken dead,
And all the Sea, in prostrate slumber spread:
The *Sirens* divell charm'd all. Up then flew
My friends to worke; strooke saile, together drew,
And under hatches stowd them: sat, and plied
Their polisht oares; and did in curls divide
The white-head waters. My part then came on;
A mighty waxen Cake, I set upon;
Chopt it in fragments, with my sword; and wrought
With strong hand, every peece, till all were soft.
The great powre of the Sunne, in such a beame
As then flew burning from his Diademe,
To liquefaction helpt us. Orderlie,
I stopt their eares; and they, as faire did ply
My feete, and hands with cords; and to the Mast
With other halsers, made me soundly fast.

Then tooke they seate; and forth our passage strooke;
The fomie Sea, beneath their labour shooke.

Rowd on, in reach of an erected voice;
The *Sirens* soone tooke note, without our noice;
Tun'd those sweete accents, that made charmes so strong;
And these learn'd numbers, made the *Sirens* song;

*Come here, thou, worthy of a world of praise;
That dost so high, the Grecian glory raise;
Ulysses! stay thy ship; and that song heare
That none past ever, but it bent his eare:
But left him ravish, and instructed more
By us, then any, ever heard before.
For we know all things whatsoever were
In wide Troy labour'd; whatsoever there
The Grecians and the Trojans both sustain'd;
By those high issues that the Gods ordain'd.
And whatsoever, all the earth can show
I'informe a knowledge of desert, we know.*

This they gave accent in the sweetest straine
That ever open'd an enamour'd vaine.
When, my constrain'd heart, needs would have mine eare
Yet more delighted; force way forth, and heare.
To which end I commanded, with all signe
Sterne lookes could make (for not a joynt of mine
Had powre to stirre) my friends to rise, and give
My limbs free way. They freely striv'd to drive
Their ship still on. When (farre from will to lose)
Eurylochus, and *Perimedes* rose
To wrap me surer; and opprest me more
With many a halser, then had use before.
When, rowing on, without the reach of sound;
My friends unstopt their eares; and me, unbound;
And, that Ile quite we quitted. But againe
Fresh feares emplot us. I beheld a maine

Of mighty billows, and a smoke ascend:
A horrid murmure hearing. Every friend
Astonisht sat: from every hand, his oare
Fell quite forsaken: with the dismall Rore
Where all things there made Echoes, stone still stood
Our ship it selfe: because the ghastly flood
Tooke all mens motions from her, in their owne:
I, through the ship went, labouring up and downe
My friends recoverd spirits. One by one
I gave good words, and said: That well were knowne
These ills to them before: I told them all;
And that these could not prove, more capitall
Then those the *Cyclop* blockt us up in; yet
My vertue, wit, and heaven-helpt Counsailes, set
Their freedoms open. I could not beleewe
But they rememberd it, and wisht them give
My equall care, and meanes, now equall trust:
The strength they had, for stirring up, they must
Rouze, and extend, to trie if *Jove* had laid
His powres in theirs up, and would adde his aid
To scape even that death. In particular then
I told our Pylot, that past other men
He, most must beare firme spirits; since he swaid
The Continent, that all our spirits convaيد
In his whole guide of her. He saw there boile
The fierie whirlpooles; that to all our spoile
Inclosde a Rocke: without which, he must stere,
Or all our ruines stood concluded there.

All heard me, and obaid; and little knew
That, shunning that Rocke, sixe of them should rue

The wracke, another hid. For I conceal'd
The heavy wounds that never would be heal'd,
To be by *Scylla* opened; for their feare
Would then have robd all, of all care to stere;
Or stirre an oare, and made them hide beneath:
When they, and all, had died an idle death.
But then, even I forgot to shunne the harme
Circe forewarnd: who willd I should not arme,
Nor shew my selfe to *Scylla*, lest in vaine
I ventur'd life. Yet could not I containe
But arm'd at all parts; and two lances tooke:
Up to the foredecke went, and thence did looke
That Rockie *Scylla* would have first appear'd,
And taken my life, with the friends I feard.

From thence yet, no place could afford her sight;
Though through the darke rocke, mine eye threw her light,
And ransackt all waies. I then tooke a streight
That gave my selfe, and some few more receipt
Twixt *Scylla*, and *Charybdis*; whence we saw
How horridly *Charybdis* throat did draw
The brackish sea up, which, when all abroad
She spit againe out: never Caldron sod
With so much fervor, fed with all the store
That could enrage it. All the Rocke did rore
With troubl'd waters: round about the tops
Of all the steepe crags, flew the fomy drops.
But, when her draught, the sea and earth dissunderd,
The troubl'd bottoms turnd up, and she thunderd;
Farre under shore, the swart sands naked lay.
Whose whole sterne sight, the startl'd blood did fray

From all our faces. And while we on her
 Our eyes bestowd thus, to our ruines feare;
 Sixe friends had *Scylla* snatcht out of our keele,
 In whom, most losse, did force and virtue feele.
 When looking to my ship, and lending eye
 To see my friends estates, their heeles turnd hie,
 And hands cast up, I might discerne; and heare
 Their calles to me for helpe, when now they were
 To try me in their last extremities.

And as an Angler, medcine for surprise
 Of little fish, sits powring from the rocks,
 From out the crookt horne, of a fold-bred Oxe;
 And then with his long Angle, hoists them hie
 Up to the Aire; then sleightly hurles them by, }
 When, helplesse sprauling on the land they lie: }
 So easely *Scylla* to her Rocke had rapt
 My wofull friends; and so unhelpt, entrapt
 Strugling they lay beneath her violent rape;
 Who in their tortures, desperate of escape;
 Shriekt as she tore; and up, their hands to me
 Still threw for sweete life. I did never see
 In all my sufferance ransacking the seas,
 A spectacle so full of miseries.

Thus having fled these rocks (these cruell dames
Scylla, Charybdis.) where the king of flames
 Hath offerings burnd to him; our ship put in
 The Iland, that from all the earth doth winne
 The Epithete, *Faultlesse*: where the broad of head
 And famous Oxen, for the Sunne are fed,
 With many fat flocks of that high-gone God.

Set in my ship, mine eare reacht, where we rod
 The bellowing of Oxen, and the bleate
 Of fleecie sheepe; that in my memories seate
 Put up the formes, that late had bene imprest
 By dread *Ææan Circe*; and the best
 Of Soules, and Prophets, the blind *Theban* Seer;
 The wise *Tiresias*, who was grave decreer
 Of my returnes whole meanes. Of which, this one
 In chiefe he urg'd; that I should alwaies shunne
 The Iland of the Man-delighting Sunne. }
 When, (sad at heart for our late losse) I praid
 My friends to heare fit counsaile, (though dismaid
 With all ill fortunes) which was given to me
 By *Circes*, and *Tiresias* Prophecie;
 That I should flie the Ile, where was ador'd
 The Comfort of the world: for ills, abhorr'd
 Were ambusht for us there; and therefore, willd
 They should put off, and leave the Ile. This kill'd
 Their tender spirits; when *Eurylochus*
 A speech that vext me utter'd; answering thus:
 Cruell *Ulysses*! Since thy nerves abound
 In strength, the more spent; and no toyles confound
 Thy able lims, as all beate out of steele;
 Thou ablest us to, as unapt to feele
 The teeth of *Labor*, and the spoile of *Sleepe*,
 And therefore still, wet wast us in the deepe;
 Nor let us land to eate; but madly, now;
 In Night, put forth, and leave firme land to strow
 The Sea with errors. All the rabide flight
 Of winds that ruine ships, are bred in Night.

Who is it, that can keepe off cruell Death,
If suddainly should rush out th'angry breath
Of *Notus*, or the eager-spirited West?
That cuffe ships, dead; and do the Gods their best!
Serve black Night still, with shore, meate, sleepe, and ease;
And offer to the *Morning* for the seas.

This all the rest approv'd; and then knew I
That past all doubt, the divell did apply
His slaughterous works. Nor would they be withheld;
I was but one; nor yeilded, but compell'd.
But all that might containe them, I assaid:
A sacred oath, on all their powres I laid;
That if with herds, or any richest flocks
We chanc't t'encounter; neither sheepe, nor Oxe
We once should touch; nor (for that constant ill
That followes folly) scorne advice, and kill:
But quiet sit us downe, and take such food
As the immortall *Circe* had bestowd.

They swore all this, in all severest sort;
And then we ancord, in the winding Port;
Neare a fresh River, where the longd-for shore
They all flew out to; tooke in victles store;
And, being full, thought of their friends, and wept
Their losse by *Scylla*; weeping till they slept.

In *Nights* third part; when stars began to stoope;
The Cloud-assembler, put a Tempest up.
A boistrous spirit he gave it; drave out all
His flocks of clouds; and let such darknesse fall,
That *Earth*, and *Seas* for feare, to hide were driven;
For, with his clouds, he thrust out *Night* from heaven.

At *Morne*, we drew our ships into a cave;
In which the *Nymphs*, that *Phæbus* cattaile drave;
Faïre dancing Roomes had, and their seates of State.
I urg'd my friends then, that to shunne their Fate,
They would observe their oath; and take the food
Our ship afforded; nor attempt the blood
Of those faïre *Herds* and *Flocks*; because they were,
That dreadfull Gods, that all could see, and heare.

They stood observant, and in that good mind
Had we bene gone: but so adverse the wind
Stood to our passage, that we could not go.
For one whole moneth, perpetually did blow
Impetuous *Notus*; not a breaths repaire
But his, and *Eurus*, rul'd in all the Aire.
As long yet, as their ruddy wine, and bread
Stood out amongst them; so long, not a head
Of all those Oxen, fell in any strife
Amongst those students for the gut, and life.
But when their victles faild, they fell to prey:
Necessitie compell'd them then, to stray
In rape of fish, and fowle: what ever came
In reach of hand or hooke; the bellies flame
Afflicted to it. I then, fell to praire;
And (making to a close *Retreate*, repaire
Free from, both friends, and winds) I washt my hands,
And all the Gods besought, that held commands
In liberall heaven; to yeeld some meane to stay
Their desperate hunger; and set up the way
Of our returne restraind. The Gods, in steed
Of giving what I prayd for, powre of deed;

A deedlesse sleepe, did on my lids distill,
For meane to worke upon, my friends their fill.
For, whiles I slept, there wak't no meane to curb
Their headstrong wants; which he that did disturb
My rule, in chiefe, at all times; and was chiefe
To all the rest in counsaile to their griefe;
Knew well, and of, my present absence tooke
His fit advantage; and their iron strooke
At highest heate. For (feeling their desire
In his owne Entrailes, to allay the fire
That *Famine* blew in them) he thus gave way
To that affection: Heare what I shall say,
(Though words will stanch no hunger) every death
To us poore wretches, that draw temporall breath,
You know, is hatefull; but all know, to die
The Death of *Famine*, is a miserie
Past all Death loathsome. Let us therefore take
The chiefe of this faire herd; and offerings make
To all the Deathlesse that in broad heaven live;
And, in particular, vow, if we arrive
In naturall *Ithaca*, to strait erect
A Temple to the haughtie in aspect;
Rich, and magnificent, and all within
Decke it with Relicks many, and divine.
If yet, he stands incenst, since we have slaine
His high-browd herd; and therefore will sustaine
Desire to wracke our ship: he is but one;
And all the other Gods, that we attone
With our divine Rites, will their suffrage give
To our design'd returne, and let us live.

If not; and all take part, I rather crave
To serve with one sole Death, the yawning wave;
Then, in a desert Iland, lie and sterve;
And, with one pin'd life, many deaths observe.

All cried, He counsailes nobly; and all speed
Made to their resolute driving. For the feed
Of those coleblacke, faire, broad-browd, Sun-lov'd Beeves:
Had place, close by our ships. They tooke the lives
Of sence, most eminent. About their fall
Stood round, and to the States celestiaall
Made solemne vows: But, other Rites, their ship
Could not afford them; they did therefore strip
The curld-head Oke, of fresh yong leaves, to make
Supply of service for their Barly cake.

And, on the sacredly enflam'd, for wine
Powrd purest water; all the parts divine
Spitting, and roasting: all the Rites beside
Orderly using. Then did light divide
My low, and upper lids; when, my repaire
Made neare my ship; I met the delicate ayre
Their rost exhal'd. Out instantly I cried;
And said, O *Jove*, and all ye Deified,
Ye have opprest me with a cruell sleepe;
While ye conferd on me, a losse as deepe
As *Death* descends to. To themselves, alone
My rude men, left ungovernd; they have done
A deed so impious, (I stand well assur'd)
That you will not forgive, though ye procur'd.

Then flew *Lempetie*, with the ample Robe,
Up to her Father, with the golden Globe;

Ambassadresse, t'informe him, that my men
Had slaine his Oxen. Heart-incensed then;
He cried; Revenge me (Father, and the rest
Both ever living, and for ever blest.)

Ulysses impious men, have drawne the blood
Of those my Oxen, that it did me good
To looke on, walking, all my starrie round;
And when I trod earth, all with medowes crown'd
Without your full amends, Ile leave heaven quite;
Dis, and the Dead, adorning with my light.

The Cloud-herd answerd; Son! thou shalt be ours,
And light those mortals, in that Mine of flowres;
My red hote flash, shall grase but on their ship,
And eate it, burning, in the boyling deepe.

This by *Calypso*, I was told, and she
Inform'd it, from the verger *Mercurie*.

Come to our ship; I chid, and told by name
Each man, how impiously he was to blame.
But chiding got no peace; the Beeves were slaine:
When straight the Gods, fore-went their following paine
With dire Ostents. The hides, the flesh had lost,
Crept, all before them. As the flesh did rost
It bellowd like the Oxe it selfe, alive.
And yet my souldiers, did their dead Beeves drive
Through all these Prodigies, in daily feasts.
Sixe daies they banqueted, and slue fresh beasts,
And when the seventh day, *Jove* reduc't the wind
That all the moneth rag'd; and so in did bind
Our ship, and us; was turnd, and calm'd; and we
Lancht, put up Masts; Sailes hoised, and to Sea.

The Iland left so farre; that land no where;
But onely sea, and skie, had powre t'appeare;
Jove fixt a cloud above our ship; so blacke
That all the sea it darkned. Yet from wracke
She ranne a good free time: till from the West
Came *Zephyre* ruffling forth; and put his breast
Out, in a singing tempest; so most vast,
It burst the Gables, that made sure our Mast;
Our Masts came tumbling downe: our cattell downe,
Rusht to the Pump; and by our *Pylots* crowne
The maine Mast, past his fall; pasht all his Skull,
And all this wracke, but one flaw, made at full.
Off from the Sterne, the Sternesman, diving fell,
And from his sinews, flew his Soule to hell.
Together, all this time, *Joves* Thunder chid;
And through, and through the ship, his lightning glid:
Till it embrac't her round: her bulke was filld
With nasty sulphur; and her men were killd:
Tumbl'd to Sea, like Sea-mews swumme about,
And there the date of their returne was out.

I tost from side to side still, till all broke
Her Ribs were with the storme: and she did choke
With let-in Surges; for, the Mast torne downe;
Tore her up pecemeale; and for me to drowne
Left little undissolv'd. But to the Mast
There was a lether Thong left; which I cast
About it, and the keele; and so sat tost
With banefull weather, till the West had lost
His stormy tyranny. And then arose
The South, that bred me more abhorred woes;

For backe againe his blasts expell'd me, quite
On ravenous *Charybdis*. All that *Night*
I totter'd up and downe, till *Light*, and I
At *Scyllas* Rocke encounterd; and the nie
Dreadfull *Charybdis*. As I drave on these,
I saw *Charybdis*, supping up the seas;
And had gone up together, if the tree
That bore the wilde figs, had not rescu'd me;
To which I leapt, and left my keele; and hie
Chambring upon it, did as close imply
My brest about it, as a Reremouse could:
Yet, might my feete, on no stub fasten hold
To ease my hands: the roots were crept so low
Beneath the earth; and so aloft did grow
The far-spredd armes, that (though good height I gat)
I could not reach them. To the maine Bole, flat
I therefore still must cling; till up againe
She belcht my Mast, and after that, amaine
My keele came tumbling: so at length it chanc't,
To me, as to a Judge; that long advanc't
To judge a sort of hote yong fellowes jarres,
At length time frees him from their civill warres;
When, glad, he riseth, and to dinner goes;
So time, at length, releast with joyes my woes,
And from *Charybdis* mouth, appear'd my keele.
To which (my hand, now loosd; and now, my heele)
I altogether, with a huge noise, dropt;
Just in her midst fell, where the Mast was propt;
And there rowd off, with owers of my hands.
God, and *Mans* Father, would not, from her sands

Let *Scylla* see me; for I then had died
That bitter death, that my poore friends supplied.

Nine Daies at Sea, I hover'd: the tenth Night
In th'Ile *Ogygia*, where about the bright
And right renoum'd *Calypso*, I was cast
By powre of Deitie; Where I liv'd embrac't
With *Love*, and feasts. But why should I relate
Those kind occurrents? I should iterate
What I in part, to your chaste Queene and you
So late imparted. And for me to grow
A talker over of my tale againe,
Were past my free contentment to sustaine.

Finis duodecimi libri Hom. Odys.

Opus novem dierum.

Σὺν θεῷ.

